

Making Peace at Paris: Special Report

December 1968, 75 cents

THE *Atlantic*

**Going Hungry in America:
Government's Failure**
by Elizabeth B. Drew



**The Fight to Run
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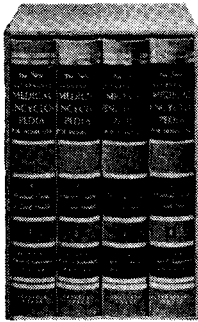
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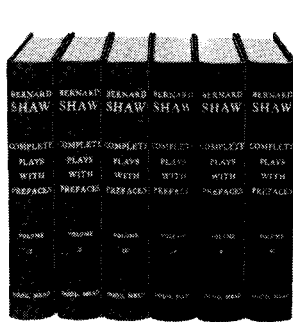
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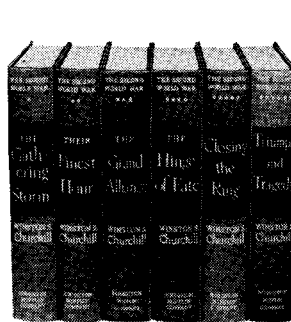
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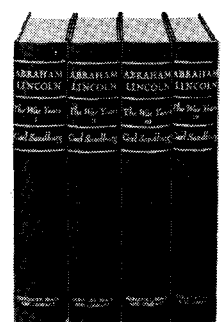
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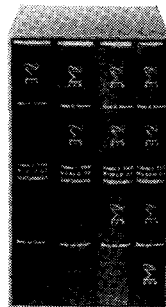
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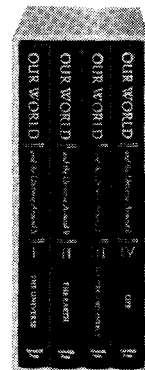
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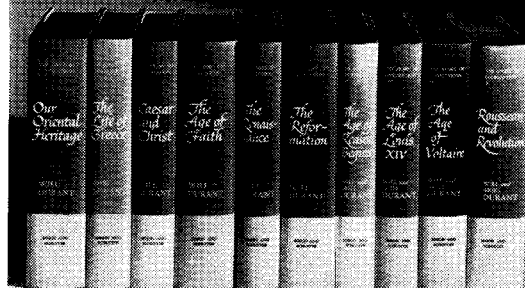


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reports

Making Peace at Paris:

A Special Report on the Negotiations

by Ross Terrill

The ATLANTIC this month devotes its entire Reports section to this account of how the Paris peace negotiations began to progress toward an accommodation. Mr. Terrill, an Australian journalist and political scientist who has written extensively about the Far East and Communist countries, made five visits to Paris for this assignment.

I

Like musicians with fingers stuck on the keys, the negotiators spent the entire summer on a single chord. When the leaves began to fall in October, they struck the same notes they had when the fresh buds appeared in May. The overture continued, the themes were ingeniously reworked, but for five months the action never started, the full cast remained backstage, some of the audience filtered away. "We are not discouraged," said Averell Harriman. "We expected this obstinacy on the part of the Americans," said Xuan Thuy.

But what did they really feel? What is the plot, and what are the tones, of this drama? When the bombing stopped, the real bargaining began. How did Washington and Hanoi arrive at this point; where do they go from here?

Jean Lacouture wrote in his biography of Ho Chi Minh: "The year 1953 saw rise to the surface in France an irrepressible desire to have fin-

ished with the distant and doubtful expedition in Indo-China." The French government recognized the mood, yet vowed that the end to the affair would come in the form of victory. Foreign Minister Bidault saw light at the end of the tunnel: "The Viet Minh is at its last gasp." Many Frenchmen see history repeating itself. They see a collapse of U.S. "will" to continue long enough to outlast Ho Chi Minh, an old fox with half a century of revolutionary experience. They see the United States increasingly isolated, as France became by 1954. They see the gut realities of national struggle once more outweighing in importance the ideological formality according to which the war is a vital battle between "the West" and "Communism." They see the domestic social and political crisis within the United States as a repeat of their own sad experience during the Indochina and Algerian wars. They urge the United States to "settle" now, before the choices become even more unpleasant than they are already; just as France could have done better to settle at Rangoon in 1952, or in 1953 when Ho made a peace offer through the Swedish journalist Lofgren, than to have hung on and suffered Dien-bienphu.

They see the summer of 1968 as the beginning of the end of that combination of idealism and business management which is the American Empire. To start on the road to a settlement with the Vietnamese Communists, the argument goes, is to give up the crusader's conception of the world on which post-war U.S. foreign policy has often been based. Did not General Gavin testify that U.S. intervention in Vietnam was evolved at a time

when a "simple vision of the world . . . in terms of good guys and bad guys" prevailed in Washington? While the French saw the Geneva Accords of 1954 as the end of a historical phase of empire in Asia, Washington, according to Gavin, saw Geneva in ideological terms. "We had the feeling," he wrote of the Geneva period, "that the French had not only failed in combat, but that now they were about to let down the team." Senator Lyndon Johnson said during the Geneva conference: "We stand in clear danger of being left naked and alone in a hostile world." Those who saw the Geneva Accords as an ideological reverse rather than as a historical necessity thus set their feet, however unwittingly, on the path of a new, American empire in Indochina. Those who misunderstood what happened to the French in 1954 are fated to a similar experience in 1969.

That is one view. According to the Administration, though, history is in no sense repeating itself, for the United States is not colonialist in its Asian "presence"; it is in the East to protect principles, not interests. President Johnson correctly detected the shift of the nerve center of world struggle from Europe to Asia, and despite his NATO allies' failure to take a stand with the United States, his lonely patience will be vindicated. As Walt Rostow told a visitor: "It is on this spot [Vietnam] that we have to break the liberation war — Chinese style." In this view, the world is a single context. In one decade the issue is focused in one region, later in another, but always the contours of a "West versus Communism" contest are decisive. Free men everywhere have the right and duty to stop Communism anywhere. The war



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The Key To Hospitality

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

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Oftimes a good host finds himself caught on the horns of what I call the hospitality dilemma.

For about the same cost to the family exchequer he can serve *more* drinks—of inexpensive whiskey. Or *fewer* drinks—of the finest whiskey obtainable. So the question naturally arises: which is the key to hospitality, *quantity* or *quality*?

I'm reminded of the quandary of the Kentucky gambler brought to court for using loaded dice. Thinking to offer the gambler a bit of his own medicine, the judge declared: "I'll roll these dice right now. If a seven or eleven comes up, you get 60 days in jail. If not, you go free. Will you bet?"

Considering the odds, the gambler judiciously replied: "Your Honor, I suggest that we *both* give up gambling."

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The negotiations

will lead, in this view, to a Korean type of settlement, with South Vietnam free at last to continue its anti-Communist course, and to prosper, without aggression from the North or subversion from within.

There are men who, despite the five months of impasse at the talks, retained a belief in a negotiated settlement leading to an outcome different from both these. Harriman is one of them. He has been something of a dove on the war ever since John F. Kennedy made him Ambassador-at-Large, and later Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. But more important, he, unlike some in Hanoi and in Washington, believes deeply in the art of diplomacy. No crusader, no respecter of conventional wisdom, he cuts through to the essentials of a problem, fixes his mind on the general lines of a workable solution, and fights for it. These qualities were all evident in his triumph at Geneva in 1962, when he steered the United States to the Laos Accords. Of those Accords President Kennedy said: "They are a heartening indication that difficult and at times seemingly insoluble international problems can in fact be solved by patient diplomacy." In Paris Harriman tried, against formidable difficulties, to repeat the Laos accomplishment.

II

Each great Western capital has its own "Asia." In London "Asia" means primarily the Asian part of the Commonwealth, which speaks English, which British colonels, traders, missionaries know and chat about in British clubs and drawing rooms. Paris knows another Asia. No Indians and Malays in baggy English trousers, as in London. Nor a preponderance of Taiwanese, South Koreans, Filipinos, of the faithful "new Asia" which Lyndon Johnson has so warmly embraced, as in Washington. *Asie* means more or less Indochina.

Most of the DRV delegation are no strangers to Paris. They count French scholars and journalists who follow Vietnamese affairs among their friends, and with a sure touch they can direct a foreigner to good Parisian restaurants. At dinner tables there are people who know

Ho Chi Minh — a fashionable thing now — either from encounters in Hanoi or from his spells in France, the first in 1917, the last in 1946. The French Communist Party has a special tradition of association with Vietnamese revolutionaries. It was France, not the U.S.S.R., that was the cradle of the Vietnamese Communist movement. Ho Chi Minh was a founding member of the French CP, and when he went to Moscow for conferences of the Comintern in the 1920s, it was as a delegate of the French CP.

True to the French imperial concept of "assimilation" (as opposed to the concept of "indirect rule" more frequently applied by the British), the community of Vietnamese who live in Paris seem to have married themselves intimately to the city. France embraces the Vietnamese, upon the condition that they embrace French culture and language, which many Vietnamese are proud to do. Ho himself once exclaimed to Jean Lacouture: "If you knew with what passion I re-read each year Victor Hugo and Michelet." On another occasion, after Sainteny, prince of French Old Indochina hands, had returned to Hanoi as French Delegate General in 1954, Ho spotted him at a reception given by an Eastern European country. He crossed the room to greet Sainteny with both arms outstretched. Then, turning to Lavritchev, the Soviet Ambassador, Ho suggested that a few words in French would be appropriate. Embarrassed, Lavritchev was unable to comply. Whereupon Ho laughed and exclaimed: "He doesn't know French? How peculiar!"

Most Parisian Vietnamese are opposed to Communism, yet they deeply respect "Uncle Ho." They simply love their own country. Their national history is almost a religion, with its own myths, scriptures, and ceremonies. At the same time, they find Paris an agreeable place in which to dream the dreams of their country.

One morning this summer I was talking with Tran Van Huu, Premier of the Saigon government, 1950–1951, under Bao Dai. He was showing me communications he had received from Ho Chi Minh and Nguyen Huu Tho, president of the NLF, and relating conversation with Pham Van Dong, Prime Minister of the DRV. A group of Vietnamese



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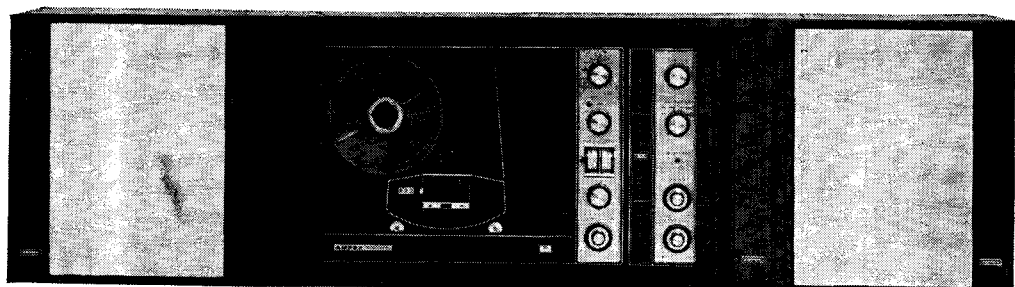
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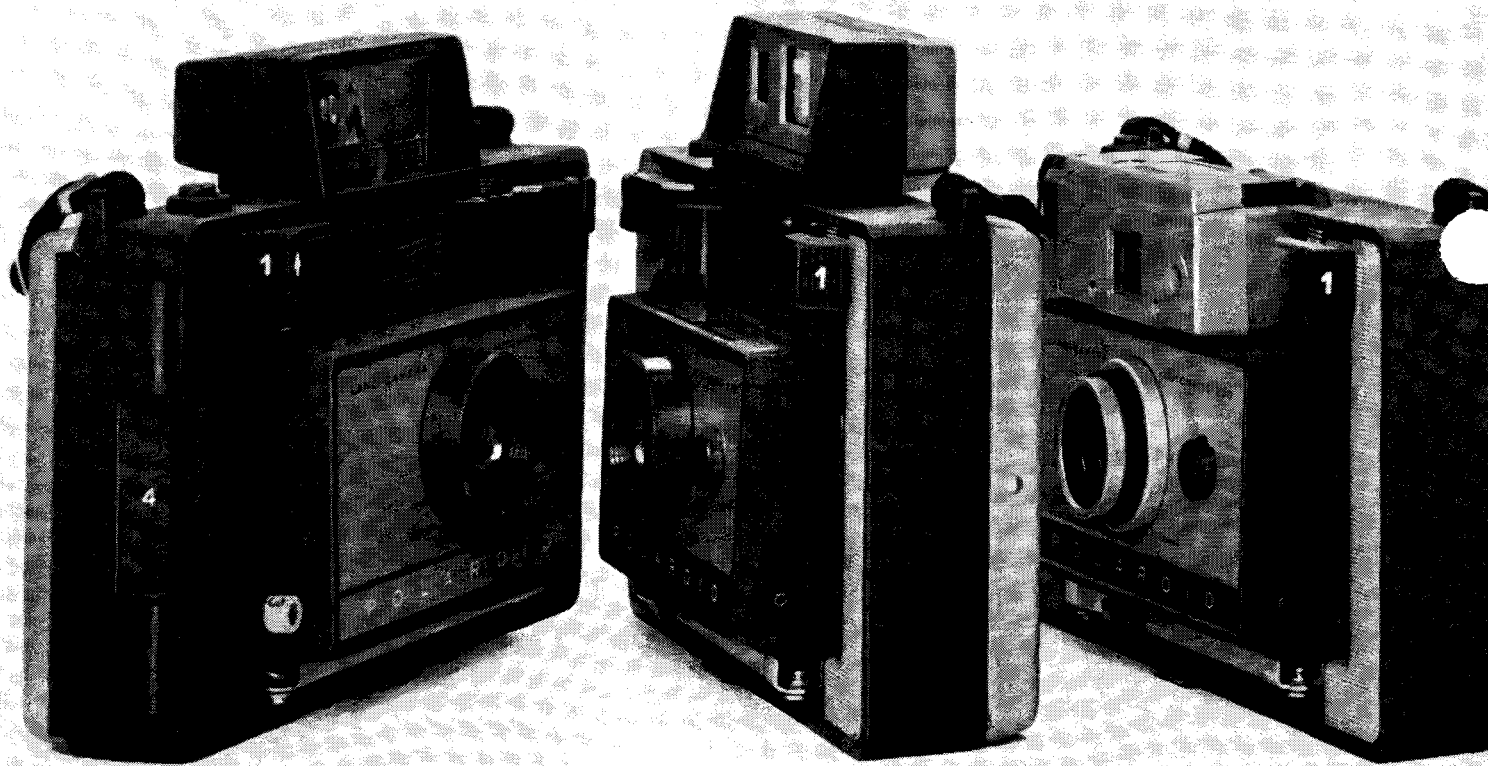
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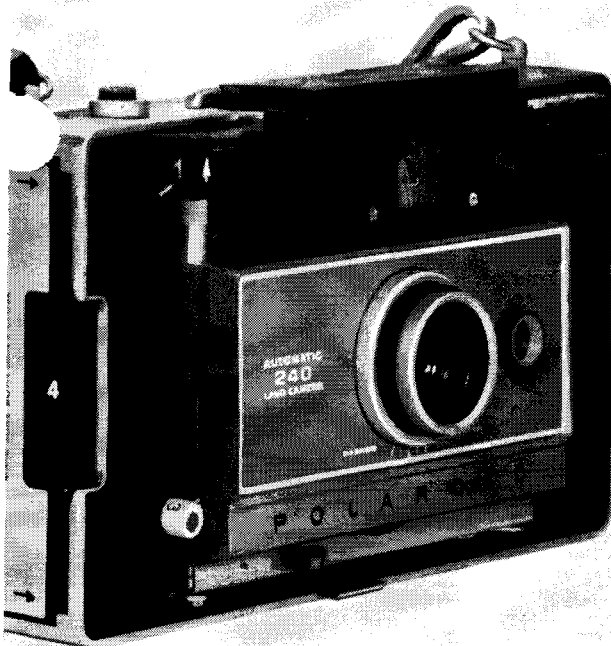


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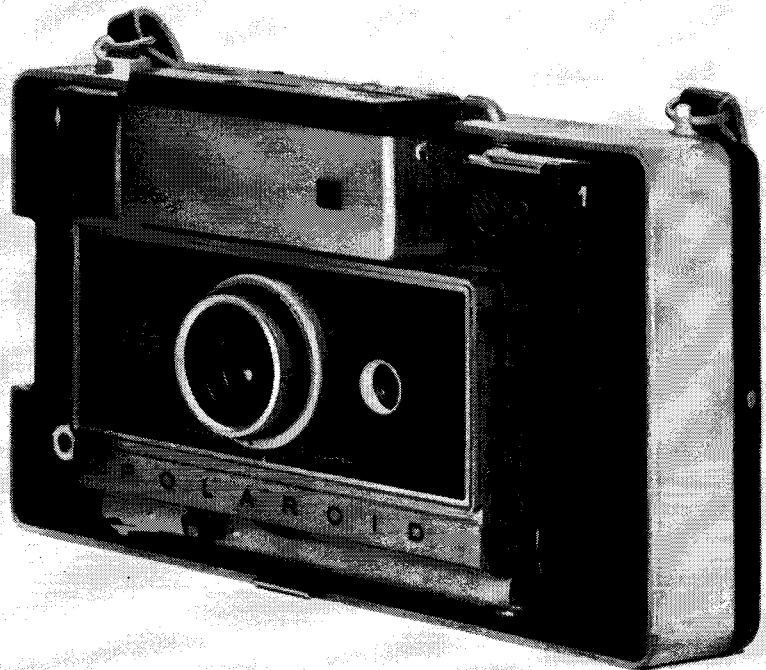
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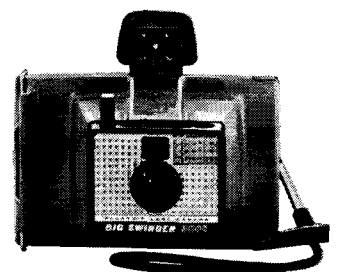


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The negotiations

entered from another room, and he introduced them as "visitors from Saigon." In the same room, Mai Van Bo, chief of the DRV Mission in Paris, has visited more than once. Huu receives invitations to functions given by Xuan Thuy for friends on the fringes of the peace talks. Such a triumph of national feeling over ideological form is a commonplace in Paris. I even came upon cases of students from South Vietnam, in Paris on scholarships arranged through the Saigon government, amicably in touch with the DRV Mission, to get "fresh information about our country."

An hour's drive from the center of Paris, in a tree-lined street named after General Leclerc — one of the more distinguished of the French leaders in Indochina — sits a sprawling villa, comfortable if a little shabby, enclosing a gravel courtyard now given over to a volleyball court, with a small gate in the high front wall as entrance. Here live the DRV delegation, together with their staff, a group of DRV journal-

ists, cooks, and other helpers. The men on the volleyball court often include someone from the delegation, especially if it is Wednesday afternoon. The talks with the United States are Wednesday morning, and the Vietnamese return to their communal haven tense and exhausted, relieved to change pace completely, spending at volleyball the aggression they carefully withhold in the sessions.

Timeless air

Soon after the talks began in May, the Vietnamese moved from the Hotel Lutetia in the Boulevard Raspail, partly, they said, because of the cost and partly to make it possible to eat Vietnamese food. Now at this villa owned by the French CP they have created a commune of some sixty people, some women among them (other reasons are given by French observers for the switch; faced with a choice of being bugged by the French government or the FCP, said one, the Vietnamese chose the latter). The atmosphere is quite unlike that of an embassy, more like a boarding school or a guesthouse

in Vietnam itself. Sandals and open shirts are worn; people sit and loiter around as peasants do; there is that timeless air of Vietnamese community life. Certainly there is none of the regimented, political spirit you find in a comparable Chinese establishment (it is present par excellence in the Chinese Embassy in Paris, where the officials in their tunics bear themselves like firemen, breastplated with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, confronting with grim determination the flames of revisionism or imperialism which they seem to expect the visitor to bring with him). No little red books, no "cult of personality," no exercises in political gymnastics. The portraits on the walls are more likely to be of buffalo boys than of Ho Chi Minh or Pham Van Dong.

A stout and scruffy retinue of workers from the FCP hang around the villa, guarding its gate, serving as drivers. Curious as to the relations between them and the Vietnamese, I asked two of the Frenchmen as they drove me to Orly what they talk about in the courtyard during the sunny afternoons; later I asked some Vietnamese the same question. The answers were the same: not politics, not the Talks, but their respective war experiences, especially the quirks of American military style and tactics. In the car I also asked one of the Frenchmen if the Vietnamese were not rather soft, no match for the Americans in negotiation. He turned his head around from the front seat in an emphatic gesture: "You're wrong. They are tough. Their toughness lies in their obstinacy."

III

The headquarters of the U.S. delegation lies in another world. Averell Harriman receives his visitors in a palatial room, overlooking the majesty of the Place de la Concorde. It is scattered with chairs, thickly carpeted in olive green, with a Queen Anne sideboard deep against one wall, a complex phone apparatus beside a massive desk. A photo of President Johnson faces the desk; but it is far back into the room, and full-length; it does not look into Harriman's eyes the way LBJ portraits in many U.S. Embassies do. Cyrus Vance presides in an only slightly smaller room, brisk and efficient. One could be pardoned for supposing that the U.S.

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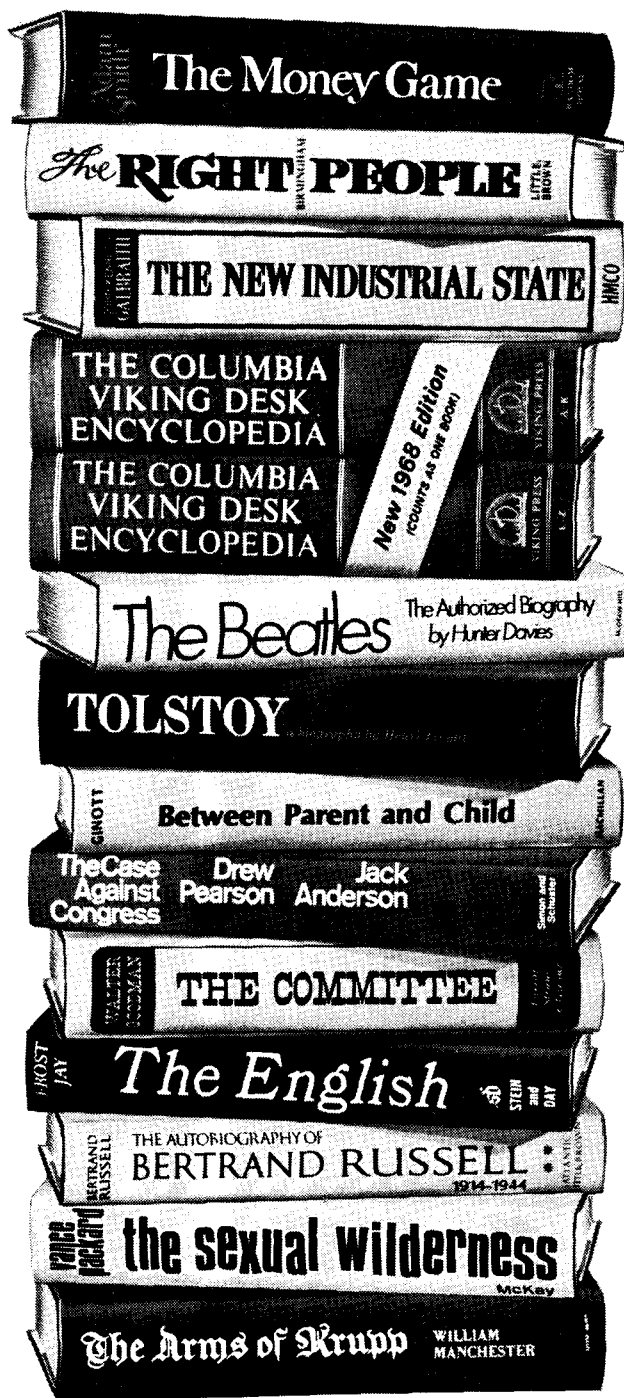
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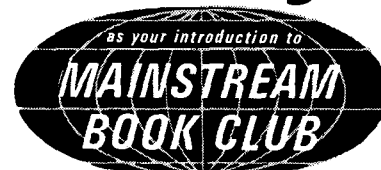
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The negotiations

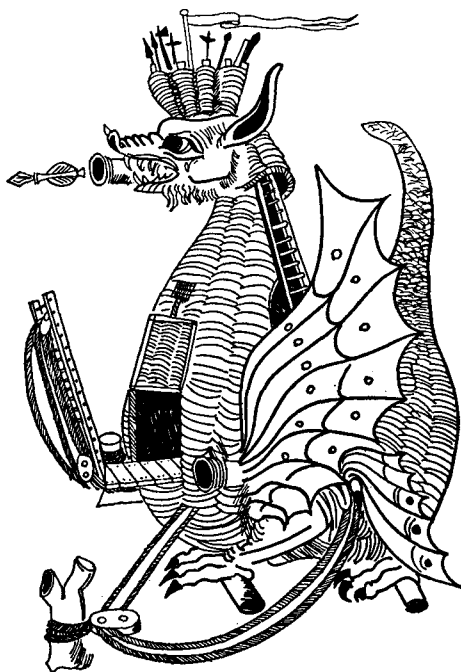
delegation held sessions every day, rather than once a week for about two and a half hours, so businesslike is the mood. They are only waiting, they explained, for "Hanoi to come around and join with us in bringing peace to Vietnam"; but the waiting seemed no passive thing. Military men guard the entrances at various points.

To go from the villa at Choisy to the midtown bulk of the U.S. headquarters is like moving from a talk with peasants to a talk with businessmen. It is not only a visual impression. In the U.S. building there is a strong sense of the clock — a symbol, one reflects, of the seemingly greater anxiety of the Americans for quick progress in the Talks. Overt patriotism, in the form of flags and official pictures, is far more evident than at Choisy. William Jorden, pleasant and taciturn as U.S. spokesman, holds his briefings in front of a gargantuan U.S. flag, covering half the wall behind him. Whereas the U.S. building thus reflects its ideals, the Vietnamese building reflects its culture.

Again there is a symbol here; the Americans are highly explicit in style, formulations, and the substance of their demands (a "clear, authoritative signal" is asked of Hanoi). The Vietnamese are the opposite; all is nuance and parable, and one sometimes doubts that it is in their *cultural vocabulary* to be as explicit in their response to the cessation of the bombing as the United States was generally demanding. One further contrast in impressions. In style and substance alike, the U.S. delegation takes a management approach; the Vietnamese take a historical approach. The U.S. men speak as if both sides were faced with a *problem*. It has to be solved by rational and sensible means. The Vietnamese speak as if there were an *issue* at stake. It has to be clarified. So the Americans talk in terms of the hard facts of the situation "on the ground" in Vietnam. "The long story of who is aggressor and who is victim is now beside the point," one told me. But a senior Vietnamese complained: "Whenever I talk of the history, Harriman won't listen."

Yet for all these contrasts, the Paris Talks took on, as the months

went by, a slightly professional, bloodless character, unfaithful to the reality of sweat, blood, and tears in Vietnam itself. This is no Kae-song or Panmunjom, with shells too close at times for comfort. Ho Chi Minh, in his sandals cut from an old truck tire, might seem a comic figure at the Majestic Hotel, where the sessions take place, and at the French government monolith in Avenue de Segur, where the DRV delegation holds its briefings. Wilfred Burchett, the Australian writer who is close to the DRV delegation, has left the trenches and tunnels of the "Liberated Zones," where monkey stew is rich fare and the day of the week is seldom known, for a



Paris studio with a telephone answering system, the cocktail circuit, and discreet meetings with high personalities on the Allied side.

Is anyone still thinking of the disemboweling, the burying-alive, the water tortures, as they argue over cups of tea on Wednesday mornings? The moral black and white of bitter warfare, the denial of a common humanity that seems necessary to morale in a dirty war, seems incompatible with negotiation where the word of the other side has, sometimes at least, to be accepted. I asked a U.S. delegate if some degree of mutual trust is required for negotiation. "When fighting is going on it is hard to get trust. But we know each better than before. Yes, you do have to have trust. The North Vietnamese are not brutal and rude like the Koreans were. There is none of the personal animosity be-

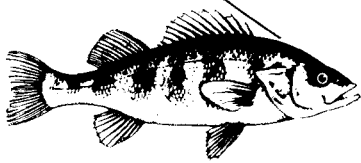
tween delegates that there was at Panmunjom." Another member of the U.S. delegation remarked: "Tempers sometimes fray. Governor Harriman tries to make jokes now and then, which Xuan Thuy and Ha Van Lau generally miss. It's wonderful to watch." Is there some strange, soft trace of humanity here which would shock the front-line officers, on both sides, if they were to savor it?

At Choisy one has a slightly different impression. The "softness" of the Vietnamese, compared, for example, with the Koreans, is clear; perhaps it results from the greater international experience of their revolutionary movement. But did it heighten the prospects for progress? Vietnamese are masters at disguising their feelings, and believe it right to do so; they have a saying "The lightning is over here but the thunder is over there." Talking about the U.S. demand for some response, some gesture from Hanoi, one of their delegation said with sudden intensity: "Does Mr. Harriman not realize what a gesture we have already made, coming to Paris, shaking hands and sitting down with men, including U.S. military men, whom Vietnamese regard as killer of our people? Does he not realize how much we have to contain our hatred to do this?"

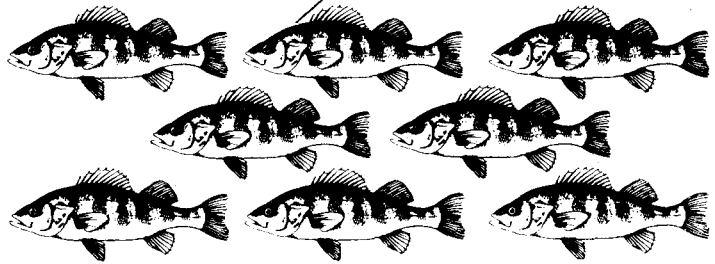
Perhaps the U.S. delegation underestimated what a boiling interior lay behind the correct exterior. The Vietnamese gave no indication of any intention to bargain while the bombing continued. The art of negotiation in which Harriman deeply believes passed them by entirely. For the first five months they sought in Paris simply what they have sought on the battlefield: an end to American influence upon their country.

Among the other gulfs between the two sides, there was a gulf determined by culture between the two approaches to negotiation. "If you stop bombing," General Wheeler told a Senate Committee once, "in effect you throw one of your blue chips over your shoulder." "Trade-off" has been the term often used by Pentagon men to refer to the response required of Hanoi. The commercial images, the philosophy of "give and take" with which U.S. statements are full are somewhat alien to many Asians, including Vietnamese.

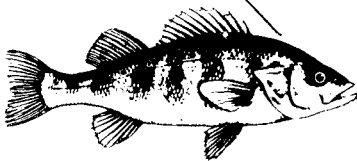
School will come to order.
Our subject today is close to us all—
water pollution.



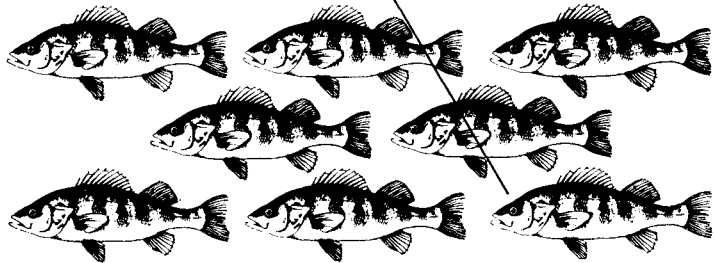
Too close for me,



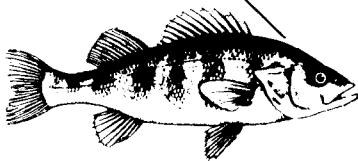
Some of our lakes and streams
couldn't be cleaned up in decades.



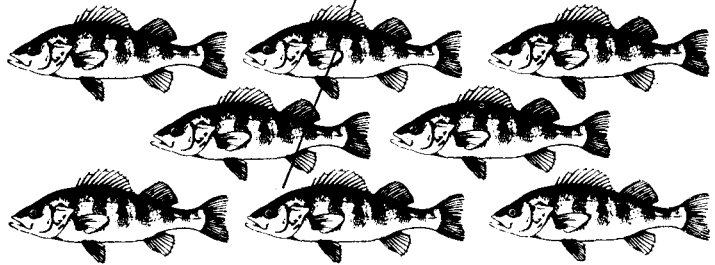
I'll be dead as a mackerel by then.



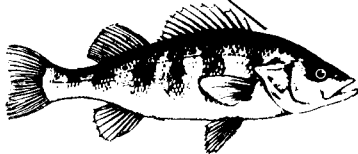
Some rivers are so contaminated
they have an oxygen count of zero.



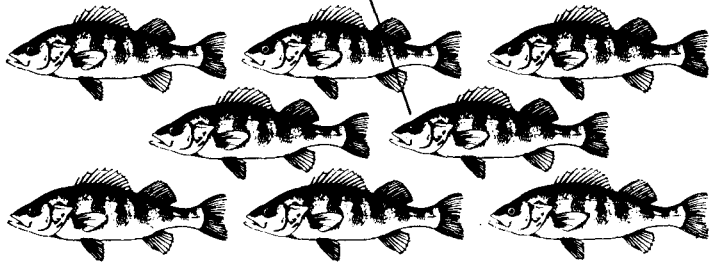
I feel sea-sick.



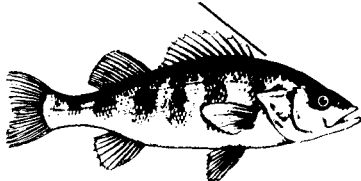
There is hope. U. S. Steel, for example, has spent
over \$200,000,000 in the last 15 years
on air and water quality control.



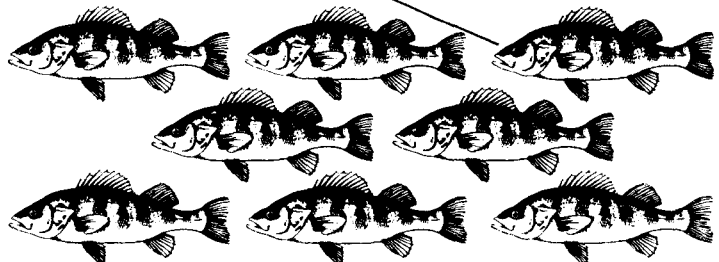
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upon the waters.



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from all the water used in their plants.



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The negotiations

There has been a genuine reasonableness about the U.S. approach, a readiness to move "far and fast" toward a settlement the moment Hanoi "responds." But what is the effect of the "give and take" approach on these part-Confucian, part-Communist Vietnamese, obsessed with the saga of their own history? They will fight till the last man dies, unless their territorial security is at last recognized to be non-negotiable. They showed no rationality, no readiness for "give and take" while the bombing continued. During July the DRV men "conveyed" that the lull in fighting since mid-June was a deliberate political step. They declined to characterize explicitly the lull as a "political response" to the U.S. delegation; but they left the French convinced it was. The French passed on to the United States their own view. Harriman apparently gave to Washington *his* view that, with qualifications, this was a significant response from Hanoi. Then came Honolulu and the Rusk press conference of July 31; Hanoi must announce, in a "responsible, authoritative" way, their response to a bombing halt.

But Hanoi, however great a concession it may be prepared to make toward the goal of a cease-fire in the South, would not *trade* such a concession for a bombing halt. So it has been hard to see the "blue chip" character of the bombing. Rather it seemed, as McNamara implied and Gavin asserted, counter-productive. It has made heroes of the North Vietnamese, and put them, in mood and in political reality alike, outside the bounds of the "give and take" philosophy of negotiation. If the bombing were really a blue chip, surely it should have proved tradable for an end to, or at least a reduction of, Hanoi's activities in the South.

Harriman has referred to the North Vietnamese as "Bolsheviks." "Bolsheviks, whether from Moscow or Hanoi . . ." Harriman knows Bolsheviks far better than he knows Asians; his distinguished diplomatic career has been spent very largely in the Atlantic world. How Leninist are Xuan Thuy and his band?

Mindful of Lenin's views on peace and war—that both should be

understood in class terms: there can ultimately be no "peace," nationally or internationally, where class struggle still rages—I asked one of them to analyze what meaning "peace" has in today's world. "By peace in today's world, we mean peace in Vietnam. That is peace defined and analyzed, practically and theoretically, alpha and omega." I started to quote Lenin, but they smiled so outrageously that I stopped.

Then "culture" was discussed. The Vietnamese had spoken of their "talks with French citizens concerning the bad effects of U.S. cultural influence." Asked if French culture was judged to be superior, one man replied: "Yes, perhaps, but we accept in the DRV any cultural influence that is sound." Sniffing again for Marxist-Leninist theory, I asked if "sound" meant "sound from the class point of view." Laughter. One expounded a purely humanist understanding of sound culture, citing Chaplin's films, one of which he had just seen in Paris, as a case of a fine cultural achievement. He concluded: "Any cultural manifestation which does no harm to the independence of Vietnam is sound culture." Laughter again, during which I wrote in my notebook: "My god, they are not Marxists at all."

Mark of the diplomat

The North Vietnamese had a certain respect for Harriman early in the summer, though it faded when, contrary to their expectations, he did not produce a bombing halt in July (it returned somewhat in October). They acknowledged faintly, at least when they compared him with Vance and others, that there might be something in the name he has earned of "Crocodile"—for his aptness at snapping through pedantry and conventional wisdom with jaws of wit or logic. In fact, the seventy-seven-year-old prince of diplomats (he is one year younger than Ho) gives many people at the Talks a slightly different impression than Vance.

He is not as keen as Vance on LBJ phrases such as "if they will leave their neighbors alone." His tone and language have every mark of the diplomat, none of the ideologue. He makes it clear that he believes in the U.S. goals in Vietnam, but that he also believes in

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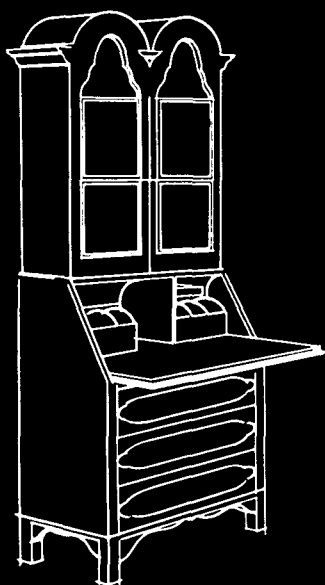
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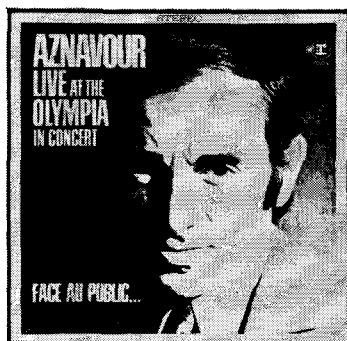
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The negotiations

the art of negotiation; that real and substantial things can be obtained when contending parties seek out the common ground between them. As Schlesinger said of his work in the Laos talks: "He conceived his task in terms not of victory but of settlement." He seems more interested in exerting influence than in winning the rewards due to loyalty — as is shown by his readiness to undertake somewhat lower ranking, since 1960, than he had in some previous jobs. He wants these talks to succeed, believes they can succeed, and these convictions are not outweighed by considerations arising from ties to any party or person. He does not suffer bureaucratic restrictions gladly. In 1961 he was convinced that Souvanna Phouma was the key to a workable Laotian government — though some in the West wrote the Laotian off as a Communist. Catching sight of him at Delhi Airport, Harriman walked up and introduced himself. He explained to me in Paris: "If you want to find out what someone thinks and wants you must talk to him." He talked to Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi in Geneva during the Laos Conference, despite State Department disapproval. He still believes there is no substitute for such direct talks, and in Paris he has spread his web of informal contacts very wide.

IV

There was a certain irony in the holding of the Talks in Paris. When France itself was fighting in Vietnam and in Algeria, it sank to a new low in international standing, and its isolation wounded many Frenchmen. Now the wheel has turned full circle. Its recovery from these damaging colonial wars has been so complete that it is able to be host for its "successors" in Vietnam to talk with the DRV. Furthermore, it is palpably more sympathetic to its erstwhile enemy than to its "successors"; the country that was once the anchor of NATO leans to the side of the Viet Minh against the U.S.A.!

No other country in the world now attracts the array of diplomats that France does. It includes a quartet that is found in few, if any, other capitals: China, U.S.A., South

Vietnam, North Vietnam. Unfortunately for General de Gaulle, the "events" — as the May-June upheaval is often called — somewhat dimmed the brightness of Paris as a haven for peaceful diplomacy. I was as if the host, having made meticulous preparations, were suddenly confronted by a leaking roof and falling plaster as his guests sat down to table.

For a quite different reason, some of France's Vietnam commentators, especially among the Old Indochina hands, have found it appropriate to treat the Talks with a shrug of the shoulder. They seem to feel just a little upstaged, however illogical it is to do so, that their old adversaries, or protégés, are now talking directly with Americans — and building up a body of diplomatic folklore to which they are not privy.

Following the diplomatic round here, one asks why Vietnam has become such a manifest landmark in world history, when other conflicts (for example, that in Nigeria) or tragedies (for example, the Indonesian massacres) have not. At bottom, it is because the Great Powers *made* Vietnam into an issue of global significance. And again because it embodies elements which are central to Asian politics as a whole — nationalism, U.S. presence, struggle for land reform, a Communist movement — at a time when the focus of deepest world tension has moved to Asia, where the two most mutually antagonistic of the giants, China and the United States, confront each other.

Grim isolation

Despite their own vital involvement in the outcome of the Vietnam struggle, the Asians seemed oddly removed from the center of things in Paris, certainly more so than during the Laos Talks. The glaring absence was that of any South Vietnamese in the Talks. After all, the fate of their part of Vietnam is now, as it has always been, the central issue at stake. The Saigon officials are nervous. They mistrust the French, who have paved the way for an information office of the NLF in Paris, and they have been manifestly more hawkish than the United States in their position on the Talks. So there was little peace of mind among them as they sat in their consulate each Wednesday, waiting for a mimeographed text

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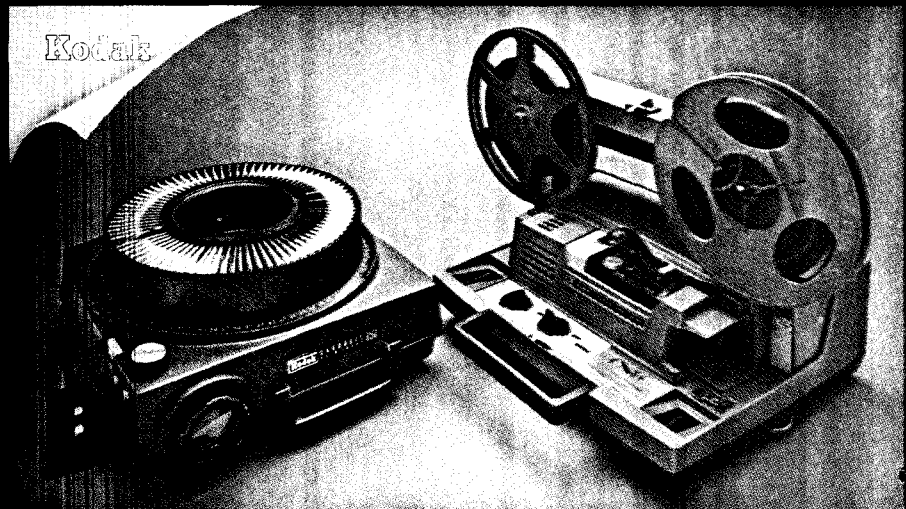
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The negotiations

of what other regimes said about them and their future.

The Chinese were in grim, disapproving isolation. Notwithstanding their reputation in some quarters as wizards of public relations, they say nothing in public, and almost nothing in private about the Talks. The press chief at the embassy went back to Peking around the time the Talks began. Officials who greeted me there — and asked me to sit down only after I started to talk Chinese — declined even to supply figures, in the broadest outline, of Chinese aid to Vietnam (which is considerable, especially in food and small arms).

The Japanese were the dominant Asian presence. Probably no public other than the U.S. public was being kept better informed of the Talks than the Japanese. Its embassy officials, aware that the outcome could be crucial for Japanese domestic politics, followed each session with the closest attention. Yet what an “Atlantic world” affair the Talks were, in their dynamics as in their outer aspect! It was France and the U.S.S.R., not any Asian countries, which were nearest to being intermediaries.

V

Throughout the summer, the U.S. delegates never effectively probed the central weakness in the DRV position. Hanoi cried out that “Vietnam is One Country.” Technically it is true; the two parts of Vietnam are “zones,” not sovereign states. The American claim that the nation of South Vietnam has been aggressed is not fully convincing. First, because the whole campaign against Diem began in the South; principally in the extreme South, the Mekong Delta. Second, because both South and North Vietnamese do, according to Geneva, have some rights of movement between the zones; certainly Northerners have more right to be in the South than *Americans* have to be there. Third, the NLF is markedly more Southern in its leadership than the Saigon government. Almost all of its central Committee are said to be “cochin-chinois.” By contrast, one of the persistent tragedies of the Saigon regimes has been that Northerners, from the lowest levels to the

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The negotiations

highest — Ky is a Northerner — have ruled the South with insufficient regard for Southern quirks and susceptibilities.

But politically the DRV argument is weak. In hard reality, Vietnam is not "one," and could not be smoothly administered from Hanoi after the foreigners depart. As the former Premier Tran Van Huu remarked: "In the presence of foreigners, Southerners and Northerners are one. But among ourselves it is another question." Many Southerners agree with Hanoi that in the present desperate situation Hanoi has the right to fight in the South, *but* insist that as soon as the foreigners are gone Hanoi must remove her fingers completely from Southern affairs.

There are two separate dimensions to the problem of North and South. One centers around the relations between Hanoi and the NLF. There is a second: what do the people, and Southern leaders outside the NLF, think of Hanoi? The second question is important, because even if the NLF were prepared to rule the South exactly as Hanoi dictated, it is far from certain that the NLF *could* do so. Indeed there may well be an inverse relation between the degree of the NLF's subservience to Hanoi and its prospects of effectively and justly governing the South.

Some of the differences between Hanoi and the NLF are well known. Notably, reunification for Hanoi is a more immediate and priority task than it is for the NLF. The 1967 Program of the NLF heads its section on reunification: "To Restore Normal Relations Between North and South Vietnam." Others are little known. The Program, a long and detailed document, makes not one mention of the Geneva Accords. On the other hand the DRV speaks frequently of the Accords, accepting them as the basis for some settlement of the war. The truth is that many NLF leaders feel that by accepting the Accords, Hanoi left the Southern rebels naked before the anti-Communist repressions of Diem. They are now less disposed than Hanoi to give their approval to an international conference on Vietnam.

On this and other matters, the NLF is closer to Peking than is the

DRV. Jacques Doyon, in an interview with an NLF leader in Vietnam last year, asked him about the Russian-Chinese split. Without going into details, he nevertheless said for the record: "Perhaps, when comes to the point, we feel ourselves to be closer to China." NLF diplomats in Berlin and Warsaw have conveyed the same sentiments to me. In Hanoi there are pro-Chinese elements, but they have been kept in eclipse by the anti-Chinese line of Ho, especially since the Paris Talks began.

In the days following the DRV acceptance of Johnson's offer to talk, Peking published the tough NLF reaction, but not the DRV statement. Throughout the summer, Peking publicized the tougher portions of Hanoi's statements, together with fuller versions of the NLF's consistently tougher statements. Last July, the NLF issued a declaration which embodied more or less the Chinese position on the war. The Talks were obliquely referred to as "perfidious maneuvers" and "prating about 'peace'" on the part of the United States. It was said that the NLF would fight until all foreign troops depart and a foreign military bases are dismantled. Then most dramatically, Hanoi supported the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, while the NLF kept silent. DRV men told me they regretted the invasion. The fact remains that they felt it necessary to support it, in no lukewarm terms (it was to "check the intervention of U.S. imperialists and West German revanchists"), whereas the NLF did not feel it necessary to make this gesture in favor of Moscow.

Who speaks for the South?

But it would be a mistake to sum up the DRV-NLF differences in terms of one leaning to Moscow and the other leaning to Peking. That touches only the surface: the diplomatic necessity of the situation. The more basic issue is, who shall speak for the South, who shall rule the South in the future, and how shall they rule? In January, 1967, the NLF chief in Hanoi told Harrison Salisbury: "Anyone who has anything to discuss in connection with South Vietnam must discuss it with the Front." A little later the NLF chief in Moscow told Jean Lacouture: "If the DRV leaders want to talk with the U.S., that is all right

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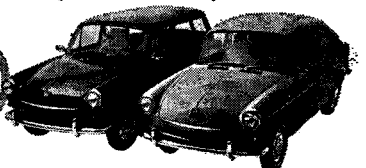
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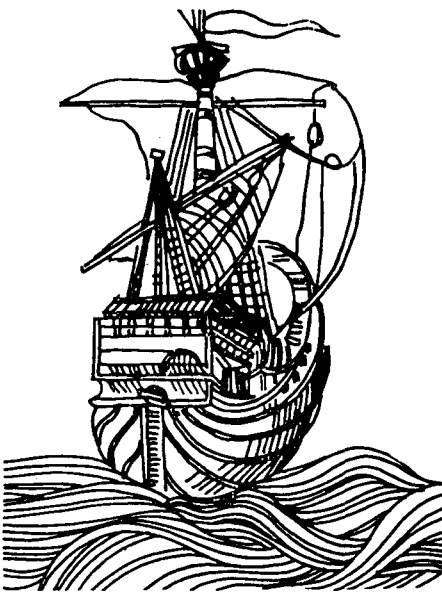
for them; but it does not affect us in the South.” Tran Huu Kha of the Berlin office of the NLF has expressed substantially the same views to me. Ho himself, in his January, 1966, letter to Heads of State, said that “if the U.S. really wants peace” it will have to “engage in negotiations” with the NLF. Certainly the DRV delegation expected that in some future stage the NLF would become involved in the Talks. But the hard fact is that the DRV was discussing Southern affairs with the United States. There is no question that at least some of the NLF leaders had misgivings about this state of affairs. They feared that once more a solution might be concocted at an international conference which would rob them of their victory in the South; that Hanoi might, in order to get peace in the North, make concessions on the South that were unacceptable to the NLF.

In some respects the NLF is less “tough” than Hanoi. On the terms for settling the war, they are more “hawkish” than Hanoi, but on political doctrine they are less “Red” than Hanoi. A senior member of the DRV delegation in Paris was quite frank on this difference. “Naturally there will be adjustments needed,” he said, “since we in the North are socialist, and have been for some time, whereas they in the South are more varied.” Hanoi finds this approach too inclusive; it would complicate the process of reunification.

Here we arrive at the second dimension of the problem of North and South. Saigon has to rule people who are different from those Hanoi rules. They are richer; more religious and emotional; less historically minded — for it is the North that has the long patriotic tradition; fiercely regional, even local, in sentiment. In Paris there was a deafening silence on one crucial point. Bernard Fall expressed it in his last book: “Neither North Vietnam nor the State Department explains the existence of guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam in the years from 1956 to 1960.” It is Southerners who mounted this struggle. They were generally not Communists; the first armed resistance against Diem came in fact from the battalions of the anti-Communist Hoa-Hao sect. The heritage of peace will properly

belong to these people. The NLF, if it forms the basis of the future government in the South, will have to take them into account. Hanoi will have to like that or lump it. As for Washington, its “aggression from the North” mythology has turned out to be disastrous for the interests of progressive, non-Communist Southerners. Johnson and Rusk seem to have delivered them over to the Northern Communists.

The Paris Talks have been mainly about relations between the DRV and the United States. But what about the relations of the DRV to the countries nearby? It has been the effect of U.S. policy to make the Vietnamese problem appear, to much of world opinion, as a patriotic struggle by Vietnamese to get rid of foreign control. Seen in that light, it is hard, as Averell Harriman and others whom Johnson sent periodically into orbit to explain U.S. policy discovered, to demolish the DRV case. Xuan Thuy plays the theme in Paris. “Is he a Vietnamese?” he said once, pointing to the



un-Vietnamese-like shape and size of Harriman, “this man who talks about the need for a Vietnam ‘free from foreign interference?’”

But the strange battle of principles obscures two awkward problems. The Americans cannot be thrown into the sea. Unlike France in 1954, the United States has not come to a point where it is likely to turn its back on Asia; there will be no Dienbienphu for the United States, and many Asians, fearful of China, do not want to see U.S. withdrawal from Asia. Second, there is the danger, for

Hanoi, that it may go out of the frying pan of U.S. coercion into the fire of the Chinese embrace. Although Hanoi now enjoys an hour on the center of the world stage, it can no more behave as if it lived in a vacuum than Poland can. Its “Russia” is China; its “Germany” is the United States. It may seem too coldly realistic to see things this way, when bombs have been raining down on the people of North Vietnam. But the negotiations will soon have to confront the solid issue of how China and the United States are going to affect life for a small nation painfully within the reach of both.

Ho himself is almost certainly more realistic on these matters than some of his heirs. Furthermore, he is distinctly cooler toward China, and less hostile toward the U.S.A., than most of his colleagues and his heirs (rumor sometimes surfaces that the United States is “waiting for Ho to die” in the hope that the DRV will then be “easier to deal with”; the result would probably be the opposite). Ho told American newsmen Harry Ashmore and William Baggs in 1967:

This may be difficult for you to believe. I am grieved not only when Vietnamese people are killed. I am also grieved when American soldiers are killed. I sympathize with their parents. So I tell our people they must always be prepared to welcome the Americans . . . when they come, as they may again one day, to offer us help in rebuilding our country.

Ho's personal history includes experiences in the United States that affected him deeply; he wrote an admiring study of some great American figures, including FDR, Wilson, and Lincoln — to whom he turned for inspiration at a high point in his career, September 2, 1945, when writing the Proclamation of Independence of Vietnam. This is not typical of the Vietnamese revolutionary movement. One great difference concerns China. For most of Ho's life, the Chinese Communists were obscure guerrillas and China was in disarray; for most of the life of the young men now rising in Hanoi, the Chinese Communists have been the mighty rulers in Peking, from which capital, once more, influence extends over all Asia. Not many Hanoi leaders would say what Ho said to Paul Mus, when negotiating with the French: “Better to sniff a little the shit of the French than to



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The negotiations

eat all our life that of the Chinese.” One senior member of the DRV delegation — a man thirty years younger than Ho — referred in conversation to the Chinese as “close brothers” and “kith and kin.”

So it is not certain that the men after Ho will be content, or able, to work out a way for Hanoi to be friendly both with China and with the United States. But that is perhaps the only path to security for Hanoi. Out of a flexible, middle position they could win room for maneuver — as Sihaunouk does. Otherwise the euphoria of their survival of U.S. military might may be short-lived. Will the United States draw the conclusions from these long-term realities, and encourage the moderates in Hanoi and in the NLF? The longer the talks dragged on without real results, the more ammunition was given to the pro-Chinese liners. For did not Peking and the followers of Peking warn last spring that negotiations with the United States would get nowhere?

VI

When the Talks began, most observers felt, as I did, that time was on Hanoi's side. She had come to Paris in a position of some strength. Much had changed since earlier peace feelers. In January, 1966, Ho's (belated) response to the bombing pause was extremely tough. The reason was that the Vietnamese Communists, especially the NLF, did not at that stage feel strong enough to come to the table. But Xuan Thuy came to Paris with two trump cards: the memory of the Tet offensive, and the crescendo of opposition within the United States to the war — which had culminated, it seemed to Hanoi, in the premature retirement of Johnson. Many Americans thought that the speech of March 31 was a dramatic gesture for peace, that the ball was now in the DRV court. But in retrospect it is clear that more of world opinion probably shared the DRV view — that the speech, for all its rhetoric justifying U.S. Vietnam policy, was essentially a confession that the policy had failed.

The first sessions were held in this atmosphere. Moreover, Hanoi succeeded in damaging the notion of

“reciprocity.” In all solemnity, it offered to refrain from all attacks on the territory of the United States if the United States would refrain from all attacks on the territory of the DRV. Yet by the end of the summer the buoyancy of the Vietnamese had palpably faded. Harriman said to me in August: “They are somewhat less arrogant now than when we first started.” For this change there are perhaps three main explanations. The realization — it came late to the Vietnamese — that McCarthy was not a serious prospect for the White House, and the murder of Robert Kennedy, seemed to rob the war opposition within the United States of its political significance. Indeed by October, as Nixon rode high, it began to occur to the DRV that the new President might be worse than Johnson for them.

Second, the DRV had trouble with its allies. The decision to come to Paris was Hanoi's alone. Moscow did not urge them to come; Peking urged them not to come. The NLF agreed, contrary to their position in January, 1966, but with misgivings. Ho probably sees the decision as a gamble; and he is completely responsible for its vindication. The Chinese jeered all the summer. The NLF showed signs of suspicion. Soviet tanks rolling into Prague brought fresh strains. The international peace movements, with which Hanoi is closely linked, and in which some members of the DRV delegation have for years played an active part, were pro-Czechoslovakia. There were some turbulent conversations at Choisy in late August and early September. One peace veteran said: “Every time U.S. imperialism is mentioned now, someone is likely to mention Russian imperialism.”

Even more important, the DRV men did increasingly less well from the publicity point of view. It was clear from the start that Harriman was the keener for quick progress, Xuan Thuy the keener for wide publicity. The publicity shrank. A senior member of the DRV delegation told me in a tone almost of depression: “As the Talks wear on, people from the outside tend to put both parties on an equal basis. We put out our stuff. The U.S. puts out its stuff. People stop reading both. They think our side is courteous. But they see that Harriman is courteous too. And we don't have

any means of matching the propaganda machine of the U.S.”

Weak cards

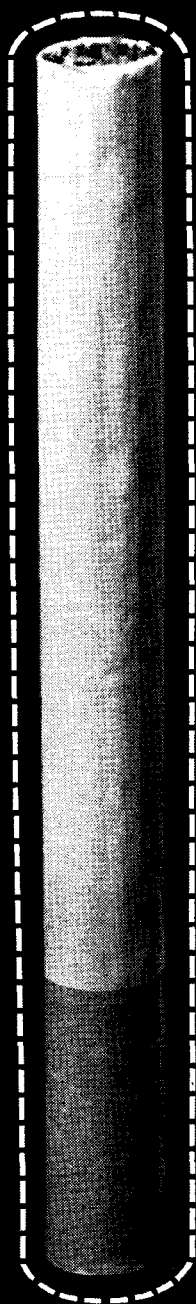
It could be said that the U.S. delegation did well, though the cards they held remained weak. The weakness may be summarized in six points. First, the stakes for the Vietnamese are so much higher than for Americans that their will to persist is inevitably firmer.

Second, the United States is a democracy, and Johnson's Vietnam policies could never overcome the handicap that tens of millions of Americans came to think those policies a mistake. The DRV delegation was acutely aware of this — as Communists often are aware, curiously, of the dynamics of the democracy they are not themselves committed to. One day in the bar at the Avenue de Segur a North Vietnamese journalist quoted, with much satisfaction, two statements on the war by Americans. Mayor Lindsay spoke of an “unwanted war.” Roger Hilsman said that Washington “has failed to admit to itself that the American intervention in Vietnam has failed.” Said the Vietnamese: “And one is a Republican, one a Democrat, right? So both parties are against the war!”

Third, world diplomatic opinion tends, sometimes for objective reasons, sometimes for emotional reasons, to be hostile to the U.S. prosecution of the war. Dr. Phan Quang Dan, the Saigon physician and politician who was briefly in the Thieu government during 1968, told me in Saigon in 1965: “I am in favor of stepping up the war effort, if it can be done swiftly. One thing is certain: it is disastrous to have the greatest power on earth locked in combat with a tiny country over a long period, and the world will surely see it.” An accurate prophecy.

Fourth, it seemed clear in Paris, not least in talking with South Vietnamese, that the cessation of the bombing, and the ensuing serious negotiations, would bring about a nasty crisis for the Saigon regime. The advance of the NLF to the conference table may do for its political standing what the Tet offensive did for its military standing.

Fifth, since the Tet offensive (to put it no earlier) it seemed that the Allied military situation was no longer good enough for them to expect to



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The negotiations

win militarily. And it has seemed a fair rule of thumb that in guerrilla war, so long as the guerrillas have not lost — as they did in the Philippines — then they have won.

Sixth, the United States has suffered from a terrible lack of clarity, even at the highest levels, about its aims in this war. How was it that Washington came to practice the “politics of escalation” of which Franz Schurmann wrote in 1966, and which is more fully laid bare in two more authoritative books in 1968?*

The evidence suggests it was not a matter of cynical double-dealing. Rather, it was a result of confusion about aims. The Administration zigzagged because the ebb and flow of pressures, from both inside the governmental machine and outside it, made a wobbling jelly of its objectives.

Sometimes, as in the Baltimore speech of April, 1965, Johnson adjusted his position under the influence of the forces of dissent. Sometimes, as in the bombing spree that put an end to the peace feelers in Saigon and Warsaw late in 1966 (labeled “Marigold” by Washington), he lurched in the other direction under military influence.

In some statements, as Humphrey’s in Australia, the heart of U.S. aims seemed to be to contain China. In others, as William Bundy’s of August 15, 1967, it seemed to be to prevent reunification of Vietnam under Ho by securing an enduring “independent South Vietnam.” But then Harriman and Vance often spoke in Paris as if the United States were not opposed to reunification, so long as it was democratically done. Walt Rostow has told visitors that the fundamental point of the war is to “draw a line” against world Communism. Yet the Manila Communique of October, 1966, promises a complete Allied withdrawal from Vietnam within six months of a cease-fire, a commitment that evokes smiles from military men and oaths from Saigon officials. On July 9, 1966, in Saigon, the Italian and Polish participants in “Marigold” asked Ambassador Lodge to clarify U.S. aims on two points: Was the war limited to

Vietnam or part of a wider conflict? Would the United States leave Vietnam after a settlement? To the surprise of the Pole and the Italian, Lodge could not answer these fundamental questions; he sought instructions from Washington.

No doubt the personality of Johnson further complicated the task of clarifying the war aims. His passion for secrecy led to the cutting off of the flow of “Marigold” information to State Department officials in the Vietnam Working Group who “exercise day-to-day control over the political side of the war and set up coordination with the Defense Department on military actions.”

His gluttony for consensus, his lust to embrace the entire spectrum of a given controversy or division, his desire to be all things to all men — appealing qualities in many situations — seemed in the end to have robbed him of not only his credibility but his control.

By contrast, the DRV has for decades hammered away at its twin aims of independence and reunification, with very little modification or intragovernmental wavering. Clear and firm on what they held to be essential, they were thus free to maneuver on nonessentials. They have had no problem making world opinion understand what they seek. Even less have they had any problem in convincing their own people of what they seek. And when required to respond to a U.S. move, in diplomacy or on the battlefield, their clear policy position has generally enabled them to do so quickly. It may be that the North Vietnamese have carried out better than their opponents the precept of Sun Tzu, the ancient Chinese theorist of war whose work many of them have studied: “Know the enemy and know yourself, and in a hundred battles you will win, a hundred victories.”

VII

Through the prism of the Paris Talks, certain things about the war and its implications for world politics have become clear. In an extraordinary way, U.S. policy, like French policy before it, has had the effect of turning the simple, narrow

men of Hanoi into international heroes. In their relation to their own people, and to world opinion, they have been lent a martyred glory which has eclipsed the flaws of their Communist doctrines and the limitations of their national perspective. Freedom? But these “lean warriors” — as Northerners are traditionally called in parts of South Vietnam — have a meager conception of freedom. Their regime is a dictatorship. They are not men to



see and value what Dubček tried to do in Prague.

But such is no longer the question. The whole affair has plunged to a much lower level, and it is a bitter irony that the Free World has caused it to do so. You do not ponder political freedom when your very physical freedom is in question; in a dark prison cell, you lust for the sun and the sky, not for voting rights. U.S. policy has created a kind of prison situation for the centuries-old cause of Vietnamese freedom. Thus it has made heroes out of the (Communist) leadership which seeks to lead the Vietnamese out of the dark cell of subjugation and destruction, into the “free” air they will breathe when they become a nation free from foreign bombs and 600,000 foreign troops.

Washington has transformed what was, a decade ago, a complex political problem into a simple, crying, human problem. All the rights and wrongs of South Vietnamese politics were smothered by a heavy military hand that was too crude to discern the political and psychological components of power. The final chapter in South Vietnam finds the once contemptible guerrillas face to face with the U.S. Mission; the center, the political tissue of South Vietnam, has been burnt out. Now the lean warriors of the North parade as the only possible saviors of the most basic existence of their people! No wonder it has been said in high Communist circles

* H. S. Ashmore and W. C. Baggs, *Mission to Hanoi*; D. Kraslow and S. H. Loory, *The Secret Search for Peace in Vietnam*.

that Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy could not have been bettered as a grand design to give glitter to Communism in Indochina.

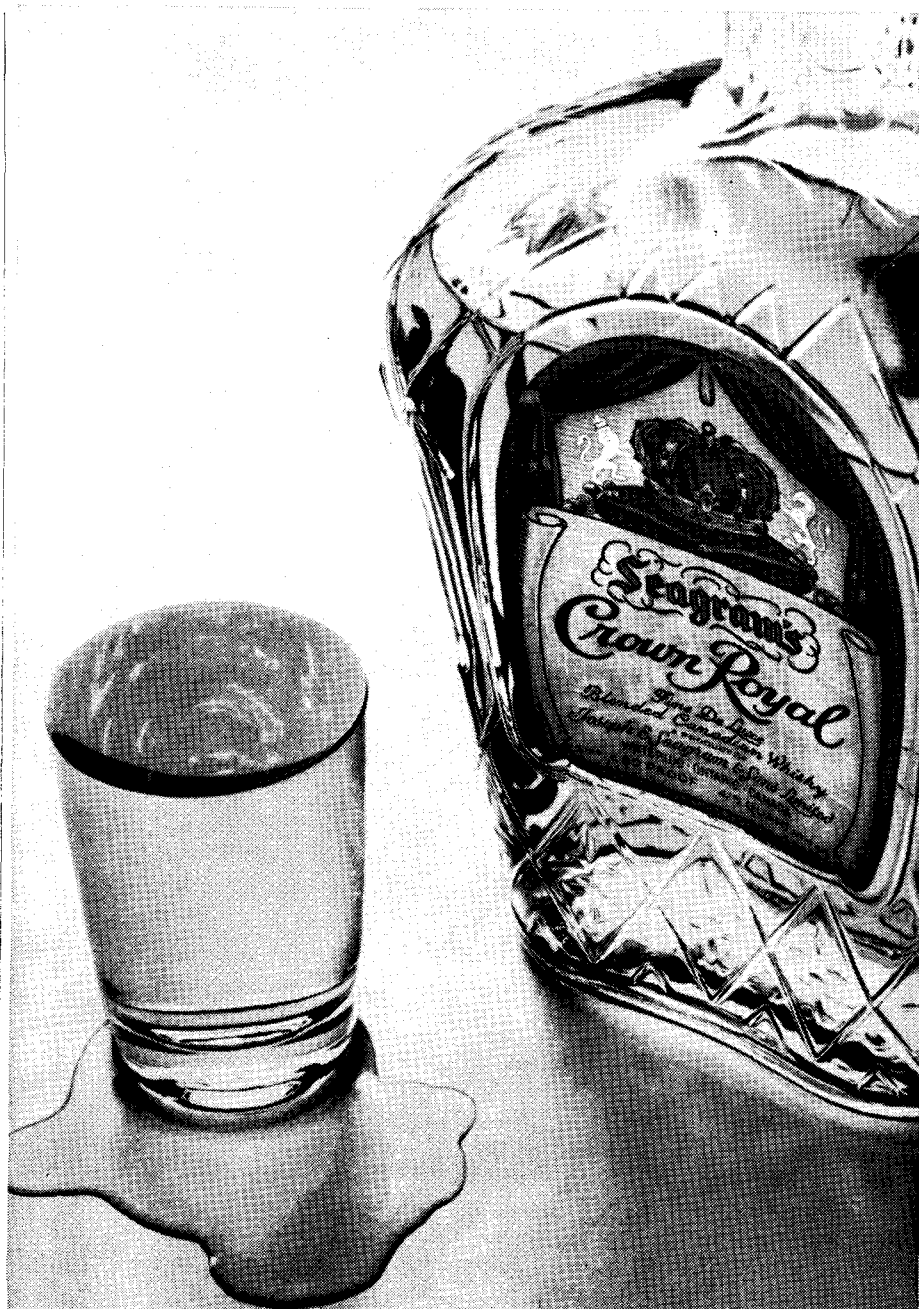
It has also become clear that the international political context in which the Geneva conference was an appropriate vehicle has gone. It is hard to imagine China and the U.S.S.R. acting in concert, as they did at Geneva, 1954, to influence their Vietnamese confreres; or to imagine China accepting the U.S.S.R. as co-chairman of an international conference which will affect the fate of Asian Communism. Nor is British co-chairmanship any longer apt. Her collection of Eastern possessions now consists of the single jewel of Hong Kong. Even her interest, official and unofficial, in the region has withered remarkably. The Japanese, if their present hesitant moves toward a more virile diplomacy in Asia strengthen over the next half year, would seem a better bet as co-chairman from the non-Communist world than Britain.

Crumbling blocs

Indeed the entire "post-war world" of which Geneva seemed a natural furnishing has gone; and Vietnam has hastened its demise. The blocs have crumbled; France and Rumania have set the pace. Even the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia may soon confirm the changed situation, if it turns out that it has cost Moscow more than it has cost Prague. In Asia, Dulles managed to patch together SEATO, albeit without most of Southeast Asia, soon after the Geneva conference, to warn and contain China. Today the one major Asian member of SEATO, Pakistan, is among the few nations with which China has warm relations.

Above all, a gap has opened up between the U.S.A., in the Johnson period, and the rest of the West. It is hard to find a senior Foreign Office man in Western Europe who by conviction supports Johnson's Vietnam policy. Even publicly, half of NATO has taken the podium at the UN to urge a halt to the bombing of the DRV.

Of course the gap is partly based on solid differences of interest. The United States has long been a Pacific power, and has concerns there which a Europe increasingly turning in upon itself, feathering its nest for a better life after decades of



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The negotiations

war and tyranny, cannot be expected to understand. But there are differences of perception too. Johnson seemed to feel less at ease with the cynical sophisticates of Europe than with the needy Asians who would appreciate his efforts to feed, clothe, house them — the way he learned during the New Deal — with his generous left hand, as he shielded them from Communism — the way he learned in the Truman and Dulles years — with his strong right hand.

New politics

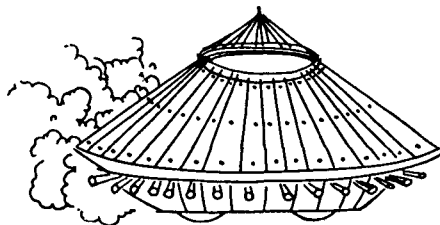
Many Europeans saw long ago that Washington had given too much weight to Communism as a global force in its analysis of Vietnam. Talks at the Quai d'Orsay left me wondering if there is not a greater chasm between French and U.S. thinking on Vietnam than between U.S. and Soviet thinking. High French officials simply do not believe anymore in pressure being applied by a bloc; instead they believe in playing one member of a bloc against other members of the same bloc. The French like to think they are more "progressive" than Washington; more zealous for land reform in Asia, for instance. I doubt that they are more progressive than that "left hand" of Johnson. Rather they are more Machiavellian. They have got in on the ground floor of a new period of world politics. In this period there is taking place a resurgence of national, cultural, local politics, at the expense of abstract, supralocal, international politics.

Abstractions such as "international Communism," "Free World," "Afro-Asian solidarity" are less credible than they were a decade ago. International organizations and institutions that were established in the years of post-war idealism feel the increasing tug of centrifugal forces. So do political units, such as Nigeria, which tried to embrace multiple cultural, ethnic, or national units within the ambit of a single sovereignty. Again and again we see "particularism" obstruct or confound the claims of an abstract or universal force or system. The scientism of Walt Rostow, with its inarticulate assumption that "man" means "rational Western man," has had its upward flight to utopia shot

down by primitive Vietnam peasants. The idiosyncracies of nationalism have shattered the solidarity which Comrade Mikhail Suslov still tries to claim for "proletarian internationalism."

The American tribulations in Vietnam have not been a triumph for international Communism. Indeed, what an irony the concept of "international Communism" must be to Hanoi, which has suffered so grievously (if silently) as a result of the nonexistence of international Communist solidarity! Hanoi harbors few illusions about China and the U.S.S.R. Both have let it down too often; both view Vietnam primarily in terms of their relationship with the U.S.A. What ultimately confounds the Suslovs and the Rostows alike is the irreducible Vietnamese-ness of the Vietnamese. One recalls the report of the French writer Jacques Doyon, recently returned from a tour of the Mekong Delta, of a conversation with a prominent official, who does his work (and keeps his secrets) alongside the American pacification men who drive up in jeeps, smart and spruce in big boots, dossiers under their arms. The Vietnamese spoke of his twenty-year-old nephew: "He went to join the Viet Cong six months ago; it was his romantic crisis. A few days ago he came back. We welcomed him with great joy. . . . People are like that here."

One can easily exaggerate the extent of the setback the United States has had in Vietnam. The recovery will probably be quick, as was that of France after Algeria. Nor should it be forgotten that Washington has exercised some restraint. In contrast to France, the United States has had much more



force in reserve than it used. For a mixture of political and moral considerations, the war, from the U.S. point of view, has been kept to a limited one. For all that, the war has demonstrated what might be termed the "powerlessness of power." Even if the hawks had held sway at every point, the result may only have been more destruction. The crucial dis-

inction came to be that between the power to destroy and the power to make one's political will prevail. In the latter sense the power of the Pentagon did prove to be powerless. Mao was right to speak of the United States as a "paper tiger" in Vietnam. Its power itself was powerless in the measure that it did not carry enough of the people with it to make its will prevail politically. Similarly, the Soviet tanks may have been powerless in Prague last August. Will the historians of the future perhaps detect the symbol of a significant shift in U.S. consciousness in the titles of three notable books written by U.S. politicians and published in the last two years: *The Arrogance of Power* by Fulbright, *The Limits of Power* by McCarthy, and *The Discipline of Power* by Ball?

VIII

In the long view, what pattern might the Talks follow in their second stage, now that the DRV is free from attacks against its territory? The issue of the bombing came to acquire an exaggerated significance. Both sides have sometimes allowed it to obscure the reality that the war is about the future of the South. The United States has hoped for too much from the bombing, and the DRV probably has hoped for too much from its cessation. General Gavin once characterized the bombing policy this way: It is as if "I had told you I could beat you at a game of chess, and you had challenged me to a game, and halfway through, as I was obviously losing, I kicked over the board and said: 'See, I beat you.'" On November 1 the chess game was resumed. Its purpose is to create a polity in South Vietnam reflecting the realities of military strength within the country, the wishes of the South Vietnamese people, and the interests of the great powers.

Though the war was already fierce before the bombing began, its cessation does not re-create that pre-bombing situation. The issues of war and peace are determined by myriad factors, but the ultimate one may be "will"; it is the will to fight on to military victory that seemed to slacken. This is clearly true of the U.S. side. It may be partly true of the DRV as well. A Frenchman who knows Le Duc Tho well observed: "He feels the time has now come for reconstruction of the country." The battle of principles which

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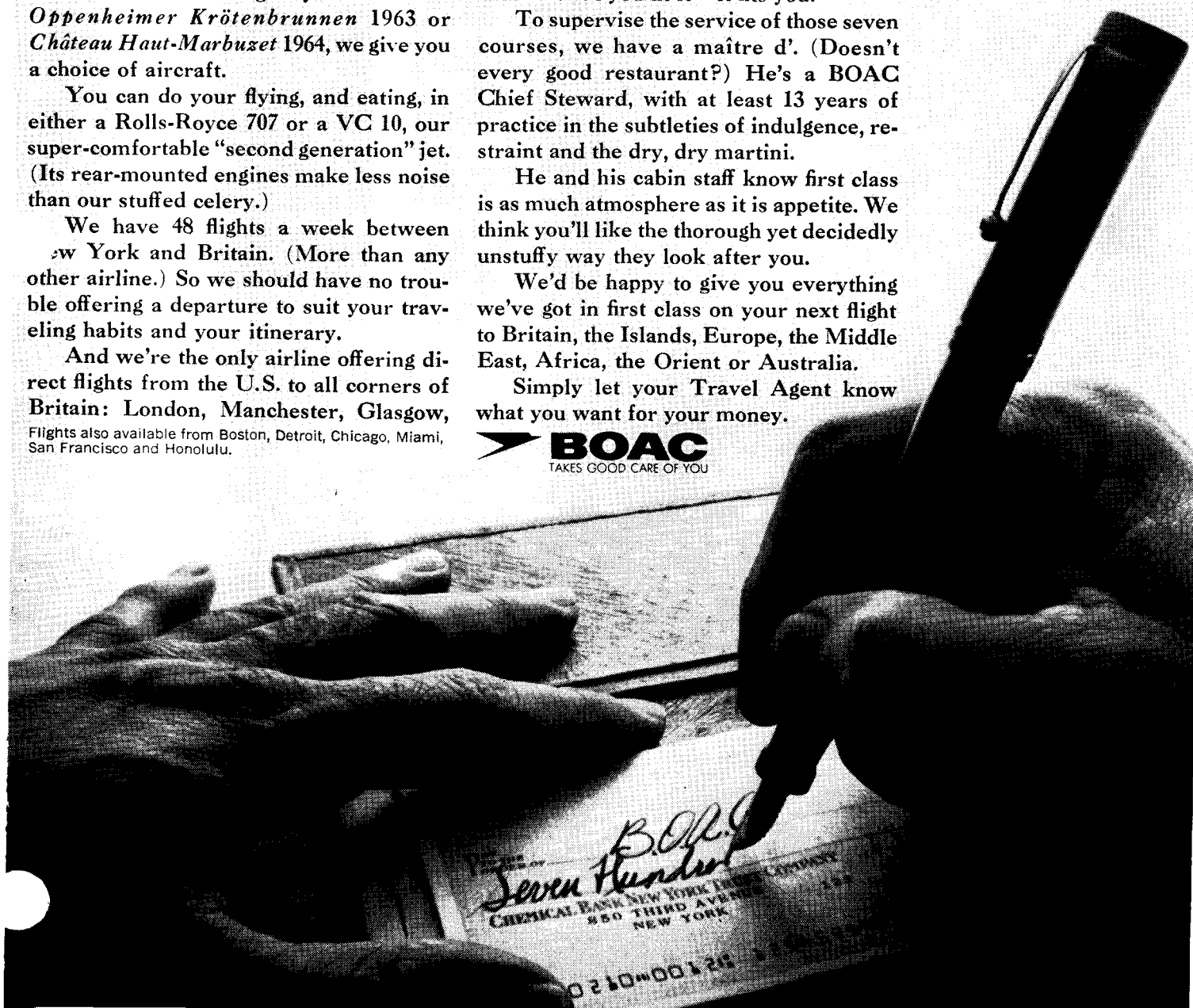
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The negotiations

the first five months of Talks constituted has become muted; the "theologies" have now been unburdened; a certain clarification of the issues becomes apparent; a practical spirit pushes to the surface alongside the dogma and the mistrust. The unthinkable begins to be thought; an American leader may even say soon what Mendes-France said recently to a friend: "Sometimes I ponder France's terrible mistake; why ever did we have to fight the Vietnamese for eight years!"

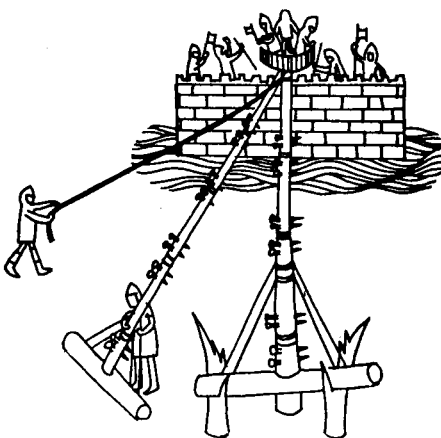
Demystification

For the U.S. side, the approach of the election encouraged demystification. President Johnson may have felt in October that he must make a final effort to bring to fruition the seeds of a peaceful settlement he felt he had planted on March 31. Certainly Harriman, depressed after months of impasse, regretful that he had not had the opportunity to repeat his Laos achievement, conscious that a Nixon victory would bring his career to a close, made intensified moves, both in communication with Washington and in some very frank exchanges with the DRV men during tea breaks, to get the bombing stopped.

Among the North Vietnamese, early October brought sober reassessments. A month previously they had debated the possibility of breaking off the Talks, but were deterred by the fear that a tougher U.S. Administration might then escalate the war, free of any moral and political pressures to seek peace. As I write, neither the motives nor the effects of the bombing halt and the moves preceding it are clear, but in October I observed on the DRV side a greater readiness than before to take seriously the U.S. political situation, especially the fact that time was running out for Harriman. (Who knows if time may not also be running out for the seventy-eight-year-old Ho?) Books recounting Harriman's previous negotiating work were being studied at Choisy — Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days* was one of them — as were the Indochina policies of the Eisenhower Administration. Just as Hanoi expected to get better terms from post-war French governments which included Com-

munists than from governments after 1947 which did not, so it now weighed the prospect that the new U.S. Administration might offer worse terms than Harriman.

In the first week of October a senior member of the delegation, in a talk with me, frankly showed a desire to appreciate Harriman's position as a "dove" within the U.S. Administration — mixed with extreme agitation that, at that date, there was still no softening on the bombing. "We have given him something," he said. "We have tried to help him, as you keep putting it. But he does not seem to commit



himself to understand the moves we have made toward him. We have assured him there will be a settlement after the bombing stops, that this is why we came to Paris." The same week Le Duc Tho, Xuan Thuy, and others held long sessions, during which meetings with the press were mostly canceled. (Shortly before he left for Hanoi, I watched Le Duc Tho taking a break from one of these sessions. Neat and severe in a black Chinese-style tunic, his smooth brown face capped with white hair glistening in the sun, he paced the volleyball court, wheeling his arms in the air. At each end he turned abruptly, his limbs charged with purpose, his eyes sharp in concentration — with an odd glance across to the Western visitor in conversation at one side of the court.)

The central issue is no longer the military importance of the bombing, but the political importance of the contending Southern elements. Both the NLF and Saigon have been preparing themselves for the enlarged Talks. The NLF sent diplomats to Paris, and Saigon has tried to patch up relations with France. The NLF plans open political activity in the South, while President Thieu,

welcoming Big Minh back from Bangkok, seemed to ease himself out of his right-wing straitjacket.

Waiting for the end

In broad terms there have always been three possibilities for the South. It could go the way of South Korea, as the United States has tried to ensure; but this is out of the question, since the NLF is evidently stronger than Saigon. It could become part of a unified Vietnam under Hanoi; but this too is out of the question for the present (as the DRV recognizes by coming to the negotiating table). It could become leftist and neutral, without foreign bases, developing a relationship with the North according to the evolution of its own political forces. The task of the Talks now must center upon finding an accommodation between these political forces. The United States may find opportunities to steer the NLF away from Hanoi's influence, toward purely Southern concerns and policies. Enormous force has been used to try to stop Hanoi's activities in the South, yet so far no effort at all has been made to encourage and facilitate NLF resistance to Hanoi's influence.

The hour of the NLF seems to be at hand. Any settlement of the war will necessarily mean a new Saigon government, so Thieu is naturally on the defensive and the NLF on the (political) offensive. Harriman is prepared to deal bluntly with Saigon, as he dealt bluntly with Phoumi, the Laotian military leader, when the time came to elevate and support Souvanna Phouma. What is less clear is whether the Saigon leaders will try to stand firm against pressure to make way for a more leftist regime, or whether, sniffing the new atmosphere, they may move swiftly to the left, even turning upon the United States as "strangers from abroad" — Big Minh's phrase in the October *Foreign Affairs* — and finding in an anti-U.S. position the one chance of salvaging a political future for themselves. Big Minh may have hinted at such a transformation when he wrote, enigmatically, on the eve of his return to Saigon: "... within the borders of South Vietnam, global and ideological considerations become somewhat academic. As we see it, the war in our country is simply the defense of our homes against aggression." However that may be,

both Southern groups may be forced, at last, to confront their own people and be tested by popular reaction.

For their part, the DRV men will have to juggle once more their two dreams — independence and reunification — and choose between them. They may now be ready to delay reunification in order to secure independence from foreign coercion. They agreed to talk with Saigon, and can be expected to accept less than a fully Communist government in Saigon — for a while; and to agree to a gradual withdrawal of the foreign troops from South Vietnam.

The Talks may become quite volatile and confused. Protracted wrangling may follow the enlargement of the Talks, especially over the exact status of the NLF. Each side sits on a knife edge in its relations with various allies (and also, in the case of the United States, in relation to domestic political opinion). The DRV will need to display all the suppleness and resilience of Vietnamese bamboo if it is to get the NLF, Peking, and Moscow to accept the eventual settlement. The danger will never disappear of a sudden reversion to outright military struggle, if diplomatic equilibrium should break down; both sides contain military men who think it a shame to compromise when military victory is “just around the corner.”

Interpretation of what constitutes a “lull” may cause endless argument. It is easy to view a lull as a breather preceding renewed attack — if the will is there to do so. At the time of writing, some in Washington describe the startling decline in enemy activity as a sign of weakness rather than as a sign of restraint. This way of thinking has frequently prevailed — it is a version of the “light at the end of the tunnel” argument — only to be speedily confronted with new proof of the capacity of the Communists to bounce back in force. There is reason to believe Hanoi has begun to negotiate a solution; but there is little reason to believe it could not resume the battle with full ferocity if it wished.

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p. 12. Roberto Valturio: Espringal.

p. 24. Leonardo da Vinci: Ship, c. 1493.

p. 28. Konrad Kyser: Cannon.

p. 30. Da Vinci: Assault chariot with guns.

p. 32. Guido da Vigevano: Assault tower.

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the mail

America's greatest poet

SIR: I don't think Theodore Roethke was the greatest American poet, but I like James Dickey's way of talking about him ("The Greatest American Poet," November *Atlantic*), and the passage about lying and poetry is well done. It is possible to talk sense about poetry and poets without using the dialect of the graduate school (I think of it as the Carolinian Latin which impeded the literary development of the European vernaculars), and it will have to be our business to see that the thousands of critics we are turning out of the schools understand this.

FRANK KERMODE
Department of English
University College London
London, England

SIR: I enjoyed Jim Dickey's candor, and trust his essay is as judicious as candid.

HOWARD NEMEROV
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

SIR: James Dickey's article seems very strange to me. I know Dickey and admire his poetry. In this article it seems to me that he reveals very little understanding of Roethke, which is unfortunate to say the least in an article with the sideshow label "The Greatest American Poet." If I am going to be told who is the greatest American poet, there had better be some strong convictions forthcoming, and here there are none. Instead, he is pretty condescending about Roethke, and presents some brief, unimportant personal encounters that fail to throw any light on Roethke's work. Most of the thrust of the article is given over to the neglect of Allan Seager, yet even here the reader doesn't get any real consideration of what Seager achieved. I would have been interested to hear many more details about Seager's biography rather than Dickey's loose and general opinions.

Also, I thought Dickey was unfair in what he says about Beatrice Roethke. I know her, as she is now living in San Francisco, and I don't think there is much justification in what Dickey says. The fact is that Beatrice Roethke is still a young woman and deserves her privacy. Roethke's great achievements in poetry do not need to be linked at this time to such a bitter attack on his widow.

JAMES SCHEVILL
Providence, R. I.

SIR: My compliments on Dickey's review of *The Glass House*. While I can't entirely agree that Roethke was our greatest poet, I am specially pleased by Dickey's sensitive handling of Seager's and Roethke's difficult and wonderful personalities.

I also appreciated Dickey's comments on the interference with Seager's treatment of Roethke's love life. We are not necessarily entitled to all the facts. But if the crucial meaning must be suppressed to protect survivors' feelings, we should not handle that subject at all. *The Glass House* shows the only possible result: the work of a sensitive man warped into a dull and meaningless book; the life of a brilliant and agonized man warped into a meaningless career. The feelings of everyone could have been protected without misrepresentation, without costing our understanding of a very great man.

W. D. SNODGRASS
Erieville, N. Y.

SIR: I admire Dickey's honesty, both in his recollections of Roethke and in his informed report on the difficulties that poor Seager encountered in writing about the life. It should be said that Ted was at his outlandish worst with strangers, particularly when they were poets on the make, smelling of ambition, who stirred up his competitive adrenalin. Somehow one forgave him, because he had genius and because poetry mattered so much to him. One had to know

him long and well, as I did for thirty years, to recognize how much he honored those whom he considered to be his peers. Though we went through some bad times and some painful silences, I counted him, with reason, the most generous and loyal of friends. I hope that Dickey's vivid account, which is undeniably true as far as it goes, doesn't obscure that other side of Roethke.

STANLEY KUNITZ
New York City

SIR: I think it is right to tackle the issue of the censoring head on, and I think James Dickey did an excellent job. It is a generous essay, true to Roethke, I know, and true to Seager. I like it very much.

I might add that I have some feeling of mourning about its appearance now. Why is it that an article of this length, which gives *Atlantic* readers a deep glimpse into Roethke's work, has appeared only after his death? Why didn't you commission something like this while he was alive?

ROBERT BLY
Madison, Minn.

SIR: I found this piece interesting as a memoir, but vitiated as a review by the untenability of Dickey's basic assumption, that Roethke was "the greatest poet this country has yet produced." What credence can one give to the evaluations of a critic who holds such an opinion, thus dismissing Whitman, William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, and Wallace Stevens? Roethke wrote many beautiful and moving poems; but his memory is not well served by such hyperbole.

When he qualifies his admiration, regretting that Roethke did not write on certain themes that were obsessive in his conversation, and saying that if he had let himself develop "the range and variety his work so badly needed," he might have been "a poet of the stature of Yeats and Rilke," Dickey further

commits himself to a sort of childish grading system — that is, Roethke, he is claiming, is greater than any other American poet, but no American poet is as great as the great European poets. No one could care more fervently for Yeats and Rilke than I do; nevertheless, I find this belief (which has a false syllogism lurking in it) provincial — in its awe of the Old World — and neurotic; Dickey is unable to acknowledge the greatness of the poets I have mentioned, and awards the palm to one with whom he himself obviously feels much affinity.

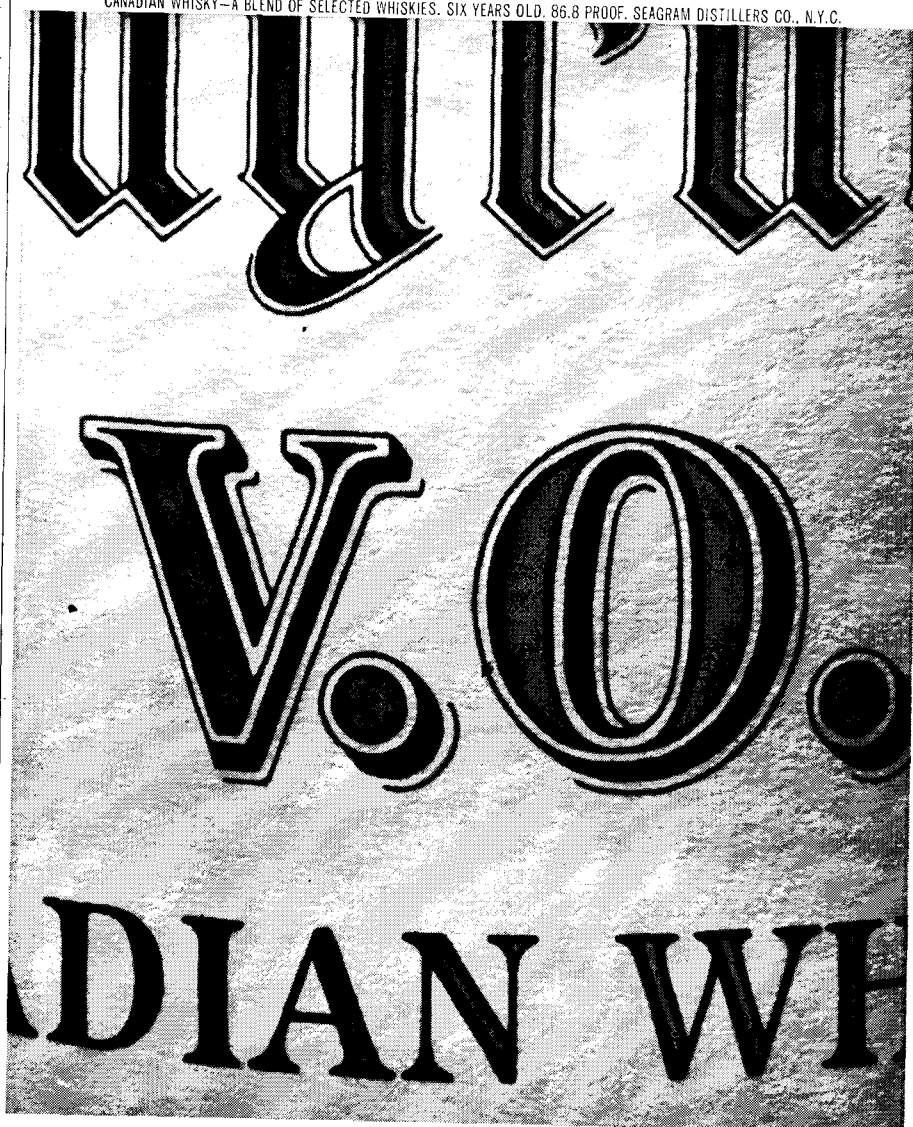
For students of Dickey's own work — and personality — the article will, of course, be of considerable interest as an autobiographical document. From the very first paragraph, in which he says that he and Roethke were "watching each other with the wariness of new acquaintance," he reveals a sense of identification with Roethke's hard drinking, paranoia, and tragic competitiveness that is, perhaps, deeper than he himself realizes; for when he discusses those aspects of Roethke, on a later page, he does so in a tone of astonished reproof. I find this disingenuous. The syndrome is, after all, a familiar one among American poets, living and dead, in the twentieth century — though none of the great poets Dickey ignores happens to have suffered from it. (Pound's paranoia, if that is the right word for sometimes laying the blame for real evils on the wrong shoulders, has never focused on his fellow poets.)

I am grateful for the moving, and sometimes impressive, excerpts from Roethke's notebooks. One wonders how much "arranging" David Wagoner did — but in any case, it would seem that he has done it intelligently and sensitively, for the parts form a whole that is dramatic and yet not forced.

DENISE LEVERTOV
Temple, Me.

SIR: I have only one quibble with Dickey. He talks about all the lies Ted told to bolster his ego. He told them, but they weren't really lies. He believed them; he really did. They were fantasies, and he figured that he had lived every minute of them. I never believed that he had actually driven a car for the "Purple Gang" when the boys were running booze across the river in

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Detroit, but he had told the story so often that it truly was a part of his past. I didn't believe he had sparred with Steve Hamas either, but once when they came to throw a net over Ted when he was teaching at Lafayette, they hauled him off to the nut house while he shouted that it was all a conspiracy. He was supposed to be training for a fight with Joe Louis, he said. He wasn't being put away for telling a lie, but for living in a world of fantasy. And as for women, no doubt he lied occasionally, like the rest of us. But when he was living with me at Westhampton, squads of good-looking students of his from Bennington kept turning up at all hours. How they found the house, I never discovered, but to a girl, they were all in love with him.

RICHARD SEAMON
Senior Editor, Time magazine
New York City

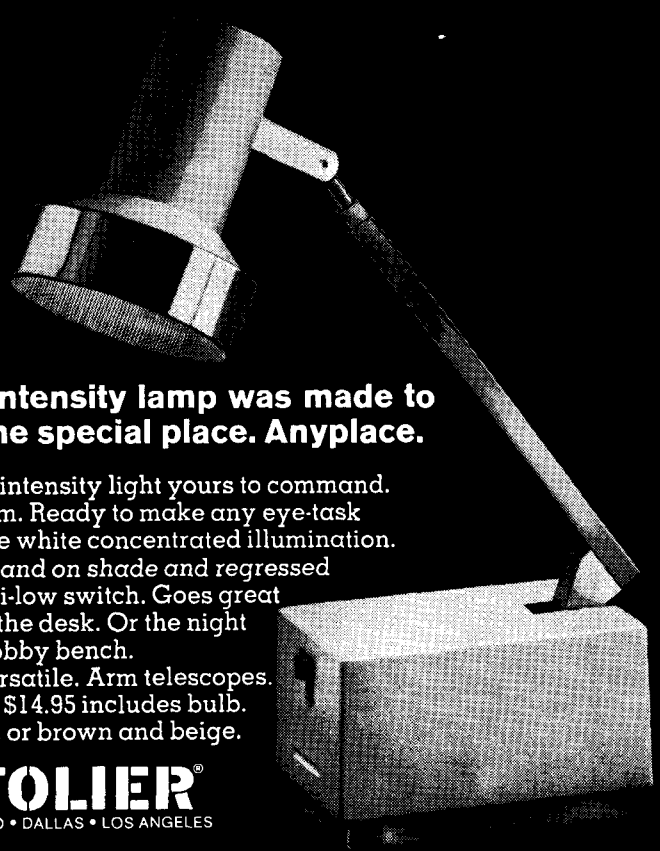
SIR: The names that began to hover for me when I plunged into "The Greatest American Poet" were Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Wallace Stevens, and Robert Lowell. But James Dickey, as usual, takes a challenging and interesting position and makes a vivid article of it.

I was glad to see that David Wagoner was cited as the arranger of Roethke's lines accompanying the article; even while reading I was hoping that some of the Seattle group who knew Roethke well would be drawn into the picture. Those limber, panicky lines that Roethke was turning out are certainly the touchstones for a whole generation of writers in the Northwest.

Dickey — a contender himself — can deserve our attention when he uses that word "greatest." It is a dangerous word, though, in art; and I wonder whether it and words like it didn't help hold Roethke in that strange spiral of feeling that intensified his poetry but troubled his days.

WILLIAM STAFFORD
Department of English
Lewis and Clark College
Portland, Ore.

SIR: Perhaps for the reader who does not know much about Roethke, the references to his "lies" could be misleading. Though alcohol makes for a considerable range of exercising, and Roethke thus considerably exercised, I have never known any-



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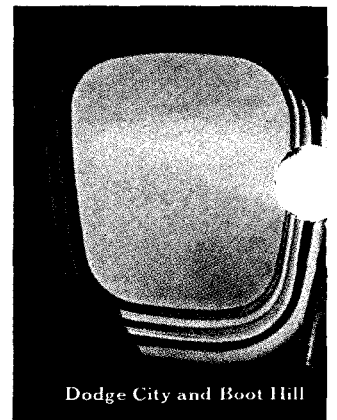
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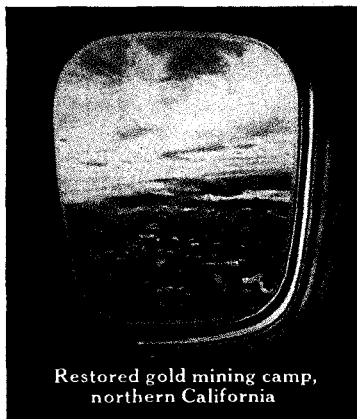
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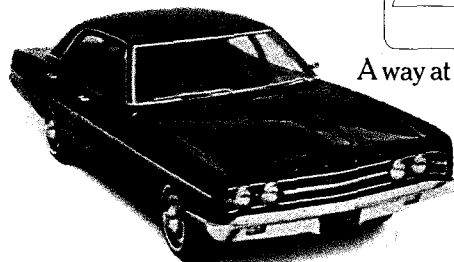
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one who was more persistently and spontaneously honest in his personal relationships.

KENNETH BURKE
Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

SIR: James Dickey's piece on Roethke and Seager is brilliant and genuine. Also hyperbolic, as Dickey often is — Roethke isn't the greatest American poet, but he's a great one and, I often think, the best of our time. This is an age when almost everyone is trying to write like Ted Roethke.

MALCOLM COWLEY
Sherman, Conn.

SIR: Roethke can't be called the "Greatest American Poet" by any stretch of *my* imagination, but Dickey's title does have the virtue of arresting us. I hope Dickey can document his charges against Mrs. Roethke ("in addition to other obstacles she placed in Seager's way . . . a dreadful misplacement of loyalty"). I don't doubt that Dickey is telling the truth, nor that he knows more about the situation than I do, but I did have the impression that he may be a bit shrill in dramatizing his blast at Roethke's widow.

X. J. KENNEDY
Bedford, Mass.

SIR: I feel compelled to point out some of the errors that appear in James Dickey's review of *The Glass House* because they present a distorted picture of my husband's character and my role in the writing of his biography.

1. Allan Seager did not have much "personal knowledge" of Theodore Roethke. They were students at the University of Michigan about the same time — Seager was fond of saying they were at Michigan together — but they didn't know each other there. Except for three years at Bennington College, from 1943 to 1946, they taught in different parts of the country and rarely saw each other. At Bennington, Roethke was very wary of Seager, as letters written to Roethke during this period prove. However, they corresponded occasionally over the years, usually about jobs, when the poet was ill and afraid of losing his job.

2. Theodore Roethke was not a liar. It is untrue that he claimed to have been "a nationally ranked tennis player," or was in the habit

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of saying women were in love with him, much less "hundreds." When he talked in an exaggerated manner about having known gangsters or boxers, he was either in a manic state or in the company of men he considered potentially violent. Not a violent man himself, nor a businessman, he may have felt "inadequate" with those who were, which helps explain his conduct as reported by Mr. Dickey, though I think Dickey's account of an afternoon with Roethke comes more from Allan Seager than it does from firsthand observation.

My husband, who was much more the self-ironist than either Seager or Dickey would have us believe, did not expect to be taken literally. I remember his saying on one of these occasions, "Beatrice always laughs when I say this," and then laughing himself. Later that day I asked him why he pretended he had known gangsters, and he said it was "a mask"; I think he said, "to keep off fools and frauds."

Allan Seager did not know Theodore Roethke well, and in my opinion, he never really understood him, for he assumed that the mask, the side of himself he chose to show to "tough guys" like Seager and Dickey, was the man. Seager could distinguish neither the man from the mask nor the man's normal behavior from his manic behavior. Furthermore, I suspect that his "sense of identification" with Theodore Roethke caused him sometimes to confuse his own traits and problems with those of Roethke.

3. I did not "commission" Allan Seager to write my husband's biography, but I authorized him to write it, making accessible to him the Roethke papers at the University of Washington library.

4. I temporarily withheld permission to reprint published work until the most damaging false assumption, misquotations, and factual errors had been either corrected or deleted, not to keep poems out of the book but because I felt that to grant permission would be tantamount to approving what I knew to be false. Owing to my efforts, which were considerable, the biography is more consistent, more accurate, and more exact than it otherwise would have been.

5. There was no attempt on my part "to mitigate certain traits of Roethke's, particularly in regard to

his relations with women," nor to "whitewash" his character. With one exception, a matter in which I had no selfish interest, Seager was free to say anything he could substantiate with honest evidence.

BEATRICE ROETHKE
 London, England

The war against the young

SIR: The Richard Poirier piece ("The War Against the Young," October *Atlantic*) is brilliant and strong, but then it is given wonderful support by the James S. Kunen ("Why We're Against the Biggees") and Nicholas von Hoffman ("The Class of '43 Is Puzzled") pieces, especially the latter, which is an almost unbelievably felicitous documentation of what Poirier has to say about the World War II generation. The juxtaposition is really a feat of editorial brilliance.

MARK SCHORER
 Department of English
 University of California
 Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I think Richard Poirier's article is a brilliant spoof. Eschewing a single original thought and deliberately exaggerating all the standard "enrage" clichés, he has given us a superbly ironical imitation of the breast-beating engaged in by some of our senile delinquents.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI
 Director, Research Institute on
 Communist Affairs, Columbia University
 New York City

SIR: Martin Duberman's references to my views ("On Misunderstanding Student Rebels," November *Atlantic*) are not merely false but irresponsibly false because the articles he cites contain the evidence of the untruth of his allegations.

First of all, my criticisms were directed not against the young or our college youth, as he avers, but against the small group typified by the Students for a Democratic Society whose literature and activities I have carefully studied. My chief criticisms of them were that their conception of the function of the university would destroy it, their resort to violence morally unjustified, and their invocations of "democracy" and "freedom" hypocritical since their disruptions deprived the majority of students of their freedoms. Duberman simply ignores the substance of my criticisms and derisively

creates an amalgam between my views and those of Professor Kennan and Barzun. I suspect he is no more honest in reporting their views than mine, but since my *Education for Modern Man* was available to him, his attribution to me of positions I specifically disavow is doubly irresponsible.

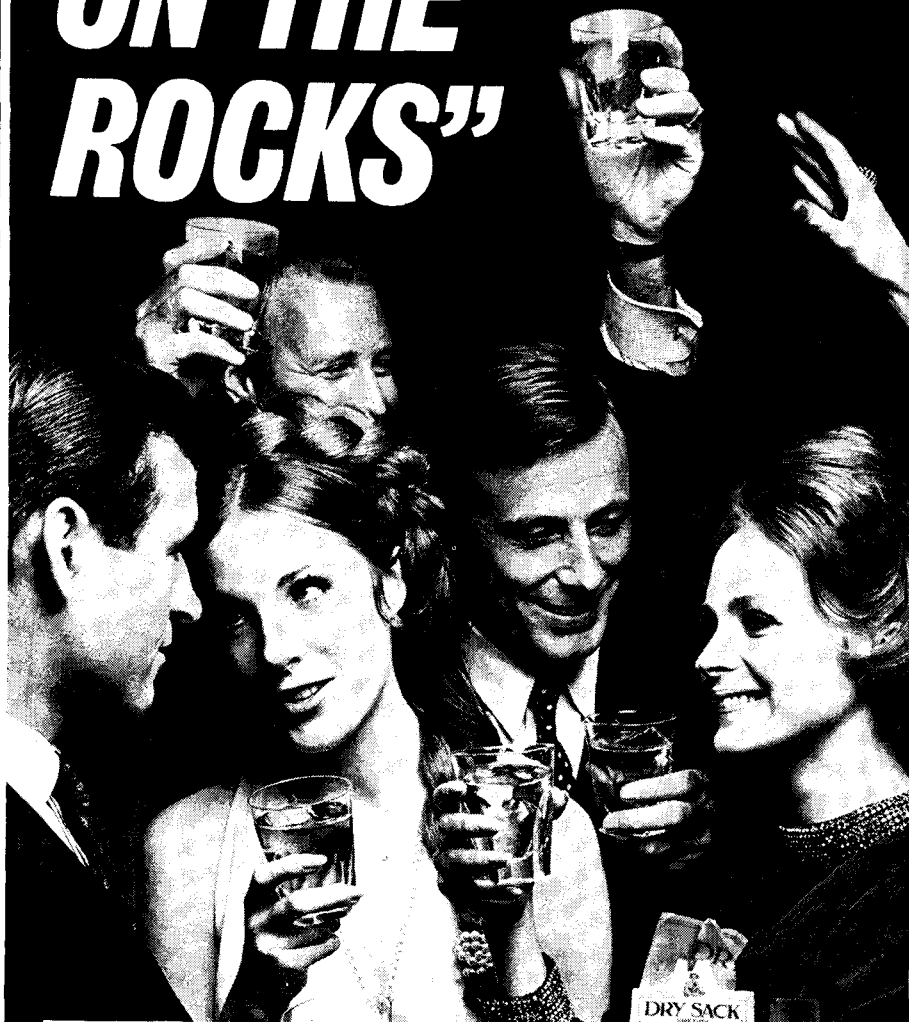
Duberman, for example, repeatedly charges that I oppose "emotion" in students and in education. He confuses "emotion" with "emotionalism." I have never opposed emotion — my pragmatic theory of intelligence makes that impossible — but only mindless emotion. In the *Encounter* article from which he cites, I stress the importance of developing "a passion for freedom." I counterpose the revolt of "the rationally committed" to the "emotionally committed" because of the danger that those spurred on only by passion will run amuck like those Duberman passionately defends.

Most outrageous of all is Duberman's insinuation that I support racism. I wrote that there are some things one should not be moderate about. He thereupon links me with Goldwater and suppresses the fact that I specify what one should not be moderate about, namely "the logic and ethics of free discussion." Only a hate-obsessed mind under the compulsion of a will to misunderstand can read out of this that I am "passionately against those who passionately protest war and racism." I myself have always passionately opposed wars (except wars of defense against aggressors like Franco, Hitler, and others) and *all* forms of racism without exception.

Every charge Duberman makes against me is either false (he has even invented a gray beard for me!) or seriously misleading because of suppression of context. For example, he quotes from my telegraphed column in *Newsday*, May 17 (reprinted in *Psychology and Social Science Review*), that the Columbia rebels "were interested solely in 'violence, obscenity and hysterical insult.'" This is sheer distortion. This is the context:

The unspoken allegiance of the community of scholars has been to civility of mind. Respect for the rights of teachers to differ with each other and among themselves has been taken for granted together with the presumption of good faith and good will on the part of intellectual dissenters and heretics.

"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"

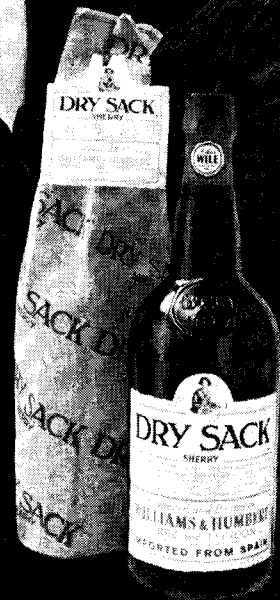


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All this has been fractured at Columbia by violence, obscenity and hysterical insult. . . .

I then go on to criticize the issues the students raised — which I do not regard as genuine educational grievances — as flowing from their untenable conception of the university. Duberman does not come to grips with my argument. Instead he forges a position I do not hold by use of the phrase “solely interested.” This indicates that like many of those he defends he has no respect for the decencies and amenities of honest intellectual exchange.

SIDNEY HOOK
New York University
New York City

Professor Duberman will reply in the January ATLANTIC to this and other responses to his article.

— THE EDITOR

SIR: Because I agree with Professor Poirier that students must be thought of and dealt with as mature and responsible persons, I write to correct the misrepresentations of fact in David Shapiro's statement on page 68 of your October issue.

Mr. Shapiro says: “Some months before the strike, I attended an open curriculum meeting of the department of English and called for the teaching of Latin-American and African literature. Lionel Trilling was then called upon to answer. He said: ‘Well, Mr. Shapiro, I've read this Latin-American literature. It has, I think one might say, anthropological interest.’ Enraged, I said: ‘This is a kind of promethean [sic] contempt and irrelevance.’”

I was not “called upon” to “answer” Mr. Shapiro — I volunteered my comment in the course of an informal exchange of views. I could not have addressed Mr. Shapiro by name — at the time of the meeting I had heard of Mr. Shapiro as a highly regarded student in my department, but I had no personal acquaintance with him and could not have identified him. It is not conceivable that I would have used the contemptuous phrase “this Latin-American literature.” I could not possibly have claimed to have read Latin-American literature because, to my regret, that is not the case. Nothing that I have ever heard about Latin-American literature would have led me to say that its interest is “anthropological.” What

I did say was that I had recently been one of the sponsors of a doctoral dissertation on modern African literature and that I had been led by this work to form the opinion that, although modern African literature was indeed interesting, its interest was chiefly sociological.

There are other errors of fact in Mr. Shapiro's statement, but I touch only on those that concern me personally.

I should add that I did not actually hear Mr. Shapiro's reply either because it was spoken inaudibly or because it was offered after I had left the meeting. But having been told by a colleague that Mr. Shapiro had responded in a heated way to what I had said, I wrote to invite him to come to see me. This he did, but when I asked him to say what his objection had been, he would not repeat it but brushed the matter aside as of no importance, went on to talk of things personal to himself, and ended his call by asking me if I would read his poems.

LIONEL TRILLING
Columbia University
New York City

SIR: I must congratulate the *Atlantic* on having published the most illuminating critique of student revolt I have read anywhere. It would be helpful to stress, more than Richard Poirier and Martin Duberman have, the hard economic advantage to the American economy of the draft, the use of graduate students to cheapen undergraduate education, and the absurd social definition of people under twenty-five as “youth.”

Our aversion to recognizing the economic motivation of adult hostility to the young leads us to be excessively personal in our explanation of events, and to hope for too much from a possible moral improvement in the leadership of our society.

Yet, the really basic problem is moral, as Poirier, Duberman, and von Hoffman make clear. And ultimately, perhaps, aesthetic; certainly, one need only watch Mayor Daley or Grayson Kirk on television to see how profoundly right Oscar Wilde was in observing that it is only very superficial people who do not judge by appearances. The difficulty lies in implementing the moral judgment to which these appearances lead.

We are living in a society which

survives — economically, psychologically, and, of course, militarily — by the most hateful discrimination against the younger half of its membership; which defines them socially in such a way as to deny them the power, the right, or the dignity to extricate themselves from the silken cordelières that bind them or to resist the uses to which they are put with much prospect of success. Yet, as noted, the resistance mounts as it continues. I do not really know whether the writings of their defenders will help; we may merely goad their adversaries into greater destructiveness without successfully defending the young. But the present confrontations have, at least, the virtue of clarity.

The moral pretensions of my generation have been shattered — though not, I regret, abandoned. A college president who speaks today of his responsibility to punish student rebels, maintaining that to accede to their demands for amnesty would be an abdication of his moral authority, is in most cases fatuously referring to a resource that, in fact, he has long since dissipated. He may suppress the revolt and reassure his governing board and his alumni; but the younger generation will never again accord such men legitimacy. The most charitable verdict American youth can confer on its elders today is that we have become — for the most part, and in that language of liberalism we like so much better than they do — a problem to be solved. I hope they can solve it, before it destroys them.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG
State University of New York
Buffalo, N. Y.

SIR: The multitude of pages you devoted in the October issue to an apology for the militant student groups add up to little but emotional hand wringing. Poirier's attempt to paint the insolent and irresponsible students as naïve innocents inarticulately groping for the perfectability of man was a sentimental and sophomoric contrivance. It reminds one of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine hailing the madness of the French Revolution as the emancipation of mankind when it soon betrayed and disillusioned them by becoming the greatest imperialist adventure the world has yet seen.

HENRY F. DAVIS
Westwood, Mass



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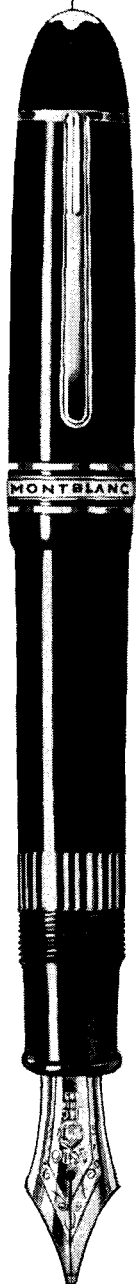
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SIR: I very much agree with Poirier's views and particularly welcomed his condemnation of the "becalmed and sensible men" who have been attacking the actions of the young. If anything, he is too kind, especially to George Kennan. I myself have very little patience with the perpetuation of the great myth that the university is "a place removed—calm Science seated there, recluse, ascetic, like a nun; not knowing that the world passes, not caring, if the truth would come in answer to her prayer. . . ." This Wilsonian statement, quoted so approvingly by Kennan, is not merely a distortion, it is dishonest.

In an age in which higher education has become a societal requirement, in which the activities of all universities and colleges, public or private, are dependent on federal and state support, in an age in which almost the entire technological development of society flows directly from intellectual activities within the universities, in such an age a country's system of higher education has become very much a part of society and is not "a place removed."

Obviously, such an involvement has its dangers. There are many who question whether a university's intellectual activities can retain their objective and critical standards if they depend so heavily on public sources for their support. Some of our militant students today are merely repeating a bit shrilly and less lucidly the accusation of treason by the academic estate raised by Benda well over a generation ago.

However, most students will agree with many of us that such involvement, though dangerous, is probably inevitable. I would even argue that it is proper, but that the students rightly demand that we be honest and that we do not throw at them the kind of cant I quoted above.

Our students are also right in asking us to take a very searching and honest look at the extent to which our institutions are indeed involved with *all* parts of society, rather than only certain segments, and whether we are equally relevant and useful to *all* our constituents. At this time, the result of such a self-examination would be devastating.

Professor Poirier warns against the repressive myths of adulthood. I agree, and suggest that in the universities we begin by re-examin-

ing our own mythology with the same intellectual rigor and honesty we expect from our students.

ERNEST A. LYNTON
Dean, Livingston College, Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N. J.

SIR: Professor Poirier is right as far as he goes. He is correct and lucid and justified in his sweeping indictment of much that tears at our national well-being. As a diagnostician, he gets passing grades in a curriculum whose value he would scarcely deign to acknowledge.

But I take issue nonetheless, strong, hot, violent issue—as violent in form as Professor Poirier reserves to himself as a champion of our disenchanting, rebellious youth. I take issue because I am one of those who were "poignantly anxious" to take advantage of an opportunity they never dreamed would be available, and I disagree that my dreams were shameful or irrelevant.

I here and now confess that I am one of those "homogenized" souls who took advantage of the GI Bill of Rights and thereby gained "an experience of college and university life different from any" I could have possibly hoped to achieve on my own. My head bows low. If I read Professor Poirier aright, I am now disqualified by that experience from having any relevant observation on those searing questions facing our youth. I have no meaningful thought on the ghettos (although I grew up in one), am hopelessly lacking in appreciation of the beauty intrinsic in the marching of students chanting "Ho Chi Minh" (it has heretofore been my impression that he is really not the "Prince of Peace"), and am irretrievably backward in the charity of my comprehension when the blacks, out of a festering impatience, measured by centuries and experienced by few, burn my community down.

The one central thought that my rational liberal friends seem to overlook amidst their affluent caterwauling and rampaging is that in the undisciplined exercise of our righteous wrath, we may be destroying the nation. A nation full of imperfections, but a nation whose promise is still redeemable. Of such sentimental trumpetings my youthful friends who have never been exposed to the corrupting influence of the GI Bill have never dreamed.

But tear this nation down, defile it and disgrace it, and what is there left for either the callous right or the arrogant left?

IRVING JAFFE
Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: James S. Kunen's article is clear, forceful, and readable. Much of his rhetoric is logical and persuasive. In the judgment of this writer, however, he quotes one deviation from reality which is almost fatal. That is the assertion:

But it isn't a free country. You can't drop out of school because you'd be drafted, and you have to study certain things to get a degree, and you have to have a degree to make it, and you have to make it to get what you want, and you can't even decide what you want, because it's all programmed into you beforehand.

To this easy argument for "copping out" we must raise this question: How can any system or anyone "get what you want" if you don't "make it," short of completely abandoning our faith in the importance of the individual and individual dignity?

JOSEPH D. TYDINGS
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Is there really a war against the young, or only against some young? There was no war against McCarthy's "children's crusade," or against the young Southerners who campaigned for George Wallace. There is a war against a certain life-style which offends long established mores, but that war would be waged also against octogenarians if they so vigorously flaunted what the ordinary man has been taught from childhood to despise. There is also a war against reform, and those who oppose necessary change are using the stupid antics of some young people as propaganda material to destroy effective political opposition.

The United States is in need of, but not ready for, some revolutionary changes. Some young people know the former but not the latter: other young people and some adults are trying to bring about these changes in a manner consistent with ideals about the necessity for compatibility between ends and means. Others say "damn the consequences, full speed ahead," unmindful of reefs about which a better knowledge of history or a genuine love of

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humanity would cause some concern.

It seems to me that one of the duties of academic intellectuals is to teach people to make distinctions, and I doubt if they do this by making such assertions as "we condemn them [the young] . . . for their passion, their absorption in public questions, their disgust with the trivia of college parties and athletics, their refusal to settle for mechanical processes of education." I don't know who Duberman means by "we," but I know of no one who condemns young people for such things. Moreover, young people have no more given up trivial amusements than the rest of us (light shows, deafening music, wild costumes), and many still want athletics, and a highly structured, rather mechanical educational process.

Insofar as the campus is concerned, there are important and difficult problems which should have priority over beating dead horses, even though their ghosts may still be galloping through the generation gap. For example, what is the effect on apolitical students of campus turmoil today? Is it making them more liberal or more conservative? Are they an insignificant minority or really the majority who will run whatever society we have tomorrow? How do we establish consensus about the way to distinguish between competence and commitment? For example, is there a difference between education and propaganda, and if so, do we still give them equal treatment in the academy? Is being against the Vietnam War and the military-industrial complex all that is necessary, or should one know something about their alternatives?

How do we reconcile the student demand for certification (diplomas, which most of them seem to want), and the demand by some for elimination of grades and standards of performance?

How much power should students have in the hiring and retention of faculty? Would an increase in student power in such matters produce more "campus politics" and hence less honest teaching by requiring professors to be concerned constantly with mending their fences with the various factional groupings?

I find no answers to these questions in Duberman or Poirier. Instead, I find agitation for further

polarization along generational rather than philosophical or sound programmatic lines. Such polarization will not produce a very attractive world, even though there may be in it a few honorary teenagers who might interpret the action to the aging.

MARSHALL WINDMILLER
*Director, International Relations Center
San Francisco State College
San Francisco, Calif.*

Coles on Baez

SIR: Robert Coles ("That Crystal Teardrop," October *Atlantic*) tells us that Joan Baez is "capable of being spiteful, cruel, narrow-minded," and so on, "like many another radical who is convinced that brutish cruel people run America." We are all capable of those things, even Mr. Coles — and certainly the cabal in Washington that has all but destroyed Vietnam, burned its people alive, and staged the brutish fiasco in Chicago.

Why does he so violently belabor this pathetic book — so cruelly and at such length? Is it because he doesn't like radicals? Or is it to prove, somehow, that Joan Baez *must* be wrong and that America is *not* run by what Conor Cruise O'Brien has called "brutal and ignorant men."

In her book Miss Baez makes an effective argument for nonviolence and against the institutionalized violence that destroyed the American Indian, the American Negro, the Japanese at Hiroshima, and now the Vietnamese. Mr. Coles makes no mention of it. In his sneering sledgehammer "review," Mr. Coles has clearly stated his own limitations: ". . . narrow-minded, callous, arrogant — and ready at all times to escalate . . . smug liberal nastiness into this kind of thoughtless violence."

A grown man *that* unconscious of his own cruelty might do worse then to see a *good* psychiatrist — and to stop mocking Miss Baez's search for health in a world gone mad.

MITCHELL GOODMAN
Temple, Me.

SIR: How to argue with Mr. Coles! For after all, if he does not appreciate Joan Baez's sensibilities (as expressed in her recent book, *Daybreak*), then he does not appreciate Joan Baez's sensibilities. Besides, it is hard to argue with an outburst of

ill humor, and much of his review of her book seems to be just that. He finds her remarks "trite and boring" (though his acerbity would indicate that he was not *altogether* bored) and her thoughts "trashy" and "silly." He accuses her of "smug, liberal nastiness" and he calls her "callous" and "arrogant." Most of all he seems to be irritated because he thinks she is playing psychiatrist.

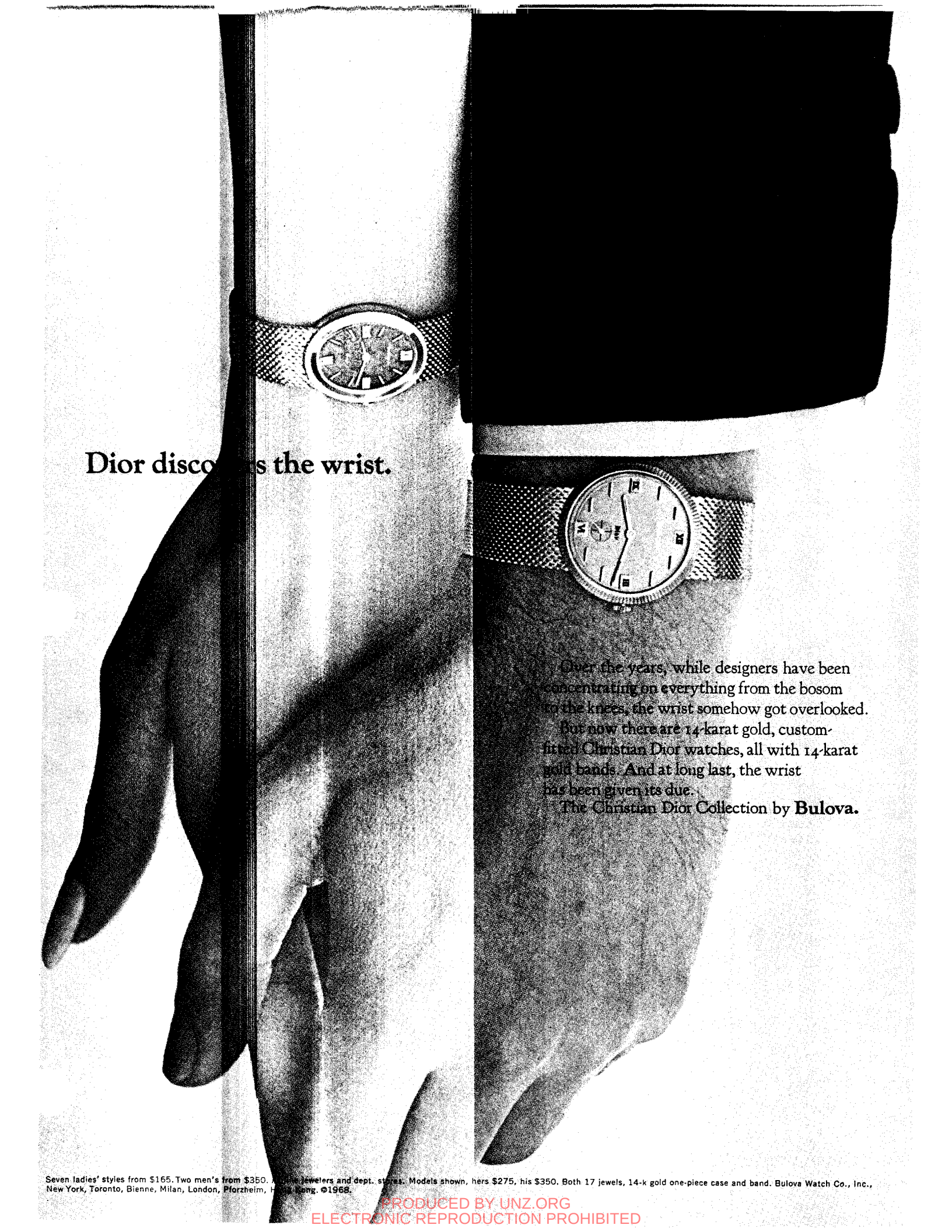
But is Miss Baez really a pious liberal full of glib psychoanalytic interpretations? Somehow it doesn't strike me that way. In fact I found no interpretations in the book at all, just a recounting of the inexplicable. Or to take a statement from her book which Mr. Coles quotes himself: "My life is a crystal teardrop. There are snowflakes falling in the teardrop and little figures trudging in slow motion. If I were to look into the teardrop for the next million years, I might never figure out who the people are, and what they are doing."

Moreover, it seems to me that Miss Baez is a little too close to the terrors of human existence to deserve to be called a "liberal." It is perhaps because she is so close to them that she does not come up with the sophisticated analysis of someone who's got it all figured out. But she does have a commitment. She believes in nonviolence. She wants to overcome terror with tenderness. Admittedly it sounds naïve. But it's not a commitment that we generally associate with being a liberal. It's a radical effort to come to grips with a radical problem — no broadminded liberal tolerance allowed.

The label "pious" also seems less than accurate. She's not at all sure that her way — the nonviolent way — will work. She concedes she may be defying "all reason, logic, common sense, and history." She's only sure that the other way, the way of history until now, has not worked very well either.

BEVERLY WOODWARD
Cambridge, Mass.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



Dior discovers the wrist.

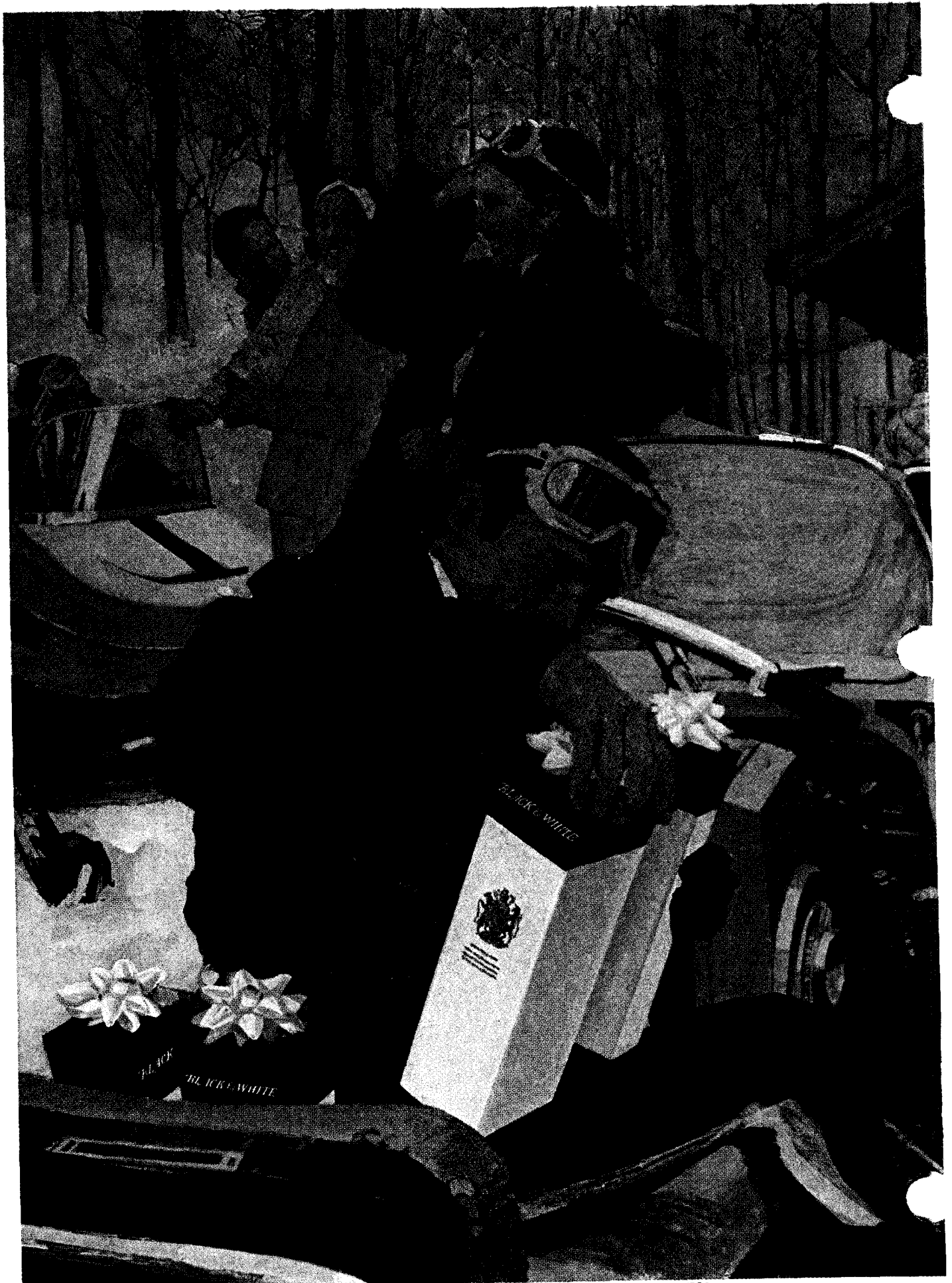
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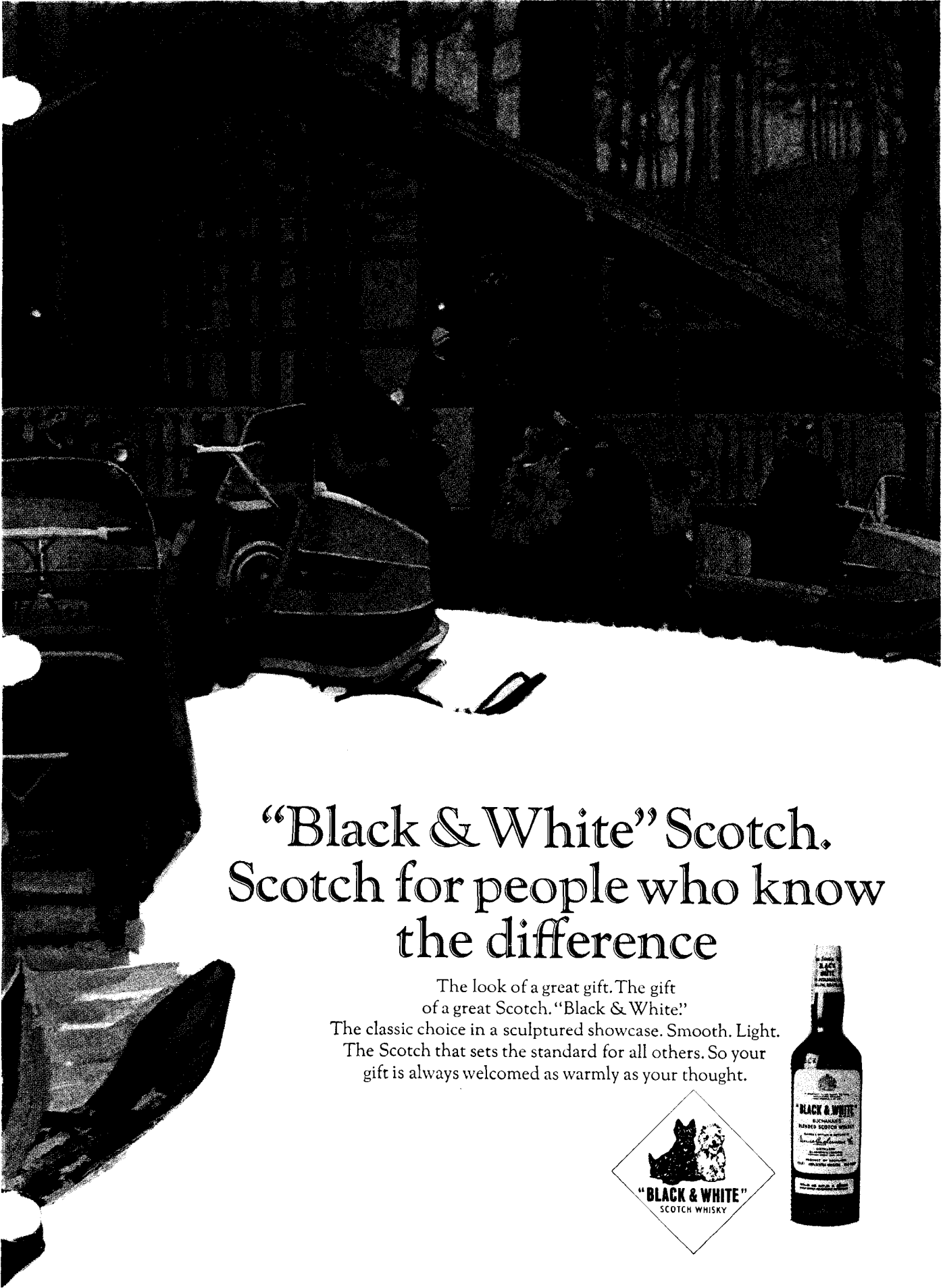
Seven ladies' styles from \$165. Two men's from \$350. Available at fine jewelers and dept. stores. Models shown, hers \$275, his \$350. Both 17 jewels, 14-k gold one-piece case and band. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Pforzheim, Hong Kong. ©1968.

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GOING HUNGRY IN AMERICA

Government's Failure

BY ELIZABETH B. DREW

"I don't know, Orville," said Senator Robert Kennedy to the Secretary of Agriculture, "I'd just get the food down there. I can't believe that in this country we can't get some food down there." Others too will find it difficult to believe the facts revealed here about the failure of the Congress and the federal government to assure that millions of people in the richest, most bounteous land in the world are saved from malnutrition or starvation. This is the latest in a continuing observation of how government works — or doesn't — by the ATLANTIC'S Washington editor.

FROM time to time during the past few years, there has come to public attention the jarring news that a great many Americans do not get enough to eat because they are too poor. The words "starvation," "hunger," and "malnutrition" have all been used to describe the phenomenon. Each of these conditions is difficult to isolate, or even describe, or to separate from related diseases, because there has been little scientific or official interest in the problem. Yet it is generally agreed, even among government circles, that, at a minimum, ten million Americans are malnourished, and some of these are chronically hungry, even starving, because they are poor.

In 1967, a group of doctors, including Robert Coles of Harvard University, Joseph Brenner of MIT, Alan Mermann and Milton J. E. Senn of Yale, and private practitioners from Yazoo City, Mississippi, and Charlotte, North Carolina, took a foundation-sponsored trip to Mississippi to investigate the problem and returned to tell the Senate Subcommittee on Poverty what they had seen:

In Delta counties . . . we saw children whose nutritional and medical condition we can only describe as shocking — even to a group of physicians whose work involves daily confrontation with disease and suffering. In child after child we saw: evidence of vitamin and mineral deficiencies; serious untreated

skin infestation and ulcerations; eye and ear diseases, also unattended bone diseases secondary to poor food intake; the prevalence of bacterial and parasitic disease, as well as severe anemia . . . in boys and girls in every county we visited, obvious evidence of severe malnutrition, with injury to the body's tissues — its muscles, bones, and skin as well as an associated psychological state of fatigue, listlessness, and exhaustion. . . . We saw children who don't get to drink milk, don't get to eat fruit, green vegetables, or meat. They live on starches — grits, bread, Kool Aid. . . . In sum, we saw children who are hungry and who are sick — children for whom hunger is a daily fact of life and sickness, in many forms, an inevitability. We do not want to quibble over words, but "malnutrition" is not quite what we found. . . . They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them — which is exactly what "starvation" means.

There is developing, moreover, a disturbing body of scientific information that indicates a connection between malnutrition in children, in particular insufficient protein, and brain damage. Seventy-five percent of the mental retardation in this country is estimated to occur in areas of urban and rural poverty.

The situation in the Mississippi Delta has been particularly acute because of unemployment as a result of mechanization, and among other things, other government programs: controlled planting,

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and a new one-dollar-an-hour minimum wage, which led many plantation owners to lay workers off rather than pay it. Mississippi's welfare program pays an average of \$50 a month to a family with four children, but payments are made only if the wage earner is old or disabled or blind or has left his family. Thus there are thousands of families in the Delta with no jobs and no income.

There are two basic government programs which are intended to improve the diet of the poor — the sale of food stamps and the distribution of food. The local county chooses one or the other — or neither. Government officials point out that for some time every county in Mississippi has had one of the programs. In response to the reports that people still were not getting enough to eat, the Secretary of Agriculture said to the same Senate subcommittee: "They got some food because they were obviously walking around. I don't know where they got it."

For some time, in fact, it has been known within the government that the food programs had serious shortcomings, in the number of people being reached and in the form of the assistance. In addition, over the past year and a half or so, domestic hunger has been the subject of a great deal of publicity. A solution would not be all that expensive: government studies have indicated that adequate food distribution for everyone who needed it would cost between \$1.5 billion and \$2 billion more than the roughly half billion being spent on stamps and commodities now. (No one has calculated, in terms of illness and wasted and dependent lives, what it costs not to provide everyone with an adequate diet.) There were also short-range and less expensive actions that could have been taken to alleviate the most severe distress. While it would be inaccurate to say that nothing was done, the response was slow, piecemeal, and, it often seemed, reluctant. More thorough responses, including a national commitment to see that no one was denied an adequate diet because of low income, were considered, and at several points they were almost made. Because of the impact on the lives, every day, of several million people, the reasons why they were not are worth exploring.

THE food programs are run by the Department of Agriculture because they were begun not so much to help the poor as to dispose of embarrassing agricultural surpluses. Food packages are distributed once a month to the poor who live in counties which happen to want the distribution and are willing to pay for it. (Only recently, the federal government began to pay for the packages in a few of the poorest counties.) "But," Orville Freeman,

the Secretary of Agriculture, has testified to Congress, "that doesn't mean that every person gets it, because a poor person who lives miles away from the distributing point where 100 pounds of food is made available for a month may very well (a) not even know about the distribution; (b) not be able to get there; and (c) not be able to carry it away." (One congressman replied: "I know dead soldiers who didn't miss out because they lived 10 miles from a recruiting office.")

The commodity packages have only recently approximated what even the Agriculture Department considers a "minimum adequate" diet, but the cheerful assumption is made that they are a "supplement" to a family's food supply. The commodity package has been periodically expanded, to the point where last summer, under public pressure, the Department announced that it would now contain some twenty-two items. The list is theoretical, however; whether the various items actually end up in the package depends on whether they are in sufficient supply and whether the local community elects to include them. It takes tolerance for tedium and some culinary ingenuity to make edible meals of the surplus packages, which until last summer consisted mainly of such things as flour, cornmeal, rice, dried peas, dried beans, bulgur. Formerly they contained thirty ounces of meat for each person for an entire month; now the packages are supposed to contain more meat, dried eggs, evaporated milk, canned chicken, canned vegetables, and some others. The wrapping is to be prettier, and recipes are to be supplied, although many of the recipients can't read.

The food stamp program, in which participants buy stamps which are worth more than the purchase price and use them to buy groceries, is preferred by just about everyone, including the local grocers. Long part of the Democrats' agenda, food stamps were started on a pilot basis in 1961, and were finally authorized by Congress three years later. The stamps are actually a form of income supplement, but that is not the sort of thing that is said out loud, and thus a great emphasis is always placed on how this, too, is to supplement a family's "normal" expenditure for food. It is difficult to divine just what was in the minds of the federal officials who worked out the details of how the food stamp program should work. Each month, a family may purchase a given amount's worth of stamps, depending on their income, in exchange for a given amount of bonus. Somehow, although people in general pay about 18 percent of their income for food, the poor, under the food stamp plan, are sometimes required to pay as much as 35 to 50 percent in order to obtain any stamps at all. If they cannot afford that because of the other demands on their income, or if they do not happen

to have enough cash on hand on the day that the stamps are sold, they get no help at all. For example, after eight counties in Mississippi switched from commodity distribution to food stamps, some 32,000 fewer people were receiving food aid one year later. In Arkansas, of the 54,531 households on welfare in counties with the food stamp program, only 9700 buy the stamps. This is not peculiar to these states; while some 6 million people are estimated to be receiving either commodities or food stamps now—roughly 3 million under each program—it is seldom mentioned that six years ago even more people were being helped, albeit the great part by the inferior commodities program.

Another quirk is that the bonuses go up as the income goes up, so that the higher-income poor end up with more food than those at the bottom of the scale. The Agriculture Department explains that this is because it would not be wise to give those who are accustomed to being worst off too much too soon. In order to be certified as eligible for the program, families must run the gauntlet of the welfare agencies, many of which are not known for their sympathy toward Negroes. The food programs are sometimes used as an instrument of control: people who participate in civil rights activities or who are needed when it is time for the crops to be picked find that the programs are suddenly unavailable. In many areas, food prices go up on the day the stamps are issued.

When the uproar over these failings developed in 1967, the Agriculture Department made a study of the situation in Washington County, Mississippi. It found, among other things, that more than half of those qualified to receive food stamps were not doing so. The investigators were not, however, greatly perturbed. "In general," they reported, "the study indicates that low-income households in this Mississippi Delta county accommodate themselves to a diet which low-income families elsewhere would reject. . . . It may be that low-income families place less value on food than we think."

THE Department of Agriculture should not, in all fairness, be expected to demonstrate dazzling expertise in the needs and life-styles of the poor. Its essential mission is to nurture the agricultural economy; the poor are somebody else's department. The typical employee in Agriculture has been there a long, long time. He may have come in with Henry Wallace, or he may have been a dirt farmer who was down and out during the Depression, got a government job measuring acreage, moved up through the ranks, and was promoted to Washington when he was in his fifties.

Nobody envies Orville Freeman his job, frequently described as "the worst one in town." Freeman's own official biography says it all: "He has been shot at not only by Congressmen, rural and urban, but also by consumers protesting food prices, farmers protesting farm prices, and dissidents of all job descriptions and all colors protesting food programs and poverty." Freeman is a liberal out of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor movement, where he was a three-term boy-wonder governor. From the time that John F. Kennedy appointed him in 1961, Freeman has probably stirred up less than the traditional amount of controversy for Secretaries of Agriculture. "The Administration wanted him to cultivate the farmers, not the poor or the civil rights crowd," said one of his associates. "His tendency, in the earlier years, when the subject of hungry people came up, was to look embarrassed and change the subject." When it could no longer be ignored, Freeman behaved like a man in a trap. Moreover, he could, and frequently did, claim with justification that during his tenure, through initiating food stamps and expanding food packages, an unprecedented amount had been done toward feeding the poor. His injured pride and his combative nature served to deepen his troubles.

Jamie Whitten, a fifty-eight-year-old congressman from Charleston, Mississippi, chairman of the subcommittee which provides funds for the Agriculture Department's programs and one of the most powerful members of the House of Representatives, does not believe that anybody in this country is unavoidably hungry, "except," he says, "when there has been parental neglect through drunkenness or mental illness. You're dealing with people who for some reason or other are in a condition of poverty. If they had the training and foresight of other people, they wouldn't be in poverty."

Whitten has installed a number of employees at the Agriculture Department, and there is little that Orville Freeman does that Jamie Whitten doesn't know about. Whitten expects Freeman to consult him before he makes any policy move, and Freeman has decided it is the better part of wisdom to do just that. The congressman is a skilled legislator, however, and knows better than to stand intransigently against the majority opinion of the House. He hasn't often, in fact, made significant cuts in the food stamp program's funds once the House has approved the program. Neither, if he doesn't like what Freeman is doing, is he likely to cut into crop-support funds of such importance to the farm bloc. Whitten had denied money for work in the general area of rural poverty; Freeman is also anxious not to annoy Whitten to the point where he might cut funds which the Department

lends to rural areas to build ski slides and golf courses that Freeman feels are important community programs. After a while, the relationship between a Cabinet officer and his House appropriations subcommittee chairman blurs beyond a rational if-I-do-this-he-will-do-that situation. "He simply becomes part of your thinking," says one former Cabinet officer. "He is an automatic part of all your decisions."

The House Agriculture Committee, which sets the policies for which Whitten's group then provides the money, is, to state it gently, disinterested



in the poor. The committee's concerns are sheep scrapie and hog cholera and agricultural subsidies. The members of most committees see to it that the benefits of programs they preside over reach their constituents in full measure, but it is no accident that the home districts of a number of the Agriculture Committee members do not have food stamp programs. "These programs are not desired by the power structures back home," says one close observer, "and that's what elects them. The recipients of these programs don't vote."

The situation is similar in the Senate. In all cases, the Agriculture committees are almost entirely populated by representatives of Southern and Midwestern farm districts, with, in a Democratic Congress, the representatives of Southern landholders in charge. Senator James O. Eastland, for example, is the third-ranking member of the Senate Agriculture Committee and its most im-

portant determiner of cotton policy. Last year, the Eastland family plantations in Sunflower County, Mississippi, received \$211,364 in subsidies. Despite the slipping popularity of the farm programs, and the increasing urban and suburban orientation of Congress, these men have enough seniority, and serve on enough other important committees, to make their influence felt. To the extent that the Agriculture Department budget is under attack, they try to keep the budget down by curbing the Department's noncrop programs. "Freeman decided as a matter of policy," says one of his former colleagues, "that he was not going to antagonize these men. He checked out appointments with them and went to enormous lengths to cultivate them socially. When the food issue came up and he got caught in his conspiracy with the Southerners on the Hill, his instinctive reaction was to deny that anything was wrong. After all, he was relying on memos from his staff, and they were defending themselves, too."

IN APRIL, 1967, the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee's Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty went to Mississippi. The subcommittee, headed by Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, was making a nationwide study of the poverty program, and since Senator Robert Kennedy was a member of the group, wherever it went, the press went too. At a hearing in Jackson, Mississippi, Marian Wright, an attractive, soft-spoken attorney for the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund, Incorporated, who had been working in Mississippi, talked about welfare, poverty, and the situation in the Delta. "They are starving," she concluded. "They are starving, and those who can get the bus fare to go north are trying to go north. But there is absolutely nothing for them to do. There is nowhere to go, and somebody must begin to respond to them."

Kennedy and Clark said they would take it to the Department of Agriculture when they returned to Washington. Senator George Murphy went there one better and said that the group should "notify the President of the United States that there is an emergency situation, and send investigators and help in immediately." On the following day, Clark and Kennedy toured the Delta. The cameras were not there when Robert Kennedy sat on the floor in one particularly fetid shack watching a listless child toy with a plate of rice, feeling the child's body, trying to get the child to respond, and trying to comprehend. Until then, the senators really had not known how bad it was.

After they returned to Washington, all nine members of the subcommittee signed a letter to

the President describing the situation as "shocking" and constituting an "emergency," and calling for specific Administration action. The White House, after trying not to receive it at all, bucked the letter to the Office of Economic Opportunity, which runs the poverty program, and OEO responded with a press release, its outlines dictated by the White House. The release said there was poverty in each of the senators' home states, too; that the crisis of poverty had been greater before Lyndon Johnson took office; that the Administration had started a lot of programs in Mississippi; that the Congress had cut funds for the poverty program; that "every recommendation in the letter by the Senators has the hearty concurrence of the administration," but there were some legal problems; and "we already know what needs to be done."

The senators' concern and the attendant publicity might, of course, have been seen by the White House as an opportunity to make major moves to correct the problem, just as it had made it a point to get out in front on any number of issues, such as auto safety or home ownership for the poor, raised in Congress. But this time the President was in no mood to be pushed. Neither he nor Freeman believed that the problem was as serious as Clark and Kennedy said, and both saw "politics" in the whole affair. (Department officials say that Clark and Kennedy were taken on a "pre-arranged" tour by "professionals.") The President knew that neither senator had influence with, in fact they had highly angered, the Agriculture establishment on Capitol Hill, and to the White House these were important people not to anger. When he did move, and it was not doubted that he would, it would be at a time and in a manner of his choosing.

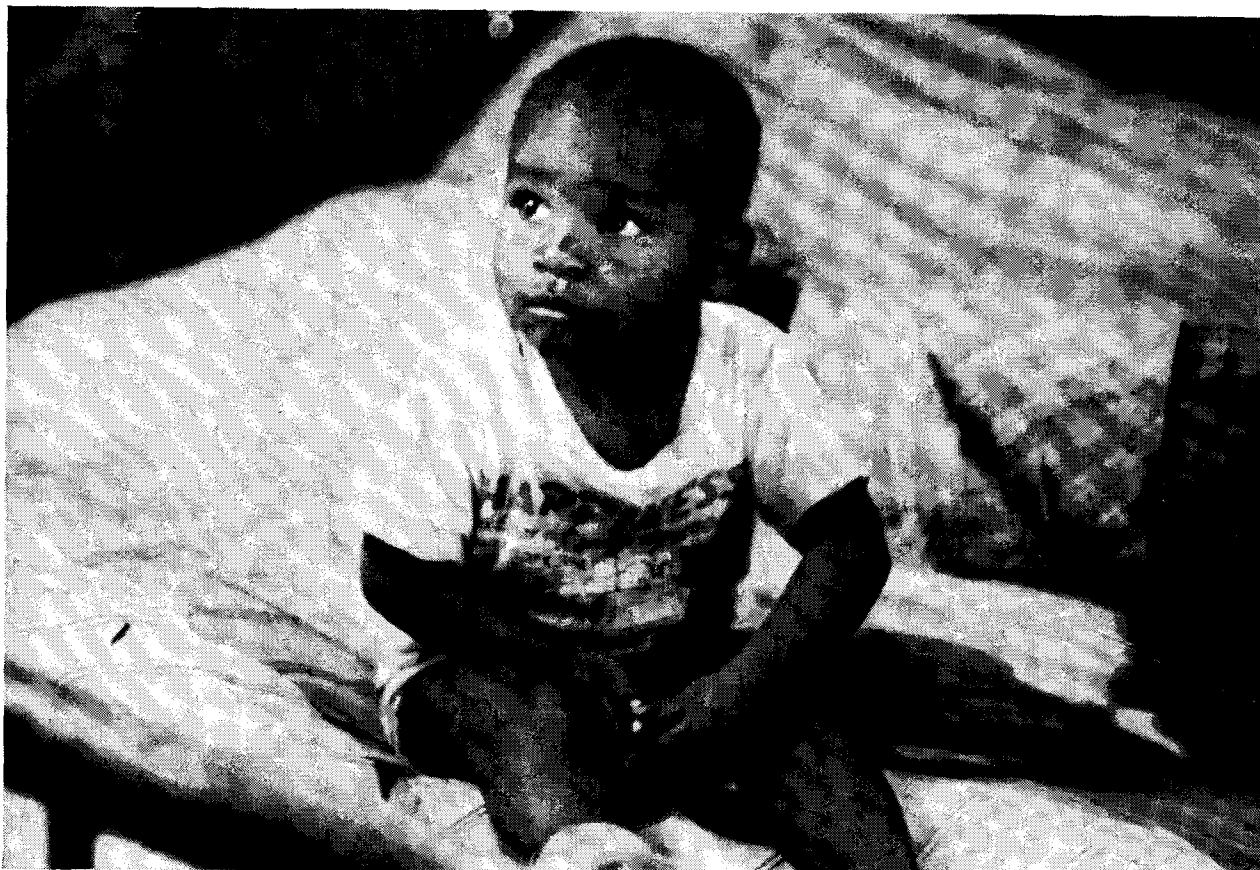
The problem of malnutrition had, like most conceivable domestic problems, been put before a secret interagency task force by the White House the year before, as part of the preparations for the Administration's 1967 legislative program. The appointment of the task force, the task force was told, reflected the White House's deep conviction that every American should have an adequate nutritional diet. The task force, headed by Agriculture Department representatives, did not, in the view of the White House, provide sufficient information on either the dimensions of the problem or possible new approaches. Neither presidential aide Joseph Califano, who had hoped to be able to propose a food program, nor his new assistant, James Gaither, was familiar enough with the complexities of the food programs to ask the right questions. Therefore nothing of any consequence was proposed. Following the senators' letter, renewed efforts within the Administration to work something out devolved into angry disputes between OEO, particularly Director Sargent Shriver, who accused

Agriculture of incapacity to deal with the problem, and Agriculture, particularly Freeman, who accused OEO of trying to damage their Department and take away the programs. It was a classic bureaucratic fight over turf.

There were two basic issues between the subcommittee and the Administration: the price of the food stamps, and the Secretary's authority to declare an emergency in the Delta and send in extra food. After several months of subcommittee pressure and after prodding by the White House and harassment by Shriver, the Agriculture Department did lower the price of food stamps for those with an income of less than \$20 a month to 50 cents per person a month, with a maximum of \$3 per family. (This buys \$72 worth of food for a family of six, about half what the Department estimates such a family needs.) It also decided to charge all families only half the price in the first month. Prices could not be lowered generally until there was substantially more money for the program, a decision the President would have to make.

The Department resisted the argument that there were people with no income at all who should be charged nothing for their food stamps. For one thing, the Department thought that this was a problem in a small number of cases, and therefore not worthy of great concern. For another, the Secretary believed, as he told congressional committees on several occasions, that the poor could not be trusted with free stamps. "If you proceed, then, to have free stamps," he said, "and you give free stamps to everybody who wants them, what will happen to those stamps? Those stamps, I am afraid, in many cases will be bootlegged. That is what happened back in the 1940s and the 1930s, with the food stamp program. That destroyed the program. The food stamp program was discredited because those stamps became common currency for all kinds of things, from a wild party, to a beer party, to legitimate uses, to buy shoes." Another view of what ended the earlier program was the almost full employment during World War II.

The senators and others argued that the Secretary should have invoked his emergency power to send extra food to the Delta, using money from a special multipurpose fund (known as Section 32 for its place in an agriculture law), as he had used it to begin the food stamp program and expand the commodity packages. The Department argued that it didn't really have the power (despite the precedents), that the money really hadn't been budgeted, that it would be bad precedent and administratively inefficient to distribute free food where there were already food stamps; and there was also that danger that if there were two programs the people might start bootlegging. There



was also the problem that the Agriculture committees frown on such use of the money.

As the arguments tumbled forth at one private meeting, Kennedy looked at Freeman and shook his head. "I don't know, Orville," he said, "I'd just get the food down there. I can't believe that in this country we can't get some food down there."

Oddly, the one senator who took matters in his own hands and introduced a bill was John Stennis of Mississippi. The Stennis bill would have provided money for emergency food and medical programs, and required a government study of the true extent of malnutrition. (The government had made almost no studies of malnutrition in the United States; the Public Health Service had not seen that to be its concern. The Pentagon, wanting to know about the connection between malnutrition and defense preparedness of foreign countries, had sponsored several studies of nutrition overseas, and there were minor studies of the eating habits of Eskimos and Indian tribes in the United States.)

The Stennis bill went through the Senate quickly. But his shrewd move to cut off talk about his state was not appreciated by the House Agriculture Committee, which let the bill die. Through other congressional routes, OEO was given \$10 million in emergency food money and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was ordered to study the extent of malnutrition.

Photograph from CBS documentary "Hunger in America"

In September of 1967, in the only public statement on the issue he was to make for a long time, President Johnson said that "we want no American in this country to go hungry. We believe that we have the knowledge, the compassion, and the resources to banish hunger and to do away with malnutrition if we only apply those resources and those energies." He ordered the Department of Agriculture to see to it that, one way or the other, every one of the thousand poorest counties in the nation had a food program. The Department said that there were 331 of those counties that did not, and, to give it a little of the old pizzazz, it embarked on "Project 331." As it turned out, it was a full year before each of the 331 was said to have a program, for the Department remained highly reluctant to fly in the face of tradition by using federal money and federal personnel to establish a program if the counties resisted. It was also concerned about what it felt was a bad precedent of having the federal government pay the full costs. In May of the following year, with the Poor People's Campaign beating at his door, Freeman finally announced that this would be done.

Extending the programs to more counties had nothing to do with improving matters for recipients, as in Mississippi. Since greater amounts of money were not committed, it also meant that other less poor counties that were on the waiting list for the

food stamp program would have to continue to wait. Finally, sometime after Project 331 was under way it was discovered that Agriculture defined a "poorest" county as one with the lowest average income, rather than one with the largest number of poor people. Therefore, poor people who had the misfortune of living near too many rich people were out of luck. This covered more counties at less expense, and fewer people were helped.

The President's encouraging statement may have been prompted by the fact that by the fall of 1967 the White House had set up another secret task force, which once more reflected their deep conviction, they said, that every American should have an adequate nutritional diet. The task force, now headed by representatives of the Budget Bureau, reported that for another \$1.5 to \$2 billion and in relatively short time the government could provide that adequate diet to every American. Now, however, and for months to come, the Administration was locked in its fight to secure a 10 percent income surtax from Congress, and Congress' demand that there be substantial cuts in government spending in return. "I don't think anyone realizes how paralyzed we became by that fight," says one Administration official. "I don't think even we realized it." With the White House feeling under particular pressure to do something about the cities (the Detroit riot had just taken place), and with their own expertise tending in that direction, Califano's staff that fall concerned itself with devising new programs for jobs and housing. Whatever the limitations of these programs in terms of delayed spending, they at least represented a commitment and an effort at new approaches, which were not made on giving the poor sufficient food. Through it all, Mr. Johnson remained unconvinced that the problem was as serious as the critics said, reluctant to take the fight to the Hill, where he had enough problems, and annoyed that no one could tell him exactly how many people were going hungry. (No one knows exactly how many unemployed or how much substandard housing there is either.)

Moreover, there was now no great public pressure on the White House to act on hunger, as there was on behalf of the cities. During all of 1967 and 1968, only a small coterie made the issue a continuing preoccupation: Miss Wright; Peter Edelman of Kennedy's staff; William Smith of Clark's staff; and Robert Choate, a young businessman of some means who took a sabbatical to become a freelance, largely behind the scenes, and highly effective crusader on the issue. Of the enormous Washington press corps, only Nick Kotz of the *Des Moines Register* saw the hunger issue as worthy of continuing coverage, whether or not it was "in the news." Of all the lobby organizations, only a few of the

more liberal labor groups found the issue to be of even intermittent concern.

The Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty, an organization with United Auto Workers backing, was the closest there was to a group with a full-time concern. Early in 1968, it had established a Citizens' Board of Inquiry, which published "Hunger, U.S.A.," a stinging indictment of the food programs. Around the same time, a coalition of women's organizations published a study of the federal school lunch program which could help children of the poor secure a better meal at least while they were in school. The women's groups found that of the 18 million children receiving free or reduced-price lunches under the program, only 2 million were poor; another 4 million poor children were not being helped. The Johnson Administration had tried to get Congress to restructure this so that less would go to the middle class and more to the poor, and Congress had adamantly refused. On May 21, CBS broadcast a powerful documentary called *Hunger in America*.

Several members of Congress reacted to all of this with outrage at the idea that anyone would charge that people in their areas were going hungry. Representative W. R. Poage of Texas, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, wrote to county health officials, the very ones who would be most culpable, and asked if they personally knew of anyone in their county who was starving or seriously hungry. No, replied most of the health officers, and if the people were hungry it was mostly because they were lazy or ignorant. A few said the food programs were inadequate, but Poage did not emphasize that in his report to his colleagues.

The response of the politicians was understandable. More puzzling, in light of his professed zeal to get more done, were Freeman's own persistent attacks on the reports. Finding factual errors in the small (they didn't mention that grandma had a pension of \$82-a-month), he condemned them in the large. The CBS telecast, he said, was "a biased, one-sided dishonest presentation of a serious national problem."

AS THE Poor People's Campaign, under the direction of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, prepared for its March on Washington in the spring of 1968, strategists for both the SCLC and the federal government knew that, as always in these situations, there would have to be a governmental response which would enable the Campaign's leaders to make an honorable withdrawal from the city. First Attorney General Ramsey Clark, then the President himself asked the various government agencies to draw up a list of adminis-

trative actions — which would not cost money — which could alleviate some of the difficulties of the poor. A March on Washington by a grand coalition of white, black, brown, and red poor, who would encamp in the federal city, bringing their plight to the attention of the country, had been the idea of Martin Luther King. After Dr. King was assassinated, the leadership of the SCLC under Dr. Ralph Abernathy was in disarray. Goals and tactics became difficult to resolve. Miss Wright, who had moved to Washington, was placed in charge of the Campaign's dealings with the government agencies, and worked exhaustingly for weeks for a semblance of order and progress in the demands and responses. On the advice of Miss Wright and others, the Campaign leaders decided upon hunger as the central, most dramatic issue.

Now the issue was at its highest point of public attention. Most of the government agencies did what they could to respond to the marchers' demands. Agriculture, however, remained defensive. In the end, the Agriculture response consisted of promising to get a food program into each of the thousand counties — which the President had already done nine months earlier; making more commodities available for surplus distribution; regulations to improve the school lunch program; and improved food packages for infants and expectant mothers. Some Administration officials think the poor were not grateful enough.

As it happened, the major reason this response was so paltry was that the White House was preparing one on a grander scale for the President himself to present, probably in the form of a special message to Congress. It would have revised the entire food stamp schedule and perhaps lowered the cost to the very poorest to either nothing or a token amount; it would have expanded the size of the food programs so that many more areas could receive them; and it would have carried a commitment to build the programs over time, to the point where every American had an adequate diet. The Budget Bureau squirreled away some money to go with the message. The thought was that it would be delivered around the time of "Solidarity Day," on June 19, when thousands of others were to come to Washington to join the poor in a climactic march.

A number of reasons have been offered for why the President's Solidarity Day Message was never delivered: the mail in the White House was overwhelming against the Poor People's Campaign, and Resurrection City was out of control; Abernathy's final speech was likely to carry a stinging denunciation of the war in Vietnam; and the House of Representatives was going to vote at last on the tax bill the following day, and any move at that point by the President to increase govern-

ment spending might jeopardize the long-negotiated compromise. The most important reason, however, was that the President simply did not want to be in the position of appearing to "respond to pressure." More startling to many was that after the poor had left town and the tax bill had passed, he still declined to move. He was focusing on the budget cuts that had to be made, annoyed at Freeman for getting out in front of him on the issue, still concerned at appearing to respond to pressure, and convinced that now that some legislation was moving on the Hill, it would be unseemly for him, the President, to appear to be running to catch up.

By this time, things were most uncomfortable for Freeman, and he began to press hard at the White House for help — belatedly, in the opinion of many. His friend Vice President Humphrey tried to help. First Humphrey offered his services as a mediator with the Poor People's Campaign, but the offer was rejected by the White House. Then the Vice President of the United States tried indirect means of communicating with the President. Humphrey wrote to Mrs. Arthur Krim, wife of the President's chief money raiser: "It is just intolerable to me that there is such a problem of malnutrition and undernourishment in the United States. . . . Through it all, there are ways the President could have helped — in approving some of Orville Freeman's budget requests, in supporting legislation on the Hill, and suggesting administrative change — but he has not. The thought came that you might be the person who could say a word or two to encourage him."

On Capitol Hill, a bill to expand the food stamp program was moving forward. Originally an Administration request to make a minimal expansion of \$20 million (over the \$225 million already authorized), under pressure from urban liberals, who threatened to retaliate against a farm bill that was also in the mill, the bill ultimately authorized the program to grow by \$90 million in the first year and more after that. After endorsing a substantial increase in the program, Freeman was reprimanded by both Poage and the White House, but when an increase seemed probable, the White House joined in. More spending for the school lunch program was approved, and a special Senate committee was established to "study" the food problem, with a view to trying to maneuver the food programs away from Agriculture committees.

In the very last days of the congressional session, with the President about to make a routine request for additional funds for various agencies that had fallen short of funds, the machinery around the government — in the Agriculture Department, in the Budget Bureau, in his own staff — geared up once more for a presidential request for more funds

for food stamps and a major statement on the issue. Instead, he simply requested the \$90 million and in the closing rush Congress gave him \$55 million. Wait, it was said, for his farewell messages in 1969.

The failure of the Johnson Administration to make substantial progress toward feeding the poor is viewed by many as its most serious domestic failure. It is the cause of disappointment and even anguish on the part of many people within the government. Orville Freeman, for one, professes himself satisfied: "Everything I suggested from the beginning that should be in Lyndon Johnson's program, or damn near it, I have gotten. If he had gone up to Congress with a big feeding program like a bull in a china shop he'd have been under fire, and what would he have gotten? Some newspaper accolades and plaudits in some liberal magazines, and trouble with Congress."

The food issue is an unhappy example of a great deal that can go wrong in Washington. It is also an example, however, of the dangers of the latest fad of "local control." The food programs are examples of programs that *are* subject to local control — the local governments request, pay for, and run them — with the result that those areas which are least responsive to the needs of the poor can also deny them federally proffered food.

The problem is not nearly so insoluble as the events of the past two years would suggest. First of all, given enough money and flexibility, it is generally agreed the food stamp program is not at all a bad device. Choate, for one, suggests that in addition the program be federalized and computerized, to work as automatically and without continual harassment for the recipient as social security. He and a number of others believe that ultimately the food programs ought to be recognized as income supplements and become part of an income maintenance system. That, however, seems a long way off. When asked by the space

agency, the food companies have found ingenious ways to pack meals for astronauts in Tootsie-Roll-sized bars or toothpaste-sized tubes. The Pentagon seems to have no trouble keeping the troops in the field well nourished. There are problems of tastes and habits to meet, but if the food industry were less apprehensive about change, or did less cohabiting with the farm bloc in that great combine they call "agribusiness," a lot more could be done to feed the poor efficiently and inexpensively. The food companies have lately shown more interest in exploring this field — with government subsidies, of course.

Yet so little was accomplished not because of mechanical or industrial failures, but because of what can happen to men in policy-making positions in Washington. When they stay in a difficult job too long, they can be overwhelmed by the complexity of it all, and they become overly defensive. Man's pride, particularly the pride of a man who can tell himself he has done some good, can overtake his intellectual honesty. Thus, not Southern politicians, not Orville Freeman, not Lyndon Johnson could face the fact when it was pointed out that many people were hungry, that they weren't wearing any clothes. In this they reflected a national trait: it has been easier to stir sustained national concern over hunger in Bihar or Biafra than places at home for which we are more directly responsible. The problems are looked at in terms of the workings of Washington, not in terms of the problems. Decent men could sit and discuss statistical reliability and administrative neatness and the importance of good precedents while people went hungry.

The niceties of consensus politics were more important than the needs of some 10 million people. A new Congress and a new Administration ought to be able to improve on that kind of government.



Photograph by Al Clayton.

CONJECTURAL POEM

by Jorge Luis Borges

Doctor Francisco Laprida, set upon and killed the 22nd of September 1829 by a band of gaucho militia serving under Aldao, reflects before he dies:

Bullets whip the air this last afternoon.
A wind is up, blowing full of cinders
as the day and this chaotic battle
straggle to a close. The gauchos have won:
victory is theirs, the barbarians'.
I, Francisco Narciso Laprida,
who studied both canon law and civil
and whose voice declared the independence
of this entire untamed territory,
in defeat, my face marked by blood and sweat,
holding neither hope nor fear, the way lost,
strike out for the South through the back country.

Like that captain in *Purgatorio*
who fleeing on foot left blood on the plain
and was blinded and then trampled by death
where an obscure river loses its name,
so too will I fall. Today is the end.
The night and to right and left the marshes —
in ambush, clogging my steps. I hear the
hooves of my own hot death riding me down
with horsemen, frothing muzzles, and lances.

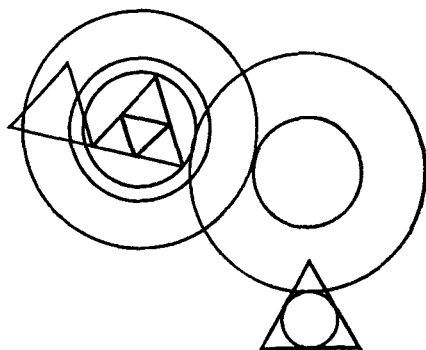
I who longed to be someone else, to weigh
judgments, to read books, to hand down the law,
will lie in the open out in these swamps;
but a secret joy somehow swells my breast.
I see at last that I am face to face
with my South American destiny.
I was carried to this ruinous hour
by the intricate labyrinth of steps
woven by my days from a day that goes
back to my birth. At last I've discovered
the mysterious key to all my years,
the fate of Francisco de Laprida,
the missing letter, the perfect pattern
that was known to God from the beginning.
In this night's mirror I can comprehend
my unsuspected true face. The circle's
about to close. I wait to let it come.

My feet tread the shadows of the lances
that spar for the kill. The taunts of my death,
the horses, the horsemen, the horses' manes,
tighten the ring around me . . . Now the first
blow, the lance's hard steel ripping my chest,
and across my throat the intimate knife.

Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni

PICTURES of FIDELMAN

A Story by
Bernard Malamud



FIDELMAN pissing in muddy water discovers water over his head. Modigliani wanders by searching by searchlight for his lost statues in Livorno canal. They told me to dump them in the canal, so I dumped them. *Ne ha visto? Niente.* How come that yellow light works underwater? Hashish. If we wake we drown, says Fidelman. *Chants de Maldoror.* His eyeless face drained of blood but not yellow light, Modi goes up canal as Fidelman drifts down.

Woodcut. Knight, Death and the Devil. Dürer.

Au fond il s'est suicidé. Anon.

Broken rusting balls of Venus. Ah, to sculpt a perfect hole, the volume and gravity constant. Invent space. Surround matter with hole rather than vice versa. That would have won me enduring fame and fortune and spared me all this wandering.

Cathedral of Erotic Misery. Schwitters.

Everybody says you're dead, otherwise why do you never write? Madonna Adoring the Child. Mater Dolorosa. Madonna della Peste. Long White Knights. Lives of the Saints. S. Sebastian, arrow collector, swimming in bloody sewer. Pictured transfixed with arrows. S. Denis, decapitated. Pictured holding his head. S. Agatha, breasts shorn clean, running enflamed. Painted carrying both bloody breasts in white salver. S. Stephen, crowned with rocks. Shown stoned. S. Lucy tearing out eyes for suitor smitten by same. Portrayed bearing two-eyed omelet on dish. S. Catherine, broken apart on spiked wheel. Pictured married to wheel. S. Laurence, roasted on slow grill. *I am roasted on one side. Now turn me over and eat.* Shown cooked but uneaten. S. Bartholomew, flayed alive. Standing with skin draped over skinned arm. S. Fima, eaten by rats. Pictured with happy young rat. S. Simon Zelotes, sawed in half. Shown with bleeding crosscut saw. S. Genet in prison, pictured with boys. S. Fidel Uomo, stuffing his ass with flowers.

Still Life with Herrings. S. Soutine.

He divideth the gefilte fish and matzos.

Drawing. Flights of birds over dark woods, sparrows, finches, thrushes, white doves, martins, swallows, eagles. Birds with human faces crapping human on whom they crap.

Wood sculpture. Man holding sacrificial goat. Cubist goat with triangular titties. Goat eating hanged goat.

The enigma of Isador Ducasse. Man Ray.

In this time Fidelman, after making studies of the work of Donatello, in particular of the Annun-

ciation carved in stone for the church of S. Croce, the S. George in armor, with all the beauty of youth and the courage of the knight, and the bald man known as Il Zuccone, from figures in the façade of Giotto's Campanile, about whom it was said the sculptor, addressing his creation, would cry out, Speak, Speak: In this time the American began to work in original images dug into the soil. To those who expressed astonishment regarding his extraordinary venture, Fidelman is said to have replied, Being a poor man I can neither purchase nor borrow hard or soft stone; therefore, since this is so, I create my figures as hollows in the earth. In sum, my material is the soil, my tools a pickax and shovel, my sculpture the act of digging rather than carving or assembling. However, the pleasure in creation is not less than that felt by Michael Angelo.

After attempting first several huge ziggurats that because of the rains tumbled down like Towers of Babel, he began to work labyrinths and mazes dug in the earth and constructed in the form of jewels. Later he refined and simplified this method, building a succession of spontaneously placed holes, each a perfect square, which when seen together constituted a sculpture. These Fidelman exhibited throughout Italy in whatsoever place he came.

Having arrived in a city carrying his tools on his shoulder and a few possessions in a knotted bundle on his arm, the sculptor searched in the environs until he had come upon a small plot of land he could dig on without the formality of paying rent. Because this good fortune was not always possible, he was more than once rudely separated from his sculptures as they were in the act of being constructed, and by the tip of someone's boot, ejected from the property whereon he worked, the hollows then being filled in by the angry landowners. For this reason the sculptor often chose public places and dug in parks, or squares, if this were possible, which to do so he sometimes pretended when questioned by officials of the police that he was an underground repairman sent by the municipality. If he was disbelieved by these and dragged off to jail, he lay several days recuperating from the efforts of his labors, not unpleasantly. There are worse places than jails, Fidelman is said to have said, and once I am set free I shall begin my sculptures in another place. To sum up, he dug where he could, yet not far from the marketplace where many of the inhabitants of the city passed by daily, and where, if he was not unlucky, the soil was friable and not too hard with rock to be dug. This task he performed, as was his custom, quickly and expertly. Just as Giotto is said to have been able to draw a perfect freehand circle, so could Fidelman dig a perfect square hole without measurement. He arranged

the sculptures singly or in pairs according to the necessity of the Art. These were about a braccio in volume, sometimes two, or two and a half if Fidelman was not too fatigued. The smaller sculpture took from two to three hours to construct, the larger perhaps five or six; and if the final grouping was to contain three pieces, this meant a long day, indeed, and possibly two of continual digging. There were times when because of weariness Fidelman would have compromised for a single braccio piece; but in the end Art prevailed and he dug as he must to fulfill those forms that must be fulfilled.

After constructing his sculptures, the artist, unwinding a canvas sign on stilts, advertised the exhibition. The admission requested was ten lire, which was paid to him in the roped-off entrance-way, the artist standing with a container in his hand. Not many were enticed to visit the exhibition, especially when it snowed or rained, although Fidelman was heard to say that the weather did not the least harm to his sculptures, indeed, sometimes improved them by changing texture and volume as well as affecting other qualities. And it was as though nature, which until now was acted upon by the artist, now acted upon the Art itself, an unexpected but satisfying happening, since thus were changed the forms of a form. Even on the most crowded days, when more than several persons came to view his holes in the earth, the sculptor earned a meager sum, not more than two or three hundred lire at most. He well understood that his bread derived from the curious among the inhabitants, rather than from the true lovers of Art, but for this phenomenon took no responsibility since it was his need to create and not be concerned with the commerce of Art. Those few who came to the exhibit, they viewed the sculptures at times in amazement and disbelief, whether at the perfect constructions or at their own stupidity, if indeed they believed they were stupid, is not known. Some of the viewers, after gazing steadfastly at the sculptures, were like sheep in their expression, as if wondering whether they had been deceived; some were stony-faced, as if they knew they had been. But few complained aloud, being ashamed to admit their folly, if indeed it were folly. To the one or two who rudely questioned him, saying, Why do you pass off on us as sculpture an empty hole or two? the artist, with the greatest tact and courtesy, replied, It were well if you relaxed before my sculptures, if you mean to enjoy them, and yield yourself to the pleasure they evoke in the surprise of their forms. At these words he who had complained fell silent, not certain he had truly understood the significance of the work of Art he had seen. On occasion a visitor would stop by to compliment Fidelman, which he received with grati-

tude. Eh, maestro, your sculptures touch my heart. I thank you from the bottom of my own, the artist is said to have replied, blowing his nose to hide the gratification that he felt.

There is a story told that in Naples in a small park near the broad avenue called Via Carraciola, one day a young man waited until the remaining other visitor had left the exhibit so that he might speak to the sculptor. Maestro, said he most earnestly, it distresses me to do so, but I must pray you to return to me the ten lire I paid for admission to your exhibit. I have seen no more than two square holes in the ground and am much dissatisfied. The fault lies in you that you have seen only holes, Fidelman is said to have replied. I cannot, however, return the admission fee to you, for doing so might cause me to lose confidence in my work. Why do you refuse me my just request? said the poorly attired young man, whose dark eyes, although intense and comely, were mournful. I ask for my young babes. My wife gave me money so that I might buy bread for our supper, of which we have little. We are poor folk, and I have no steady work. Yet when I observed the sign calling attention to your sculptures, which though I looked for them I could see none visible, I was moved by curiosity, an enduring weakness of mine and the cause of much of my misery. It came into my heart that I must see these sculptures, so I gave up the ten lire, I will confess, in fear and trepidation, hoping to be edified and benefited although fearful I would not be. I hoped that your sculptures, since they are described on the banner as new in the history of Art, might teach me what I myself must make in order that I may fulfill my desire to be great in Art; but all I can see are two large holes, the one deeper by about a braccio than the other. Holes are of no use to me, my life being full of them, so I beg you to return the lire that I may hasten to the baker's shop to buy the bread I was sent for.

After hearing him out, Fidelman is said to have answered, I do not as a rule explain my sculptures to the public, but since you are an attractive young man who has turned his thoughts to becoming an artist, I will say to you what your eyes have not seen, in order that you may indeed be edified and benefited.

I hope that may be so, said the young man, although I doubt it.

Listen before you doubt. Primus, although the sculpture is more or less invisible it is sculpture nevertheless. Because you can't see it doesn't mean it isn't there. As for use or uselessness, rather think that that is Art which is made by the artist to be Art. Secundus, you must keep in mind that any sculpture is a form existing at a point radiating in all directions; therefore since it is dug into the Italian earth the sculpture vibrates over-

tones of Italy's Art, history, politics, religion; even nature as one experiences it in this country. There is also a metaphysic in relation of down to up, and vice versa, but I won't pursue that matter now. Suffice to say, my sculpture is not unrelated, though not necessarily purposefully, to its environment, whether seen or unseen. Tertius, in relation to the above, it is impossible to describe the range of choices, conscious or unconscious, that exist in the creation of a single sculptured hole. However, let it be understood that choice, as I use the word in this context, means artistic freedom, for I do not in advance choose the exact form and position of the hole; it chooses me. The essential thing is to maintain contact with it as it is being achieved. If the artist loses contact with his hole, than which there is none like it in the universe, then the hole will not respond and the sculpture will fail. Thus I mean to show you that constructs of a sculpture which appear to be merely holes are, in truth, in the hands of the artist, elements of a conceptual work of Art.

You speak well, maestro, but I am dull-witted and find it difficult to comprehend such things. It would not surprise me that I forgot what you have so courteously explained before I arrive at the next piazza. May I not therefore have the ten lire back? I will be ever grateful to you.

Tough titty if you can't comprehend Art, Fidelman is said to have replied. Fuck off now.

The youth left, sighing, without his ten lire, nor with bread for his babes.

Not long after he had departed, as it grew dusk, the sculptor took down the banner of his exhibit and gathered his tools so that he might fill in the sculpture and leave for another city. As he was making these preparations a stranger appeared, wrapped in the folds of a heavy cloak, although winter still hid in its cave and the fields were ripe with grain. The stranger's nether limbs, clothed in coarse black stockings, were short and bowed, and his half-concealed visage, iron eyes in a leather face, caused the flesh on Fidelman's neck to prickle and thicken. But the stranger, averting his glance and speaking pleasantly, yet as though to his own hands, and in the accent of one from a foreign land, graciously prayed the sculptor for permission to view his sculpture, the effect of which he had heard was extraordinary. He explained he had been delayed on board ship in the bay and apologized for appearing so late in the day. Fidelman, having recovered somewhat from his surprise at the stranger's odd garments and countenance, is said to have replied it made no difference that he had come late so long as he paid the admission fee.

This the stranger did forthwith with a gold coin for which he neither asked nor received change. He glanced fleetingly at the sculpture and turned away as though dazzled, the which the sculptor

is said to have wondered at. But instead of departing the exhibit now that he had viewed it, however hastily, the stranger tarried, his back to that place where the sculpture stood fixed in the earth, the red sun sinking at his shoulders. As though reflecting still upon what he had seen, he consumed an apple, the core of which he tossed over his left shoulder into one of the holes of the sculpture, an act that is said to have angered Fidelman although he refrained from complaint; it may be because he feared this stranger was an agent of the police, so it were better he said nothing.

If you'll excuse me, said the stranger at last, please explain to me what mean these two holes that they have in them nothing but the dark inside?

The meaning lies in that they are as they seem to be, and the dark that you note within, although I did not plan it so or put it there, may be thought of as an attribute of the aesthetic, Fidelman is said to have replied.

So what then did you put there?

To wit, the sculpture.

At that the stranger laughed, his laughter not unlike the bray of a young goat. All I saw was nothing. To me, if you'll pardon me, is a hole nothing. This I will prove to you. If you will look in the small hole there is now there an apple core. If not for this would be empty the hole. If empty would be there nothing.

Emptiness is not nothing if it has form.

Form, if you will excuse me my expression, is not what is the whole of Art.

The hole with an h?

No, with a w.

One might argue that, but neither is content if that's what you intend to imply. Form may be and often is the content of Art.

You don't say?

I do indeed.

The stranger spat on both of his hands and rubbed them together, a disagreeable odor rising from them.

In this case I will give you form.

Since the stranger stood now scarce visible in the dark, the sculptor began to be in great fear, his legs, in truth, trembling.

Who are you? Fidelman is said finally to have demanded.

I am also that youth that he is now dead in the Bay of Naples, that you would not give him back his poor ten lire so he could buy bread for his babies.

Also? Are you not also the devil? the sculptor is said to have cried out.

I am also him.

Quid ego feci?

This I will tell you. You have not yet learned what is the difference between something and nothing.

Bending for the shovel, the stranger smote the horrified Fidelman with its blade a resounding blow on the head, the sculptor toppling as though dead into the larger of the two holes he himself had dug. He-whom-Fidelman-did-not-know then proceeded to shovel in earth until the sculpture and its creator were extinguished.

So it's a grave, the stranger is said to have muttered. So now we got form but we also got content.

Collage. The Flayed Ox. Rembrandt. Hanging Fowl. Soutine. Young Man With Death's Head. Van Leyden. Funeral at Ornans. Courbet. Bishop Eaten by Worms. Murillo. Last Supper, Last Judgment, Last Inning.

I paint with my prick. Renoir. I paint with my ulcer. Soutine. I paint with my paint. Fidelman.

One can study nature, dissect and analyze and balance it, without making paintings. Bonnard. Gouache. Unemployed Musician. Fiddleman.

Painting is nothing more than the art of expressing the invisible through the visible. Fromentin. Indefinite Divisibility. Tanguy. Definite Invisibility. Fidelman.

I'm making the last paintings which anyone can make. Reinhardt. I've made them. I like my paintings because anyone can do them. Warhol. Me too.

Erased de Kooning Drawing. Rauschenberg. Erased Rauschenberg. de Kooning. Lithograph. Eraser. Fidelman.

Modigliani climbs and falls. He tries to scale a brick wall with bleeding fingers, his eyes lit crystals of heroin, whiskey, pain. He climbs and falls in silence.

My God, what's all that climbing and falling for?

For art, you cretin.

Thunder and lightning.

Portrait of an Old Jew Seated. Portrait of an Old Jew in an Armchair. Rembrandt. It beats walking.

Then I dreamt that I woke suddenly, with an unspeakable shock, to the consciousness that someone was lying in bed beside me. I put my hand out and touched the soft naked shoulder of a woman; and a cold gentle little woman's voice said: I have not been in bed for a hundred years. Raverat. The rat killer. Rembrandt. *Elle m'a mordu aux couilles*. Modigliani.

Mosaic. Piazza Amerina, Sicily. IVth Cent. A.D. All that remains after so long a time.

Susskind preacheth up on the mountain, a piece of green palm branch behind his head. (He has no halo, here the mosaic is broken.) Three small cactus plants groweth at his bare feet./ Tell the truth. Dont cheat. If its easy it dont mean its good. Be kind, specially to those that they got less than you. I want for everybody justice. Must also be charity. If you feel bad give charity. Must also

be mercy. Be nice, don't fight. Children, how can we live without mercy? If you have no mercy for me I shall not live. Love, mercy, charity. Its not so easy, believe me.

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AT THE bottom of the brown hill they stand there by the huge lichenous rock that riseth above them on the top of which is a broad tree with a twisted trunk./ Ah, Master, my eyes watereth. Thou speakest true. I love thy words. I love thee more than thy words. If I could paint thee with my paints, then would my heart soar to the gates of heaven. I will be forever thy disciple, no ifs or buts./ This is already iffed. If you will follow me, follow. If you will follow must be for Who I Am. Also please, no paints or paintings. Remember the Law, what it says. No graven images, which is profanation and idolatry. Nobody can paint Who I Am. Not on papyrus, or make me into an idol of wood, or stone, not even in the sand. Dont try, its a sin. Here is a parable: And the Lord called unto Moses and spoke to him, Moses, come thou on this mountain and I will show Myself so thou mayst see Me, and none but thee; and Moses answered: Lord, if I see Thee, then wilt Thou become as a graven image on mine eye and I be blind. Then spake the Lord, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, and for this there is no Promised Land./ What's the parable of that? Its more a paradox, Id say./ If you dont know its not for you. Tell me, Master, art thou the Living God? Art thou at least the Son of God? So we will see, its not impossible./ Art thou the Redeemer? This could be also, I'm not sure myself. Depends what happens./ Is thy fate ordained? I act like I Am. Who knows my fate? All I know is somebody will betray me. Don't ask how I know, I know. You dont but I do. This is the difference./ It is not I, Master, I will never betray thee. Cast me out now if thou believest I speak not the TRUTH./ What happens will happen. So give up your paints and your brushes and follow me where I go, and we will see what we will see. This we will see./ Master, tis as good as done.

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Fidelman droppeth into the Dead Sea all his paints and brushes, except one. (A picce of the blue sea is faded.)

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(In this picture) As Susskind preacheth to the multitude, on the shore of the green sea of Galilee where sail the little ships of the fisher men, as even the red fishes and the white fishes come to

listen at the marge of the water, the black goats stand still on the hills, the painter, who hideth behind a palm tree, sketcheth with a coal on papyrus the face and figure of the Master./ If I could do a portrait of him as he is in this life I'll be remembered forever in human history. Nobody can call that betrayal, I dont think, for its for the good of us all./ My child, why do you do that which I forbade you? Dont think I cant see you, I can. I wish I couldnt see what I see, but I can.

*

The painter kneeleth on his knees. (A few tesserae are missing from his face, including one of the eye, and a few black stones from his beard.)/ Master, forgive me. All I meant to do was preserve thy likeness for a future time. I guess it gotteth to be too much for me, the thought that I might. Forgive, forgive in thy mercy. Ill burn everything, I promise, papyrus, charcoal, a roll of canvas I have hid in my hut, also this last paintbrush although a favorite of mine./ Listen to me, there are two horses, one brown, the other black. The brown obeys his master, the black does not. Which is the better horse? Both are the same./ How is this so? One obeys and the other does not, but they are both thoroughbreds./ You have an oily tongue. If I cant change you I must suffer my fate. This is a fact./ Master, have no further worries on that score, I am a changed man down to my toenails I give thee my word.

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Fidelman speaketh to himself in a solitary place in Capernaum./ This talent it is death to hide lodged in me useless. How am I ever going to make a living or win my spurs? How can I compete in this world if both my hands are tied and my eyes blindfolded? Whats so moral about that? How is a man meant to fulfill himself if he isnt allowed to paint? Its graven image versus grave damages to myself and talent. Which harms the most there is no doubt. One can take just so much./ He gnasheth his teeth. He waileth to the sky. He tear-eth his cheeks and pulleth out the hairs of his head and of his beard. He butteth his skull against the crumbling brick wall. On this spot the wall is tainted red with blood./ Satan saith Ha Ha.

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As Susskind sat at meat he spoke thus. Verily I say, one of you who eats now at this table will betray me, dont ask who./ His followers blusheth. Their faces are in shades of pink. No one blusheth not. Fidelman blusheth red./ But if he knows, it cant be all that wrong to do it. What I mean is Im not doing it in any sneaky way, that is, for after all he knows./ He that has betrayed me once will betray

me twice. He will betray me thrice./ Fidelman
counteth on his fingers.

*

He is now in the abode of the high priest Caiaphas. / (Here the mosaic is almost all destroyed. Only the painters short-fingered pale hand survives.) Fidelmans heavy hand is filled with thirty-nine pieces of silver.

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The painter runneth out to buy paints, brushes,
canvas.

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On the Mount of Olives appeareth the painter amid
a multitude with swords, staves, and lengths of lead
pipe. Also come the chief priest, the chief of police,
scribes, elders, the guards with dogs, the onlookers
to look on. Fidelman goeth to the master and kiss-
eth him full on the lips./ Twice, saith Susskind./
He wept.

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He hath on his head a crown of rusty chain links.
A guard smiteth his head and spitteth on his
eye. In mockery they worship Sussking./ Its a
hard life, he saith./ He draggeth the beam of the
cross up a hill. Fidelman watcheth from behind
a mask.

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Fidelman painteth three canvases. The Crucifixion he painteth red on red. The Descent from the Cross he painteth white on white. For the Resurrection, on Easter morning, he leaveth the canvas blank.

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Je vous emmerde. Modigliani.

Oil on wood. Bottle fucking guitar? Bull impaled
on flagpole? One-eyed carp stuffed in staring green
bottle? Clown spooning dog dung out of sawdust?
Staircase ascending a nude? Black-stockinged
whore reading pornographic book by lamplight?

Still life: three apple cores plus one long gray hair?
 Boy pissing on old man's shoe? The blue disease?
 Balding woman dying her hair? Buggers of Calais?
 Blood oozing from ceiling on foggy night?

Rembrandt was the first great master whose sitters sometimes dreaded seeing their portraits. Malraux. I is another. Rimbaud. 1. Watercolor. Tree growing in all directions. Nothing nameable taxonomically speaking, like weeping willow with stiff spotted leaves, some rotted brown-green. Otherwise stylized apple-green-to-gold leaves. Not maple or sycamore same though resembling both, enlarged, painted to cover whole tree from roots to topmost spotted leaf. The leaves are the tree. Branches like black veins, thins to thicks, visible behind or through leaves. No birds in tree, not rook or raven. Impression is of mystery. Nothing more is seen at first but if viewer keeps looking tree is cleverly a human face. Leaves and branches delineate strained features, also lonely hollow anguished eyes. What is this horror I am or represent? Painter can think of none, for portrait is of a child and he remembers happy childhood, or so it seems. Exactly what face has done, or where has been, or knows, or wants to know, or is or isn't experiencing, isn't visible, nor can be explained as tone, memory, feeling, or something that happened in later life that painter can't exactly recall. Maybe it never happened. It's as though this face is hiding in a tree or pretending to be one while waiting for something to happen in life and that something when it happened was nothing. Nothing much. 2. Triptych. Woodcut. It's about forbidden love. In the first black-and-white panel this guy is taking his sister in her black-and-white bathrobe. She squirms but loves it. Can be done in white-and-black for contrast. Man Seducing Sister or Vice Versa. The second panel is about the shame of the first, where he takes to masturbating in the cellar. It's dark so you can't see much of his face but there's just enough light to see what he's up to. Man Spilling Seed on Damp Cellar Floor. Then here in this third panel, two men doing it, each with his three-fingered hand on the other's maulstick. This can be inked darkly because they wouldn't want to be seen. 3. Then having prepared it for painting he began to think what he would paint upon it that would frighten everyone that saw it, having the effect of the head of Medusa. So he brought for that purpose to his room, which no one entered but himself, lizards, grasshoppers, ser-

The author of four novels and two collections of short stories, Mr. Malamud has twice won the National Book Award (for THE MAGIC BARREL and THE FIXER, which also won the Pulitzer Prize for 1967). He is teaching this year at Bennington College.

pents, butterflies, locusts, bats, and other strange animals of the kind, and from them all he produced a great animal so horrible and fearful that it seemed to poison the air with its fiery breath. This he represented coming out of some dark rocks with venom issuing from its open jaws, fire from its eyes, and smoke from its nostrils, a monstrous and horrible thing indeed. *Lives of the Painters*. 4. Figure: wood, string, and found objects. Picasso.

Incisore. The cylinder, the sphere, the cone. Cézanne. The impact of an acute angle of a triangle on a circle promises an effect no less powerful than the finger of God touching the finger of Adam in Michaelangelo. Kandinsky.

Fidelman, etcher, left a single engraving of the series called *A Painter's Progress*. Originally there were six copper plates, drypoint, all with their prints destroyed, how or why is not known. Only a single imperfect artist's proof entitled "The Cave" survives. This etching represents a painter at work, resemblance to whom easily may be guessed. Each night, according to a tattered diary he had kept for a while, he entered the cave in question through a cellar he had the key to, when all the lights in the old clapboard house, several boards missing, were out, curtains thickly drawn over each narrow window. The painter in the etching worked all night, night after night, inch by slow inch covering the rough limestone surface of the voluminous cave at the end of a labyrinth under the cellar, with intricate designs of geometric figures; and he left before dawn, his coming and going unknown to his sister, who lived in the house alone. The walls and part of the roof of the huge cave that he had been decorating for years and years and estimated at least two more to go before his labors ended, were painted in an extraordinary tapestry of simple figures in black, salmon, gold-yellow, sea-green and apricot, although the colors cannot of course be discerned in the three-toned engraving—a rich design of circles and triangles, discrete or interlocking, of salmon triangles encompassed within apricot circles, and sea-green circles within pale gold-yellow triangles, blown like masses of autumn leaves over the firmament of the cave.

The painter of the cave, wearing a leafy loincloth

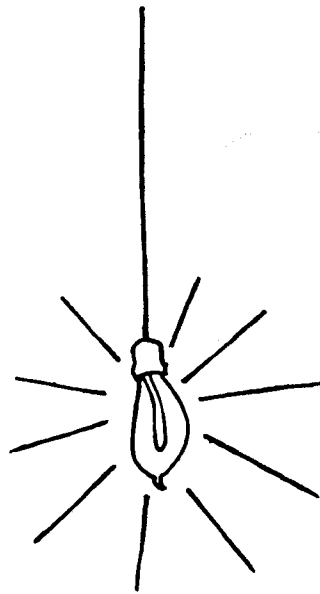
as he labored, varied the patterns of the geometric design. He was at that time of his life engaged in developing a more intricate conception of circles within circles of various hues and shades including copper red and light olive; and to extend his art further, of triangles within triangles within concentric circles. He drove himself at his work, intending when his labor was done to climb the dark stairs ascending to his sister's first floor and tell her what he had accomplished in the cave below. Bessie, long a widow, all her children married and scattered across the continent, her oldest daughter in Montreal, lived, except for occasional visitors, mostly the doctor, alone in the old frame house she had come to as a young bride, in Newark, New Jersey. She was at this time ill and possibly dying. Nobody he could think of had told her artist-brother, but he figured he somehow knew. Call it intuition. It was his hope she would remain alive until he had completed his art work of the cave and could at last see how it had turned out.

Bessie, he would say, I did this for you and you know why.

Fidelman worked by the light of a single dusty one-hundred-watt bulb, the old-fashioned kind with a glass spicule at the bottom, dangling from a wire from the ceiling of the cave, that he had installed when he first came there to paint. For a long time he had distrusted the bulb because he had never had to replace it, and sometimes it glowed like a waning moon after he had switched it off, making him feel slightly uneasy and a little lumpy in the chest. He suspected a presence, immanent or otherwise, around; though who or why, and under what circumstances, he could not say. Nothing or no-

body substantial. Anyway, he didn't care for the bulb. He knew why when it began, one night, to speak to him. How does a bulb speak? With the sound of light. Fidelman for a while did not respond, first because he couldn't, his throat constricted; and second, because he suspected this might be he talking to himself; yet when it spoke again, this time he answered.

Fidelman, said the voice of, or from within; the bulb, why are you here such a long time in this



cave? Painting — this we know — but why do you paint so long a whole cave? What kind of business is this?

Leaving my mark is what. For the ages to see. This place will someday be crowded with visitors at a dollar a throw. Mark my words.

But why in this way if there are better?

What would you suggest, for instance?

Whatever I suggest is too late now, but why don't you go at least upstairs and say hello to your poor sister who hasn't seen you in years? Go before it is too late, because she is now dying.

Not quite just yet I can't go, said the painter. I can't until my work is finished because I want to show her what I've accomplished once it's done.

Go up to her now, this is the last chance. Your work in this cave will take years yet. Tell her at least hello. What have you got to lose? To her it will be a wonderful thing.

No, I can't. It's all too complicated. I can't go till I've finished the job. The truth is I hate the past. It caught me unawares. I'd rather not see her just yet. Maybe next week or so.

It's a short trip up the stairs to say hello to her. What can you lose if it's only fourteen steps and then you're there?

It's too complicated, like I said. I hate the past.

So why do you blame her for this?

I don't blame anybody at all. I just don't want to see her. At least not just yet.

If she dies she's dead. You can talk all you want then but she won't answer you.

It's no fault of mine if people die. There's nothing I can do about it.

Nobody is talking about fault or not fault. All we are talking about is to go upstairs.

I can't I told you, it's too complicated, I hate the past, it caught me unawares. If there's anything to blame I don't blame her. I just don't want to see her is all, at least not just yet until my work here is done.

Don't be so proud my friend. Pride ain't spinach. You can't eat it so it won't make you grow. Remember what happened to the Greeks.

Praxiteles? He who first showed Aphrodite naked? Phidias, whose centaur's head is thought to be a self-portrait? Who have you got in mind?

No, the one that he tore out his own eyes. Watch out for hubris. It's poison ivy. Trouble you got enough, you want also blisters? Also an electric bulb doesn't give so often advice so listen

with care. When did you hear last that an electric bulb gave advice? Did I advise Napoleon? Did I advise Van Gogh? This is like a miracle, so why don't you take advantage and go upstairs?

Well, you've got a point there. There's some truth to it, I suppose. I might at that, come to think of it. As you say, it's not everybody who gets advice in this way. There's something Biblical about it if I may say. Furthermore, I'm not getting any younger, and besides I haven't seen Bessie in years. Plus I do owe her something, after all. Be my Virgil, which way to up the stairs?

I will show you which way but I can't go with you. Up to a point but not further if you know what I mean. A bulb is a bulb. Light I got but not feet. After all, this is the Universe, everywhere is laws.

Fidelman slowly goes up the stone, then wooden, stairs, lit generously from bottom clear to top by the bulb, and opens the creaking door into a narrow corridor. He walks along it till he comes to a small room where Bessie is lying in a sagging double bed.

Hello, Bessie, I been downstairs most of the time but I came up to say hello.

Why are you so naked, Arthur? It's winter outside.

It's how I am nowadays.

Arthur, said Bessie, why did you stop writing for so long? Why didn't you answer my letters?

I guess I had nothing much to write. Nothing much has happened to me. There wasn't much to say.

Remember how Mama used to give us an apple to eat with a slice of bread?

I don't like to remember those things anymore.

Anyway, thanks for coming up to see me, Arthur. It's a nice thing to do when a person is so alone. At least I know what you look like and where you are nowadays.

Bessie died and rose to heaven, holding in her heart her brother's hello.

Flights of circles, cones, triangles.

End of drypoint etching.

The ugly and plebeian face with which Rembrandt was ill favored was accompanied by untidy and dirty clothes, since it was his custom, when working, to wipe his brushes on himself, and to do other things of a similar nature. Jakob Rosenberg.

If you're dead how do you go on living?

Natura morta: still life. Oil on paper.

viewpoint

The Decentralization Fiasco and Our Ghetto Schools

by John R. Everett

Dr. Everett is president of the New School for Social Research in New York, and formerly served as chancellor of the City University of New York and president of Hollins College in Virginia.

Back in 1954 when the Supreme Court made public its historic school desegregation decision I was president of Hollins College in Virginia. Having once been a member of the national board of the ADA, I had enough liberal credentials to qualify for a modest amount of mail from some Southern brethren pointing out that I was a Communist and probably also a nigger lover since I raised some money for the United Negro College Fund.

When the Supreme Court desegregation decision came out, I promptly lost all of my liberal credentials by giving a speech against desegregation. I even got a letter of commendation from the then governor of South Carolina, James Byrnes.

They, the governor and the other segregationists, had, of course, missed the point. The point was hardly complex — that the simple ordering of desegregation would not help the Negro, it would probably hurt him.

would take unprepared black boys and girls who had been historically given poor educations and

put them with white boys and girls who had historically been given better educations. The Negro students would suffer the psychological wounds of sure defeat in an unfair competition, and the Negro teachers would not be hired by the predominantly white school boards.

So, I concluded, this was not really a ruling that would help Negroes, but rather one that would keep them from getting into the American mainstream and would destroy one of their most meaningful areas of employment. The American liberal had concocted a solution that would achieve his enemy's ends because he misunderstood the process of education as well as the function of schools.

This is not to say, of course, that ultimately this nation should not have totally desegregated schools, housing, jobs, and all the rest. All Americans have equal rights in this nation, and certainly no one group has the right to oppress and depress another. And full American equality cannot be achieved until we are all truly color blind and creed blind. But this blindness is not going to be achieved by creating a situation that is as inherently unfair as pre-1954 segregation.

And now, the American liberal has done it again in New York City. This time he has decided that if predominantly Negro sections of the city want to have their own school boards, with authority to hire and fire teachers and influence subject content, then by all means give them the power to do so.

They go even further. The liberal Brooklyn College faculty voted to take into its freshman class two

hundred *unqualified* Negro students as a gesture of its concern for their future welfare. Both the decentralization program and the Brooklyn College action again demonstrate that trying to use the schools to gain political solutions for America's race problems will fail and fail miserably. It is almost as though some super-racist is manipulating the American liberal with such ease and grace as to be invisible.

False analogy

The New York City decentralization program has been so widely reported as a result of the teachers' strike that there is little need to describe it here. The gist of it is that the city would be divided into thirty-three districts, and that each of these districts would have its local school board. These district boards would engage teachers from a central city roster of qualified and certified teachers. If the teachers were not satisfactory to the local board, they would be returned to the roster to be picked up by one of the other districts.

The first experimental district — the Ocean Hill-Brownsville section of Brooklyn — has already produced the city's longest teachers' strike and bared the issues of teachers' rights and the local board's powers. The teachers were back, then out again. Like an underground fire, the trouble would not die out.

It might be instructive to look at the general theory of decentralization. The theory is based upon a false analogy, that the thirty-three proposed school districts in the city

of New York are roughly analogous with thirty-three cities that have populations of around 250,000. Cities of this size stretch across the country and appear not to have such large bureaucracies that things get immobilized. They also appear to have responsive school officials who understand the dreams and aspirations of the citizens. Such city systems appear to be large enough to be efficient and small enough to be close to the community.

After all, the city of New York is nothing more than a collection of about 8 million people in a small area. The geography is not important; the number of cubic feet each citizen occupies is a useless statistic. Rather, what is important is to count the number of people. Once 250,000 or so warm bodies are identified in one area, a line is drawn around it on a map and there is a school district.

What is a community?

It is obvious that this does not produce a cross section of population in a city such as New York, or in any other large city for that matter. Cities are a collection of ethnic, religious, and economic communities. When these communities reach certain sizes and have their own school boards, they can then have their boards reflect the aims of the various communities. The "community" is not, of course, the heterogeneous mixture of talent, wealth, poverty, educational level, religious heritage, racial stock, and so on of a normal town of 250,000. In all probability, it is far more homogeneous than heterogeneous.

One of the purposes of the American public school system is to weld people of diverse backgrounds into a nation with common goals, common ideals, and common aspirations. The glory of public education in America is that it was able to take the children of immigrant parents and teach them not only a common language but also to forget the historic hatreds of the bloody

battlegrounds of the world. The school boards that helped to accomplish the miracle of making this nation were filled with diversity and heterogeneity. Out of their debates, their clashes of thought and ideals, and their hopes for their children came the programs and attitudes that made America.

If the Negro or Puerto Rican areas of New York are given their own school boards, they will not necessarily bring their young more rapidly into the center of American life. Such a move is far more likely to impede their progress. The schools can easily be turned into local pressure-group battlefields, with teachers and students finding themselves unpleasantly and blatantly cheated. It seems patently obvious that you do not tell the disadvantaged that they are being helped by being allowed to fight out their differences among themselves with no firm direction as to how to use the schools for their advantage.

The kind of thinking that treats the Negro as a fresh immigrant group, as were the Jews, the Irish, the Poles, and all the rest, leads to some of these peculiarly unproductive proposals. The Negroes are Americans in every way. The fact that the majority white Americans have mistreated them has no bearing on the fact that they are as American as anyone else. The white majority has given them inferior educations, inferior jobs, inferior houses, inferior incomes, but none of these massive discriminatory sins can shake the fact that the Negroes in America are Americans.

The problem is how to redress an enormous historic wrong. If the white community is really serious about wanting to bring Negro Americans into all levels of production and consumption of the goods and services of this society, it is clear that a special case must be made of them and special things must be done for them by the people who have the means to do them.

When it became clear that the farmers of America needed help in modernizing their farms in order to

become more productive, to increase their incomes and the food supply, this nation did not say to them, set up your own schools and teach yourselves. On the contrary, there was a clear understanding that special institutions had to be built for them and that highly trained county agents had to be provided to show them how to use machinery and fertilizer and how to use and reuse soil scientifically. Special roads were built for them, subsidized electrification programs were established, and very expensive systems of water conservation were constructed. This was a group of Americans who wanted to become more productive and they knew that they needed help, and the help was provided in a meaningful fashion. Some farmers rioted, spilled milk on the highways, and withheld produce from the markets, but the job was done.

It is now that the Negroes need special help. They do not need to be told to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. And they do not need to be told that if they are put in schools that are predominantly white, they will be able to achieve their desires. This will not work with the Negroes any more than it would have worked with the farmers.

Educational nonsense

It is strange that liberal white guilt assuages itself by devising programs that say white people and black people start as equals if they start school together. They do not start as equals. By custom and design Negroes have been excluded from building up the body of skills and attitudes which the whites have built for themselves. Without the tradition the Negroes cannot effectively compete with those who have the tradition. The only rapid way of giving Negro Americans this tradition is to design an educational program just for them that will attack the fundamental problem. A decentralized school system and sim-

plistic desegregation are political palliatives and educational nonsense.

The New York City schools will be in a shambles until the citizens of this largest city in the nation finally understand the nature of the problem. Not only is the Negro not to be helped by decentralization, but the job security and morale of the teaching force are placed in serious jeopardy. Like it or not, the teachers of the city are in a union. The union knows full well that thirty-three district boards around the city with the power to engage and dismiss teachers from their schools will produce revolving doors for all kinds of nonacademic reasons. Ethnic considerations that have nothing to do with instructional effectiveness will be introduced by local ethnic politicians, and a teacher's defense against them will be weak indeed. The Ocean Hill-Brownsville situation makes it clear that, justified or not, the teachers are both frightened and worried.

Nothing that has been said here in any way defends the almost immovable bureaucracy of the centralized Board of Education of the city. It is incapable of dealing with the problem of New York City schools, and this fact has been demonstrated time after time. Back in 1961 it was thought that the difficulties could be corrected if the Board of Education were removed and a new one appointed. Governor Rockefeller called a special legislative session and had the board removed. A distinguished group of citizens were empowered to give Mayor Wagner a list of names from which the new board was to be appointed. The mayor appointed an outstanding group. And nothing improved, and the problems of ghetto education continued to worsen. Removing the old board and installing a new board of the city's finest citizens certainly proved that the fault does not lie with the quality of the citizens.

It probably does lie in the entrenched and archaic bureaucratic ad-

ministrative structure, much of which was developed when the school system was breaking away from political manipulation. The Depression years added their contribution in the form of excessive and intricate formulations of job-security regulations. And it is probably true that a good deal of the unresponsive central bureaucratic power would be broken by decentralization. The only trouble is that decentralization will produce equally bad horrors, perhaps worse.

Local desires vs. local needs

The simple fact is that a school must be responsive to the desires of a local community and to its needs. These two are not the same. The needs of a community are seen in preparing students for further academic work and for places in the productive life of the nation. Most local communities in large cities, or indeed elsewhere, know very little of the literature projecting the nation's work force and professional needs. It is folly to think that the average nonprofessional citizen would have either the time or the inclination to keep up with the mountain of reports, articles, and books that come out on these subjects each year. Here lay boards must trust professionals, and the school system will meet community needs in exact proportion to the skill and effectiveness of the professional and his freedom from local community pressures.

Meeting the desires of a community raises other questions. Sometimes parents want their children taught the same prejudices they hold and insist that the school reinforce the ideas and values they cherish. If mother and father do not believe in evolution, then the child should not be told that Mr. Darwin thought that this idea helped explain a great number of the facts of biological existence. Sometimes parents want racial and religious groups ranked in accordance with

their notions of "truth" and acceptability. And so it goes.

There is no question that teachers must often make compromises with their own convictions in order to keep peace in a community. The closer teachers get to attempting to be totally responsive to the local desires the more they must compromise if they are themselves well educated.

The cliché, therefore, that runs through the argument for decentralization — that the board becomes "more responsive to the local community" — is dangerous and requires serious examination in the light of just what people want their schools to do for them and their children. Often, to be responsive is to kill the true function of education.

It is time for this nation to stop being romantic about education. Education is not a mode of salvation; it is an activity of high utility that places people in the production and consumption game and gives them a sufficiently common sense of the values of life so that they can live together in peace and with mutual respect. Ideally, students should not compete against each other in gaining knowledge and skills; they should instead be trying to overcome their own ignorance. Unfortunately, in these United States competition among students for grades and recognition is a greater motivation than the disembodied search for truth and knowledge.

Any educational strategy for helping the disadvantaged must begin with this recognition before it can even start to find workable solutions. Beyond this must come the recognition that school programs should only be constructed to give students the best possible chance in a dangerous and tough world. Without these recognitions schools are misused for political and all kinds of noneducational ends. Simplistic desegregation and decentralization seem to refuse both recognitions. *(This discussion will continue in future issues.)*

DESTROYERS, DEFILERS, AND CONFUSERS OF MEN

by George P. Elliott

Literary nihilism is riding high in America today, says a talented novelist, poet, essayist, and teacher, but it is already out of date. Writers should know that a new world is soon to come forth — or at least they should behave as though it were — and that they are to be its shapers. Mr. Elliott teaches English at Syracuse University. His most recent book is AN HOUR OF LAST THINGS.

A generation ago, Auden summed up an attitude in an astonishing line: “There is no such thing as the State.” In its poem, “September 1, 1939,” this sentence serves its purpose well enough. The poet imagines himself in “one of the dives on Fifty-second Street” on this night at the end of “a low dishonest decade”; a war was beginning which it seemed nobody would win, though some could lose more appallingly than others. Emotionally, he turns from all that political confusion and falsehood — and also, though this is not in the poem overtly, from his own involvement in those politics — and cries out that the whole mess is a lie and an illusion, it isn’t really there. One can argue, I think legitimately, that Nazi Germany was not a State, was an anti-State, a monstrous parody of a State, because it did not fulfill one of the essential requirements of a State, define the status of all those whom it governed. But in this poem Auden was not talking about Nazi Germany alone or about the nature of a good State.

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.

Emotionally, wishfully: yes. But intellectually: of course not. Authority as such is not a lie, nor does it just lie. Both in fact and in theory, there is such a thing as the State, and it is not an illusion, in itself it is not a lie (though a given actual state may lie and be full of lies). Indeed, Auden’s statement is so egregious that there would be no point in taking it as other than an emotional counter in a poem except that it asserts what some people, including some writers, seem to believe; at least they do not seem to have disentangled the private wish from the public fact. I can assert this with some confidence, since for several years in the forties I myself was so entangled; I used to fondle these lines of Auden’s like a talisman. (In his *Collected Poems* of 1945, this poem appears without the stanza quoted; the entire poem is omitted from the *Selected Poems* of 1959.)

You may say that the modern State is full of evils and that its worst evil is its pervasiveness and power. In fact, it is hard to think of many twentieth-century writers worth reading who do not say something like this, if they mention the State at all. If you are anarchistic enough, you may even say the State is an unnecessary evil, let’s get rid of it. But you may say that the State is not there only in a Christian Science sort of way (there is no evil, evil is illusion), as the expression of a flabby wish, profiting little, or of a flabbier spite, “they don’t pay as much attention to me as they should.”

I don’t know of an apothegm to set beside Auden’s, summing up a less immoderate, more widely held, antagonistic attitude toward the State.

Here is a passage, important only as it is typical, from a "Letter from England" by Anthony Burgess (in the Autumn, 1967, *Hudson Review*).

My political views are mainly negative: I lean towards anarchy; I hate the State. I loathe and abominate that costly, crass, intolerant, inefficient, eventually tyrannical machine which seeks more and more to supplant the individual. The more State we have, the more wretched we become.

Clearly, Burgess is here using "State" narrowly, to apply only to government (the ultimate test of which is that it can call on military and police power to enforce its will), excluding that collection of institutions and customs which "state" sometimes includes but which are now commonly subsumed under "society." I daresay one could get a long list of writers, from all countries now, who would subscribe to Burgess' attitudes. They don't like the State, and they think it is here to stay; but they aren't going to do much more about it than fume, for they doubt that poets are even unacknowledged legislators of the world anymore.

To be sure, a writer may simply ignore the whole matter. We Americans have quite a tradition of ignoring the State, both in literature and in life. Huck Finn and Nigger Jim come to life as fugitives from the law, and when it catches up with them, the book vitiates. The *Pequod* is a microcosm of something, but not of the American society, which it leaves out of sight and nearly out of mind. It is not his government that James's ambassador represents. From reading Wallace Stevens' poetry you would suppose he had stayed as remote from institutions of social power as Emily Dickinson did in both her poetry and her life.

We have narrowed *politics* till it suggests little more than something nasty, mean, performed in smoke-filled rooms, certainly not something as various and wide as Aristotle meant by it or as ideally noble as Dante meant. We have larded *politicians* with ignominy, splitting them off from *statesmen*, of whom we consider ourselves lucky to get one in a generation. For example, my parents lived in or near a town of two thousand for the first thirty-five or forty years of their lives. When I was ten, they moved to a desert, and of course talked a great deal about our distant hometown. Yet I cannot recall hearing them mention any governing official of that town or county, mayor, alderman, sheriff, either by name or office, only the constable two or three times. National politics existed for them — in Washington, something you read about in the papers or heard about over the radio, and talked about rather as you talked about baseball players (my father never saw a big league game) or famous actors (my mother never saw one on stage). They referred to Woodrow Wilson as a real statesman, and after Franklin Roosevelt died, they conceded

that maybe he had had something of the statesman in him. They were old-fashioned and Republicans.

Susan Sontag is newfangled and, she says, a socialist, and she is sophisticated and intellectual to a degree. But her hostile indifference toward the State is as traditional as punkin pie. These quotations are from the McLuhanish last essay in *Against Interpretation*:

What we are getting is not the demise of art, but a transformation of the function of art. Art, which arose in human society as a magical-religious operation, and passed over into a technique for depicting and commenting on secular reality, has in our own time arrogated to itself a new function — neither religious; nor serving a secularized religious function, nor merely secular or profane (a notion which breaks down when its opposite, the "religious" or "sacred," becomes obsolescent). Art today is a new kind of instrument, an instrument for modifying consciousness and organizing new modes of sensibility.

In Miss Sontag's scheme of things, nothing matters so much as the expansion and exploration of consciousness — for which purpose, presumably, art is superior to LSD only if it does a better job. Politics, humanism, ethics — all such matters she relegates to the antique shop with Matthew Arnold.

The distinction between "high" and "low" culture seems less and less meaningful. For such a distinction — inseparable from the Matthew Arnold apparatus — simply does not make sense for a creative community of artists and scientists engaged in programming sensations, uninterested in art as a species of moral journalism.

Still, she doesn't want to be too rude to us old fogies; it is stupid of us to be nonmodernist, but not totally idiotic; we are not vicious so much as eccentric. (To an idolator of the *Zeitgeist*, is there anything quite so shameful as not being up to date?)

Outraged humanists, please note. There is no need for alarm. A work of art does not cease being a moment in the conscience of mankind, when moral conscience is understood as only one of the functions of consciousness.

That notion expanded me all right when I read it, about as much and as long as a serving of baked beans would have done: it hadn't occurred to me before that moral conscience could be viewed as a charming little thing all gussied up with bright moments. (Miss Sontag really means it: she was so busy programming her first novel for sensations that she didn't get around to putting any people in it; her second, and much better, novel does have a character in it, though a dead one, nearly all the action taking place in his mind after his suicide. In my nonmodernist view, creating live people in the fictional mode is not just an aesthetic job but essentially and inextricably moral as well.)

Currently in the United States, there are writers who are not content to ignore or merely to disdain politicians, politics, our society, the State; it is their ideas and practices I am primarily interested in here. They are frequently claimed as part of the modernist movement, and maybe they are; I, however, think of them as nihilists. But there are all sorts of nihilists. According to the name, what they have in common is Nothing. Yet not all those who believe in Nothing are called nihilists. There is an unnamed species of aesthetic antimystic — Mallarmé is their laureate — for whom experience of Nothingness, the Void, is the central fact of life. (Robert Martin Adams has written well about some of them in *NIL*.) For them, connection with others is peripheral, at the most something to be savored à la Gide and at the least an occasion for coffin-frugging à la Terry Southern. Nihilists, as the word is commonly used, are obsessed, like genuine moralists, with their connections with others, and their heresiarch is the great, gloomy Marquis. They cannot forgive God for not existing. Love is their indispensable enemy within — in Genêt's perfect sentence, "I so need love from which to draw vigor enough to destroy it" (*Thief's Journal*). They are against the State not just as government but as institutions and customs as well. It is this political aspect of literary nihilism which I am going to concentrate on.

I DISTINGUISH three main sorts of nihilistic writers, destroyers, defilers, and confusers. Of the three, the destroyers are much the most congenial, for the taproot of their impulse is unmistakably rage against injustice, against social evil. To the extent that their writing expresses this rage it can be purgative for a reader who shares the emotion, whether or not he himself is a nihilist (when it assaults the reader himself, things get more complicated). Bazarov and Arkady in *Fathers and Sons* are the first named nihilists in literature. "A nihilist," said Arkady, "is a man who does not bow down before any authority, who does not take any principle on faith, whatever reverence that principle may be enshrined in." A century ago, characters with sentiments like these looked pretty horrific, and the publication of Turgenev's (otherwise conventional) novel stirred up a great ruckus. But to us now in the last third of this wasting century, these characters are less threatening than congenial. Their moral motives show. They hate social evil, and they believe in the power of literature to change men's dreams and thereby modify their actions, their societies; they zealously dream about and recommend demolishing this or that corrupt society in the hope that a new and good society may

rise like a phoenix from the ashes of the old one. Well, I do not believe in phoenixes, but I find it hard to hate a man who does.

James Baldwin is such a one sometimes — *The Fire Next Time*. He does not see love as his enemy, but he puts it to peculiar uses: "because love is so big with us, we must kill you." Norman Mailer once managed to find something worthy of respect in a gang of hoods setting upon a defenseless bum and burning him alive. Allen Ginsberg saw the best minds of his generation destroy themselves because of Moloch. Kenneth Rexroth accused professors, Madison Avenue, and the Statue of Liberty of killing Dylan Thomas. LeRoi Jones's *The Slave* says, perhaps more explicitly than is good for a play, that a society which twists its citizens as hideously as ours must be destroyed. The racial issue, like the class issue a generation ago, is subordinate in writers like these to the main political drive — a rage against social evil so obliterative that nothing will satisfy it but wholesale destruction. *It is all society's fault*. Yet they tell you both directly and indirectly that they yearn above all things for a society limitlessly good, a harmony of justice and love and justice and freedom and justice and radical equality.

Their rage was generated in the first place by the evils of our Society and our State, but the destructiveness of their rage is limitless because their dream of the good society is utopist. Their dream does not accept envy, possessiveness, cruelty, and power-lust as givens which politics must always accommodate, an acceptance which makes one both less hopeful about the future and less despairing about the present. For example, the revolutionary college students now are opposed to middle-class values, as they have been taught to be in college, without knowing what "middle-class" (or "bourgeois") means exactly. Their emotional logic runs somewhat like this: the middle class is bad; it rules; therefore ruling is bad; also therefore, let's throw out the middle class and let's us rule. A Columbia graduate student who participated in the rebellion last spring told me he did not believe there was such a thing as a decent cop; right behind that statement was the implication that there should be no cops. But without force, without police and/or soldiers, there is no State, no government. Exactly: anarchy is the emotional dream of these rebellious children of the bourgeoisie. But they are also intelligent, and suspect, I would guess, that their dream is unattainable. Most nihilist destroyers, black or white, middle-class or déclassé, are less than total anarchists; they want to wreck not the idea of a good society so much as this or that bad state, and they want you to join them in the job. Their literary modes tend to be hortatory, prophetic, seldom very unconventional formally.

The defilers are not much for unconventional modes of expression either. Mimicking, parody, blasphemy (though it's not easy to blaspheme these days, what with GOD IS DEAD all over mass magazines), pornography, naturalism, these are favorite literary instruments for defiling, but the way they are used seldom surprises. Tame defilers, like Mort Sahl or the earlier Nichols and May, content themselves with mocking *those others* most of the time; Broadway has use for them; their satire matters about as much as a Playboy bunny's scut. But there are rougher ones, like the late Lenny Bruce, who regularly assault and befoul the audience as well. There was a time when the bourgeoisie did not go in for that sort of entertainment, but now a sizable portion of it says "*Épatez* us again, Daddy-O, we love it."

Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah*, for example, has made an off-Broadway success by denigrating things American, and it does this in ways that are by now stock-in-trade for what Robert Brustein has named the theater of revolt, especially in its direct assault on the audience. "Motel," the last of the three one-act skits that make up *America Hurrah*, culminates with two of the three characters scrawling public-toilet graffiti on the walls of the set in front of you, with strong lights blazing directly out at you so that you can watch what is going on only by squinting through your fingers, and with the P.A. system turned up as high as it will go—for an hour or two after the performance I was partially deaf. Stuff like this is sometimes treated like scourging satire, but I don't think it should be so treated, for I do not see in it the serious moral purpose which there must be in genuine satire. Anyway, scourging ceases to be moral when the victim enjoys it (the way some white liberals apparently enjoy having black power demagogues beat up on them), and scourging is at the best dubiously moral when it becomes as fashionable as audience-assaulting has become recently. (No producer since Nero has been in a position to afford literally to slaughter his audience, and apparently it didn't occur to Nero—but then, nihilism was invented in the eighteenth century, the dark side of enlightenment.)

Listening to Lenny Bruce chant dirty words—cocksucker, motherfucker, niggerboy, kike—might be a relief if you had been on a steady diet of television goo for a long time and were afraid to use those words yourself; but any higher satiric function it might have escapes me. The one record of Bruce's I listened to included a long passage in which he hysterically befools the memory of Eleanor Roosevelt. I can sort of understand why he was faddish, just as I can sort of understand why watching women wrestle in mud was faddish a few years ago in Hamburg. All in all, I think

I would prefer the wrestling; at least if you sit far enough back you won't get splattered with the mud, and there is no possibility of pretending that either the wrestling or your pleasure in it is anything but filthy.

Hubert Selby is a defiler of a more serious order. *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is a collection of one long and five short stories recounted in a clumsy naturalistic style interlarded with dehumanizing passages in a kind of tumid, on-and-on prose characteristic of pornography. Most of the characters in the book are encapsulated within themselves, and all of them are seen as trapped in a foul part of a brutal city in an irredeemably vile nation. The characters have no chance of getting out; they have been trapped so long that few of them know they are trapped, have hope enough even to feel frustrated. What little beauty manifests itself in the stories is sentimental, love is lust and usually perverse, social action is a cover for the gratification of cupidity and selfish power. The book at least projects a kind of moral vision which includes us readers: the society is ours; we are implicated; we too, the author says, are trapped and damned. Moreover, the very crudity of the prose and narrative styles, combined with the obsessive pornography and violence, entraps the reader even as he is reading. Selby succeeds in defiling everything, including the reader's mind, and not in any faddish way. That's not mud he's slinging, that's shit. But his stories fail as fiction and are only half there as satire. For he uses Yahoo means to write about Yahoos, and the result is about what you would expect in the way of Yahoo art. (The critic Webster Schott reports that Selby said in an interview he had been motivated by love of his characters. God shelter us all from such love! I think that if Selby had seen what Genêt saw—"I so need love from which to draw vigor enough to destroy it"—he might have written a book which had other virtues than sheer strength and which did not just defile. But then, of all the nihilistic writers I know about, past and present, Genêt alone is capable of moral lucidity, and not even he always.)

There is a built-in contradiction to being a literary nihilist. After all, if you really believe in Nothing, if you finally despair of God, love, and society, if you think nothing matters either ultimately or now, you don't create a work of art to say so; you do, like Kirilov in *The Possessed*, shoot yourself. Granted that literary nihilists cannot go whole hog, even so they have their troubles. A destroyer, for example—what sort of social wreckage can a poem produce? Propaganda can do a good job over the long haul, but for visible results right now, words can never be as dandy as a bomb. A serious defiler is better off than a destroyer, since

he is not aiming so much to effect social action as to affect the reader's state of mind; but among literary resources there is not much besides pornography and blasphemy by which he can gain his end directly — maybe parody once in a while, but not often. A confuser, though, is in fine shape. If he is not hung-up on phoenixism or immediate annihilation, if he is modest enough to settle for producing confusion in his readers' minds, then he has excellent literary instruments at hand.

I SEE Confusion as the last stretch on the literary way to Nothing, well past raging Destructiveness, just beyond the bogs of Defilement, though of course a writer who is out to sow confusion will avail himself of what he has learned as he went through those lesser regions. John Barth did a pretty good job of dirty destruction in *End of the Road* and *The Floating Opera*. In *The Sot-Weed Factor* he tried his hand at defilement, though he is so good at parody that the fun of the novel is much more important than such defiling as it manages. In *Giles Goat-Boy* he moved on to confusion, employing what he had learned before. But he is a third-rate confuser; he hates fairly well, but clouds of ideology make this novel vague, more boring than confusing. Literary high jinks meaning fun is what he is best at.

In *Tiny Alice*, Edward Albee makes extensive use of blasphemy. On behalf of the Church, a cardinal accepts in exchange for a true though shaky believer, Julian, two billion dollars from the worldly agents of some mysterious power. This power employs social institutions evilly; yet it is not the devil exactly; yet it is supernatural. The one thing we know about it for sure is its name, Tiny Alice. At the end, shot and dying, darkness approaching him, an amplified heartbeat swelling in the theater, Julian assumes a posture parodying the crucifixion; his last words are, "God, Alice . . . I accept thy will"; three vast heartbeats, total darkness, curtain. So you begin probing the play hard for a meaning, and presently find yourself shat upon: "tiny Alice" is buggerese for "tight ass-hole." Injured and insulted, you may try to understand the play even so — it is very stageworthy, Albee is a whiz at theatrics. What about all the false leads, themes that come to nothing? What is this malign power which the characters Lawyer, Butler, and Miss Alice are agents of, and is it called Tiny Alice only to insult the audience and give the buggers a snicker? Is there any genuine love in Miss Alice's tenderness for Julian? Does the play mean to say that there is nothing but greed, self-interest, and cruelty in the institutions of society and all their representatives? Most of your questions are unanswerable, and those

you can more or less answer cancel each other out; in the guise of paradoxes, the play offers insoluble contradictions. One cannot easily say whether this confusion is deliberate on the playwright's part or merely expressive of an uncontrolled confusion in himself. It is true that nowhere else in Albee's published writings does he show much evidence of mind, but I prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt in *Tiny Alice* and assume that he calculated its confusion (as Robbe-Grillet calculates the confusion in his fiction). Either way, of course, the play is quite effective nihilism. But if Albee knew what he was up to, then my hostility toward him could stand untainted by the slightest pity or even contempt; and I would like that better than looking down on him as incompetent, too mixed up and mindless to know what he was doing.

I HAVE saved William Burroughs till last, for two reasons: *Naked Lunch* is in many respects more impressive than the other books I have gone into here; and his reputation as a writer seems to me not only inflated but also — what is more important — inappropriate — as though John Updike were to be greatly praised for his meters.

Burroughs' announced intentions are unimpeachable. On the dust jacket of *Naked Lunch*, he is quoted as saying:

Certain passages in the book that have been called pornographic were written as a tract against Capital Punishment in the manner of Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal*. These sections are intended to reveal capital punishment as the obscene, barbaric and disgusting anachronism it is.

Moreover, toward the end of an interview published in the Fall, 1965, *Paris Review*, he says:

I do definitely mean what I say to be taken literally, yes, to wise up the marks. All of my work is directed against those who are bent, through stupidity or design, on blowing up the planet or rendering it uninhabitable.

(Various notions he expresses in the course of the interview are nutty; but having some nutty theories doesn't necessarily do a writer in — think of Yeats.) However, the actual effect of *Naked Lunch* does not conform to these stated intentions. Take the supposed satire against capital punishment. It consists of a phantasmagoria of inconsecutive episodes, detailing with intimate vividness some of the most diseased sexual mechanics conceivable. The absolute in these matters was reached late in the age of enlightenment by Sade (who also professed to be morally outraged by capital punishment). Since then, the question has been how to refine on the master. Burroughs' refinements are to omit nearly

all the philosophizing during the course of the fiction, to speed up the orgasms to one a page or so, and to emphasize necrophilia (Sade favored coprophilia). But this bears even less relation to a true Swiftian satire against capital punishment than a sensational account of cannibals capturing, processing, and eating children would bear to *A Modest Proposal*. Swift's satire, being the genuine article, itself directs you toward its target, whereas Burroughs has to tell you extraneously that he intends his writing to do something utterly different from what it is actually doing; in Swift's satire the ugliness is in the evil attacked, whereas in Burroughs' pseudosatire the ugliness, so far as the reader is concerned, is mostly in the style of the attack itself, and the primary object of the attack is not capital punishment but the reader. The result, if nothing else, is confusion. However, to be a really great confuser like Sade, you must be in far better control of your material and intentions than Burroughs is. Confusion permeates his writing only because it permeates himself unrecognized and therefore unmastered.

That confusion is in the writing I assert from my experience of his fiction; once having felt this, I looked for corroboration of my feeling. That confusion is in the author's mind unrecognized I presume to assert on the basis of certain mutually incompatible statements Burroughs has made about his writing. His exalted satiric intention has been noted. Yet in the *Paris Review* interview, he goes on to say:

Like the advertising people we talked about, I'm concerned with the precise manipulation of word and image to create an action, not to go out and buy a Coca-Cola, but to create an alteration in the reader's consciousness.

I believe that satire addresses itself to the reader's understanding with the aim of encouraging him to make such and such a choice about a moral, and commonly a social, vice or folly, and that this is quite different from aiming to "create an alteration in the reader's consciousness"; the latter, the meaning of which is not entirely clear to me, smacks of McLuhan and Robbe-Grillet rather than of Swift and Orwell. But Burroughs records another confusion much more radical than this. Here are three other statements he has made about, not in, his writing; they are irreconcilable with his professedly satiric intentions.

There is only one thing a writer can write about: what is in front of his senses at the moment of writing. . . .

I am a recording instrument. . . .

I apparently took detailed notes on sickness and delirium [during his opium addiction]. I have no precise memory of writing the notes which have now been published under the title NAKED LUNCH.

As a raw projection of diseased fantasies *Naked Lunch* has a certain vivid force, and its confusion is justifiable on clinical, though not aesthetic or moral, grounds; but to disguise its chaotic vividness as high moral order is a confusion for which there is no justification — as though Coleridge should present "Kubla Khan" as a tract on the nature of God. *Naked Lunch* may turn you against capital punishment, but only as it turns you against everything about civilized society — about the very idea of civilized society "as we know it" (or as I at least can imagine it). Insofar as the novel concerns itself with social evil, its effective message is: it's so awful why bother? (I take it as possible to be against capital punishment, dope addiction, the police state, and nuclear warfare, and still be in favor of civilization.)

Yet *Naked Lunch* is well spoken of. Jack Kerouac says, "Burroughs is the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift" — which proves if nothing else that Jack Kerouac is a honey of a blurb writer. Norman Mailer says, "I think that William Burroughs is the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius" — which would be even less interesting if one believed that Mailer meant it. Robert Lowell says: "It's a completely powerful and serious book. . . . I don't see how it could be considered immoral" — which at least gives you something to argue with. Not only these three but also Herbert Gold, William Wasserstrom, Mary McCarthy, as well as others whose opinions I respect in varying degrees, speak well of Burroughs. To explain what I take to be their error in judgment is a way to get at a larger error that helps account for the prestige of nihilistic writing these days.

There are some lesser reasons for the esteem which *Naked Lunch* enjoys. It is experimental, "new," and there is nothing that adoration of *Zeitgeist* likes better than experimentation; the novel's special novelty is apparent randomness, coherent inconsistency (his later books have gone so much further in the incorporation of the random that they are confused beyond what even many of his admirers can tolerate). The literary-intellectual counterestablishment esteems writing which is *against*, and *Naked Lunch* is the most thoroughly *anti* book I know of by an American. (In me, its *anti* effects boomerang: what it sets me against is itself and its author.) The book has certain literary strengths, of felicitous phrase, of nightmarish cruelty and pornography, of vivid revulsion. Moreover, the central metaphor of the book, as Burroughs defines it, has a considerable and illuminating power: addiction to junk is not only a social evil in itself, it is the extreme instance of a lot of debilitating "addictions" which modern civilization provides, encourages, imposes. If the

book actually embodied this metaphor, cumulatively, rationally, with modulation, then it would indeed be a masterpiece of satire. But *Naked Lunch* is irrational, spasmodic, unstructured; always at a pitch of extremity, "absurd," cartoonish, pop; very chic. The following passage could have occurred on practically any page; it did occur, for no apparent reason, in no context I can discern, on page 136 (the ellipses are in the original). I quote it because in it the message is slightly less opaque than usual. (It goes without saying that high-class modernist writing should be difficult to understand.)

The washing boards are down, and the sheets are sent to the Laundromat lose those guilty stains — Emmanuel prophesies a Second Coming. . . .

There's a boy across the river with an ass like a peach; alas I was no swimmer and lost my Clementine.

The junky sits with needle poised to the message of blood, and the con man palpates the mark with fingers of rotten ectoplasm. . . .

The root reason, as I conceive the matter, for the book's reputation is the expressivistic fallacy. The well-known fallacy of imitative form — if the subject is disorder, the poem should be disordered too — is the best-defined literary manifestation of expressivism, but the whole fallacious attitude and practice are far more diffused than in just this one error. Expressivism, like so much else that is wrong with the world, became important with, and in good part because of, Rousseau. It holds that the function of true art is to express either the artist himself or what is of profound importance to him and to other, perhaps to all, men. By this criterion, *Naked Lunch* has unmistakably succeeded. Burroughs' destructiveness, disgust, and confusion are embodied in shards of images, broken rhythms,

and spasmodic actions, so powerfully that many people find the book of high value, having in themselves feelings that find a certain satisfaction in his words. But if you believe, as I do, that the impression a book makes on its readers is quite as important as the effectiveness with which it expresses feelings and attitudes, then you have more complex standards of judgment. *Naked Lunch* does not just express disgust and confusion for me; it disgusts and confuses me, to no end. For this reason I am able to say, as Lowell was not, that this book, like all nihilistic confusion, can be considered immoral. Burroughs himself is of my general persuasion, at least in conscious, stated intention: to satirize capital punishment and modern civilization, and to alter the reader's consciousness, concern the effects which writing has on others; they are moral acts if anything literary can be moral. I think that he failed to accomplish these honorable intentions, but succeeded only in producing (not just expressing, but causing) foul confusion, a result which by his own professed standards is immoral. I think that to justify his fiction is an error, because expressivism is a fallacy, the chief fallacy of aestheticism, of seeing art as autonomous, independent of ethics and politics.

There is such a thing as the State, as social order, as society, and literature is inextricably connected with it, for good or for ill. There was a time when nihilistic exhortation made a kind of sense: "help the old world die." But that message has been received, and the wreckers are busy acting on it now. A new world is soon to come forth, or at least we must behave as though it were, and who is to dream its shape better than writers? The social engineers? Perish forbid!

Whatever else you may think about it, literary nihilism is out of date.

WEEDS

BY ANN STANFORD

Nothing so startles us as tumbleweeds in December
Rising like ghosts before us in the headlamps
The big round weeds blowing into fences
Into guardrails and wheels, wedged into corners
Drifting in ranks over roads in a gusty order
Round in the orbits of winter, dropping the invisible seed,
Blown green and purple-leaved into springtime, soft with water,
Filled to harsh circles in the thirsty summer
Dried brown and jagged, ready for December
When the silver globes, magnificent in procession
Slow and solemn-paced in the ritual of ending
Dry, dead, in the dim-most part of the year
Spread the great round promises of green morning.



POSTMARK: PRAGUE

by Katharine Gratwick Baker

JOHN and I went out to a very elegant dinner party Tuesday night, August 20, in honor of a colleague from a friendly embassy in Prague who was ending his assignment. We must have had four kinds of wine, ending with champagne, and much fascinating conversation, including several observations to the effect that the Soviets had never seriously contemplated a military intervention in their difficulties with Czechoslovakia, and what a relief it was to have gotten through the Čierna-Bratislava crisis. We drove home a bit after midnight, over the river and through the lovely old sleeping town. It had been a pleasant evening, but as usual too late for a working day.

We had barely dropped off to sleep when the doorbell began to ring, long, long hard rings. John groped his way down the dark stone staircase to the door. I heard the murmur of voices, and then John came back upstairs, grabbed his clothes, and announced, "The Russians are here . . ." After the tension and relief of the past month, and the high hopes we had allowed ourselves to have at the happy conclusions of the conferences, this was incredible. But the news was confirmed a minute later by the roar of heavy low-flying aircraft passing almost directly overhead. Plane after plane broke the stillness of the night, and heavy trucks rumbled past on the road near the house. John was already on his way to the ambassador's residence across the garden. "Make a pot of coffee" and "listen to the radio" were the only things I could remember his having said as I stood there by the door, suddenly alone, Soviet planes roaring overhead, our telephone out of order, four children asleep beyond in the darkness.

Our German shortwave radio, with its many bands, cycles, and push buttons, has always been somewhat of a mystery to me, but with a bit of fiddling and pushing I managed to get it to speak, at first only in Czech, then German, then French,

and at last the reliable tones of the BBC: "Radio Prague reports that troops from the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Bulgaria have crossed the Czech frontier. . . . President Johnson has called a meeting of the National Security Council to discuss the situation." Meanwhile, the roaring outside continued.

The doorbell rang. It was Mrs. Beam, the ambassador's wife, with her little Scottie dog, Bogey, on a leash, making the rounds of the staff house next door and our house to tell us that her telephone was still working, and that we should come over to their residence as soon as the children woke up.

It was about 3 A.M. I lay down on a sofa in the living room wanting to sleep, but unable to. The first book I could find was George Kennan's *Memoirs*. In his chapter on "Prague, 1938-1939," I read:

. . . I was wakened by a phone call at four-thirty in the morning. . . . The shaky voice of a terrified acquaintance told me that the German troops would begin the occupation of Bohemia and Moravia at six o'clock. . . . The wind was howling and the snow was falling in the dark streets as I made my way to the legation.

He concluded:

By evening the occupation was complete, and the people were chased off the streets by an eight o'clock curfew. We drove through the town around midnight. It was strange to see these Prague streets, usually so animated, now completely empty and deserted. Tomorrow, to be sure, they would fill again, but it would not be the same life that had filled them before: and we were all acutely conscious that in this case the curfew had indeed tolled the knell of a long and distinctly tragic day.

By about six thirty, the sounds of aircraft, trucks, and tanks had become quite familiar, but a series of small explosions nearby seemed cause for new

anxiety. Within five minutes Mrs. Beam and dog reappeared and suggested that we come over to her residence as soon as possible. The men at the embassy preferred to have all their dependents under one roof where they could be sure we would be all right and where there was a telephone. I awakened the boys (Jack, eleven, Kendall, ten, Andrew, nine, and Mitchell, one and a half) and told them what was happening. It may have been the exposure of their generation to war movies, or our previous conversations on the subject, or just their basic steadiness, but then in the drowsy morning and throughout the harrowing day, they reacted with great calmness and serious efficiency. We brushed our teeth and left our rooms tidy, not knowing when we would be back. Then with a bag of toys and books we walked across the garden in the gray light of the dawn. The boys watched three Soviet tanks, with armed men in each one, roll by the iron fence of the garden, and we went indoors.

Family after family, each bringing tales of fear and amazement, straggled into the library of the old Petchek mansion, where the ambassador resides. Mrs. Beam greeted us all with good cheer and hot coffee. Several of her Czech servants had also appeared, and she was eager to keep them busy to keep their minds off what was happening, so we sat down to scrambled eggs, bacon, and mountains of toast. The telephone rang continuously throughout the day as frightened tourists tried to check in with the U.S. Embassy (there were 3000 Americans throughout the country, 400 of them delegates to a geology congress in Prague). One of the earliest calls was from our friend Shirley Temple Black, who correctly assumed that her SAS flight to Stockholm that morning would be canceled.

By about eight o'clock it had already begun to seem like a very long day. The sound of the great transport planes was tapering off, and we were treated instead to the scream of jet fighter-bombers circling intermittently overhead. The boys walked Bogey in the garden, played a little tennis, swiftly read all their books. Some of the younger embassy children became increasingly restless, and I found myself organizing relay races and games of Red Rover on the lawn in order to work off their excess energy.

While we were playing, a rather lost looking African walked through the outer gates of the residence and asked for our help. He said he was here with his East German wife and two small children, and hoped to take refuge in the Ghanaian Embassy, but didn't know where it was. His sad family appeared from behind a bush, and we invited them in for some coffee. The little girls joined into the Red Rover game for a few turns,

and then they reluctantly started off. Within five minutes we heard some terrible shouting and calling in the direction they had taken. The whole family came running back, breathlessly saying that a man had been shot and they couldn't go on. For the next half hour there were sporadic and then real bursts of rifle fire from the direction of the castle, the seat of the Czech government. John told us later that the Soviets had shot up the Swiss Embassy, which is right next to the castle. When the Swiss Ambassador protested to the Soviets, they replied that they had received sniper fire from the upper stories. It was several hours before the African family dared venture forth again.

The long morning wore on. The boys were caught in their moods between binocular enjoyment of the machines of war, tension and fear as it became clear that people were actually being shot at, and restlessness, as there was little for them to do but watch the endless cavalcade and listen to the penetrating grinding roar of the great tanks as they rolled by, scarring the carefully cobbled patterns of Dubenec.

Just before lunch I walked across the garden to our house to get Mitchell's folding crib for a very small embassy baby who was to spend the night at the residence. I left the door unlocked for a moment while I went to the basement to locate the crib, and when I came back upstairs, I was tremulously greeted by the two old women who had been working with painters on the interior of the house. They apologized for being late to work, but they explained that they had had to walk through the entire city to get here. I was, needless to say, overwhelmed by their dedication, and they were obviously exhausted, so I had them up to the kitchen, and there over bread and cheese and coffee they described to me the sights they had seen that day — the tanks, the shooting, the bloody flags, the racing, screaming ambulances. They both remembered the Germans' arrival in 1939, but they said it was nothing like this. Tears streamed down their faces as they told me of the sons they had lost in that war. "Ah, our unlucky, unhappy little country," they moaned. "You were blessed, dear lady, that you were not born in such a country." And now what would they do? On the walk through the city they had seen such breadlines. Soon there would be no food in the city, they said.

I sent them off again on their weary trip home as soon as they seemed able to go, and made them promise not to come back until the situation was quieter. I felt as deeply mournful as they as I watched them trudge away.

The afternoon somehow passed as the morning had. We took brief, restless naps, struggled to understand the intermittent broadcasting of Radio Prague, to find the BBC or Voice of America re-

ports on shortwave, although they always seemed far behind the telephone calls from the embassy. Around one or two o'clock we heard what sounded like distant shelling. My stomach turned over as I thought of how Prague had been spared during the Second World War and now might be mutilated by senseless aggression.

The traffic in the street became louder and louder. When we ventured out to the wrought-iron fence, we could see that all the tanks, supply trucks, assault guns, and anti-aircraft vehicles had indeed done the ultimate in military stupidity and gotten themselves into a traffic jam right in front of our gates. The hot tired young Russian soldiers leaned over their steering wheels, some asking passersby rather plaintively what city this was, and how far to Prague. Some even thought they were still on maneuvers in Poland.

A group of young Czechs engaged the stalled soldiers in conversation, using schoolboy Russian which I could easily understand:

"What do you mean, the workers of Czechoslovakia invited you to come? We are workers ourselves, and we don't want you here at all!" That one was bantering, brazen, desperate. The Russian soldiers, themselves not much more than teen-agers, answered doggedly: "We are here on a visit of friendship to the progressive workers —"

The Czech boys laughed out loud: "If you come as tourists, that's fine, but in tanks? Great friendship!"

Later one of the boys came over to the fence and talked blatantly with me: "These Russians are stupid animals. Those dumps they've got. They aren't tanks — they're tractors!"

A line of Russian tanks and armored cars had taken up a position right across the street from the staff house, their officers moving into the house of the former conservative Czech Minister of Defense, who had been ousted in the spring. Bold young Czechs waving large Czech flags drove by shouting insults. The Russian guards held their rifles lowered, became increasingly grim and trigger-happy.

At about five thirty John came home. He had been going hard since 2 A.M. and was weary. Over supper back at our own house he told us about his day, his difficulties trying to help American tourists get out of the country, the three-hour walk he had taken around Prague. The ambassador had sent out embassy officers in groups of two all during the day for observation and reporting of the situation, and during his turn he and another officer had crossed the river and gone into the Old Town Square, scene of many student gatherings and liberal harangues during the past few months. Now the beautiful Renaissance square, with the dramatic statue of Jan Hus in its center, was filled

with tanks and marching demonstrators shouting, "Dubček, Dubček, Svoboda a Svobodu." The statue of Hus was draped with a flag saying simply "Go Home" in Russian. Over an exhibition hall on the side of the square an advertisement for a show of Soviet Contemporary Art of the Twenties stared ironically down on Soviet tanks of the sixties.

They walked on to Wenceslas Square in the main part of town, where the natural history museum and the Good King on horseback look down over what might pass for Prague's Broadway. It too was filled with tanks and thousands of people, including trucks full of Czech boys waving flags and taunting the soldiers. While they stood assessing the situation and looking up at the bullet-scarred Greek columns on the north wing of the museum, they heard explosions from behind it and saw great balls of fire cascading down in the direction of the Prague Radio building. After half an hour of intermittent fiery explosions, automatic-rifle bursts, and periodic rushes of darting ambulances, fourteen tanks, some with muzzle covers torn off, rumbled down toward where they were standing, and one came to a halt several feet from John, its load of heavily armed infantrymen staring tensely at the crowd which scuttled onto the sidewalk. Another squad of infantry, scuffed and sweating, marched out of the smoke, bayonets fixed. Apparently some young Czechs had made a barricade of turned-over trams behind the museum near the vital headquarters of the Radio, which still broadcast condemnations of the invasion, and the Russians had rolled up over it, crushing a car, exploding an ammunition truck, and shooting up the adjacent buildings. The price in dead and wounded was close to thirty, including two shot down in the street as they approached the Soviet soldiers with leaflets.

As we fell exhausted into bed there was a light rain outside and the city was quiet. Who could know what the next days might bring?

THURSDAY morning, August 22, we were awakened early by tanks in the street. The boys and I stayed at home, though we checked frequently at the ambassador's residence for telephone and radio information. It was becoming increasingly apparent that the Soviets would have a hard time finding collaborators within the Czech Party. Threats mounted. There was to be an eight o'clock curfew. Water in some areas of Prague might be turned off.

Meanwhile the U.S. Embassy and the residence continued to be swamped with phone calls from anxious tourists and friends and relatives abroad. At one point I answered the telephone at the

residence and found myself talking to an English-speaking operator in Frankfurt who said she had thirty calls from New York for anyone at the embassy. Before I knew what was happening, I had been connected with WNEW, a New York City radio station, and found myself being interviewed on the situation. Not knowing what I was authorized to say or whether I should be talking with them at all, I assured them that the sun was shining, that there were tanks in the streets and airplanes overhead, that I personally had been taken by surprise, that I did have children, but that we were not afraid and did not plan to leave Prague.

John spent the day again working to get the American tourists out of the country. A convoy of some 200 cars started toward West Germany via Pilsen, with Shirley Temple Black and our young cultural attaché in the lead car. About ten kilometers outside the city they were stopped by a Soviet tank, and John went out to help them proceed. An embassy officer with a good high-level contact in the Ministry of Transport also arranged that a train leave Vrsovice Station at 7 p.m. for Austria. Staff members drove private cars around to the various main hotels to take the aged and infirm to the station. All others were asked to get there under their own steam, which generally meant walking. The train left a bit after seven, carrying 400 Americans plus 150 others.

For the most part, we felt increasingly trapped in our little compound with the view from the fence, and the hurried talks of our busy husbands were not enough for us to feel we were really understanding and participating in the historic moment.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, we were again awakened by tanks at about six o'clock. Perhaps truly war-weary people learn eventually to sleep through the ugly grinding roar, but we found it impossible. John left early for the embassy, having backed our car up against the outer gate so it could not be opened from the outside. Again the boys and I followed our new routines of radio listening, fence hanging, plane spotting, and visits to the ambassador's residence. The water had not been cut off, and the eight o'clock curfew of the previous evening had not been violated in our neighborhood, as far as we could tell.

Around two o'clock the ambassador's wife came over to tell us that John was about to take a tour of the city and that we could join him. Our spirits soared with this exciting news. At last our world would reach beyond the iron-fenced garden.

Aside from the staggering number of tanks, trucks, and soldiers everywhere in evidence, and

the long lines of people queued up for vegetables and bread, the most amazing feature of the city was the signs and flags which covered every building and lamppost, every window and wall, every truck, and every lapel. This outpouring of Czech bitterness and humor at their desperate situation astonishingly enough had been posted under the very muzzles of the Soviet guns. On many walls people had written, "Wake up, Lenin! Brezhnev has gone out of his mind!" We also saw "What will your mama say to you when you go home, murderer?", "Liberators in 1945; Occupiers in 1968," "Create sexual tension among the occupiers."

On some of the walls there were the license plate numbers of cars driven by the handful of Czech secret police who had collaborated with the Russians. Signs told people to look for these cars and disable them. In the Old Town Square one of them stood as an exhibit, its tires slashed.

We walked up Wenceslas Square, which was filled with people as well as tanks in spite of an increasingly heavy rain. Every few minutes people would swarm around a car or some individual who was handing out printed sheets. Often only primitively mimeographed, these contained scraps of the latest news, pictures, background information, or someone's personal or group appeal to the Russian soldiers. The young soldiers themselves looked increasingly morose, sodden with the steady rain, bored, and obviously rather depressed with the unfriendly welcome they were getting. The mood of the Czechs, in contrast, seemed to be one of devil-may-care elation as the bizarre humor of their flimsy little paper signs mocked the stern steel which filled their streets. It made one wonder how long the delicate balance could go on, how long before the Soviets would get serious.

Later in the evening, as I ate dinner with John and discussed the news that Svoboda was apparently in Moscow, it seemed only too clear that the Russians were here to get what they wanted, and whether it took concessions by Svoboda or the establishment of martial law, they would get it or most of it.

SATURDAY was a relatively quiet day. The troops were settling in, and the Czechs were settling down to a routine of brilliantly planned passive resistance. The evening before, Prague Radio, still mysteriously broadcasting, had reported that the Soviet Secret Police was about to begin a roundup operation to pull in political agitators. The Radio urged all good Czech citizens to make their job difficult by taking down street signs and numbers. Sure enough, on Saturday morning there was not a road sign or number in the entire city. No one



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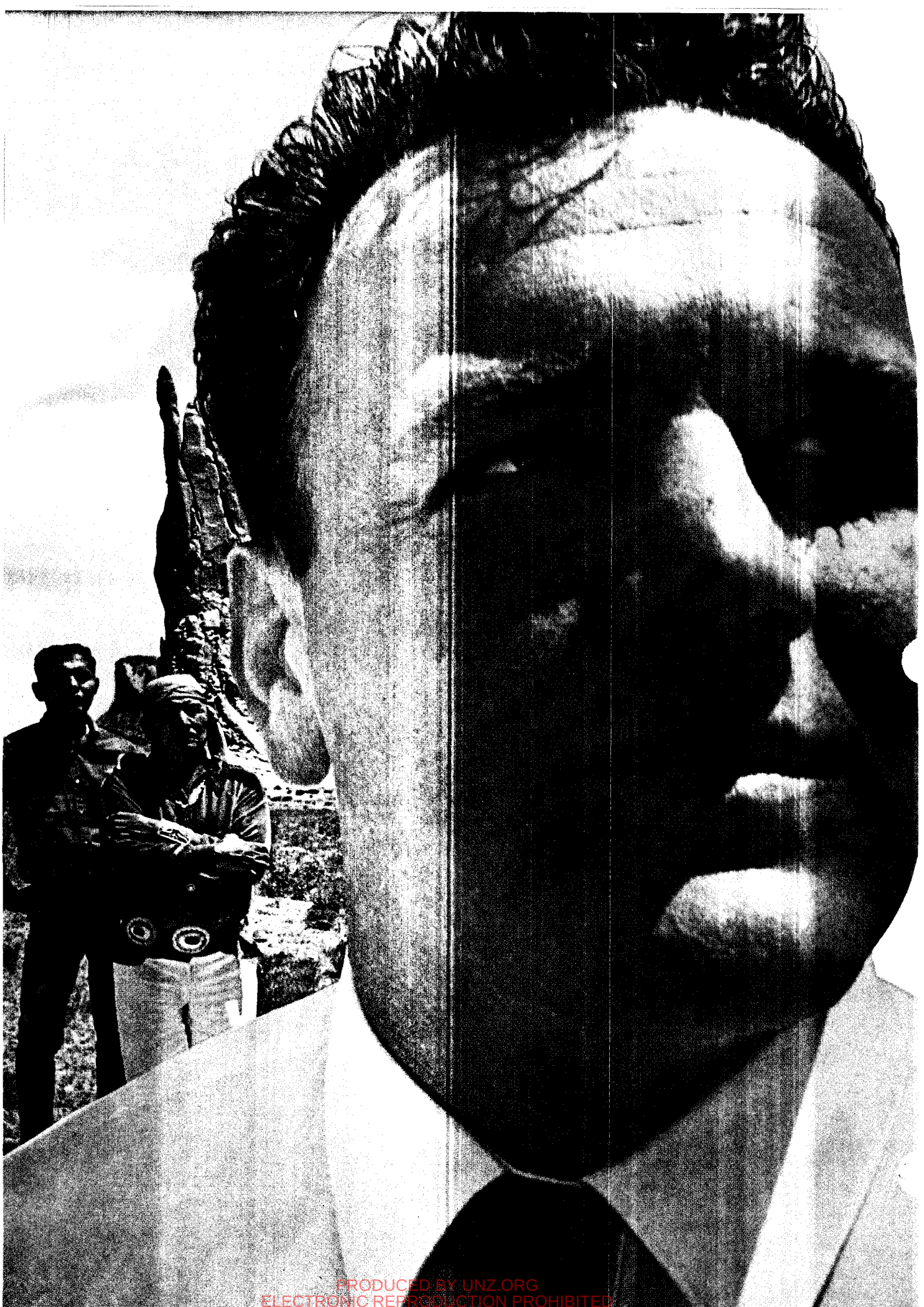
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had seen it happen, but it had been done, despite the eight o'clock curfew. The expunging of directions had been so effective that a Viennese workman who had been fixing the roof at the ambassador's residence was unable to find his way even to the center of Prague. A story made the rounds about the Polish tanks that arrived back at the Polish border having lost their way and asked directions from some Czech bystanders.

The action on our street was fairly quiet most of the day, but the air was noisier than previously. Almost every half hour we were treated to a helicopter overflight, and by the end of the afternoon, Mitchell had a new word firmly embedded in his vocabulary: "plane-plane."

In the evening the BBC was reduced to reporting rumors, all unconfirmed, that Dubček was safely back in Prague, that Soviet and East German troops were being replaced by fresh units because of the low morale, that some military units were moving toward the Rumanian border. There was apparently truth in the report that Svoboda had insisted, Dubček also be permitted to take part in the negotiations in Moscow, the outcome of which the whole world tensely awaited.

SUNDAY was the most beautiful day of the summer. After John had left for the embassy, the boys and I joined Mrs. Beam on her wide terrace for coffee. As we sat there chatting, little Mitchell tapped Mrs. Beam gently on the elbow and offered her a present he had just picked up. Was it a leaf or a flower or perhaps a stone that had caught his fancy? This was a very special find — a Soviet rifle bullet!

Several minutes later a couple of actors from an American movie being made outside Prague appeared. They had stayed behind when the rest of the company had departed the day before. They described some of their experiences to us: one of them had started a conversation with a Soviet soldier and was almost lynched by a Czech mob shouting "collaborator!" Then they had witnessed a new version of "Bonnie and Clyde": the Soviets had managed to take the Czech National Bank with only four tanks and no resistance.

John took us on another inspection drive, this time following several of the main roads out of Prague. Again we saw long lines of people waiting for food and gasoline, and even ten or fifteen kilometers outside the city there were signs everywhere, "Moskva 1800 kms.," "Svoboda — we believe only you." There were also signs warning drivers of control points where their cars would be searched. With our diplomatic plates we had no problems (although some of our colleagues did

at other times), but Czechs had to get out of their cars and lift the seats out as well as open the trunk. On the whole, though, it was a lovely peaceful hour in the country. The few soldiers we did see seemed to be taking it easy. One little encampment under a bridge by the Vltava was doing laundry and splashing about in the river. Everywhere we drove, inside and outside the city, people cheered and waved to us because of a little American flag Jack had drawn and pasted inside the front window of the car.

In the evening just about curfew time two rather languid Princeton boys came to our living room window and asked if they could sleep in their car in our driveway. They had just driven into Czechoslovakia that day, for kind of a lark, and thought they might drive on into East Germany. They'd been having a ball laughing and joking with the Russian soldiers, they said. As they came into Prague, they thought they heard fire-crackers. What could that have been? Our attempts to persuade them that this was a serious situation proved futile, so we sent them back out to their car to sleep, warning them about the curfew.

Ten minutes after they had left, a terrific round of firing broke out on our corner and other nearby corners. John and I turned out the lights which targeted our bedroom windows and listened to it from behind the beds. While the firing was still going on, we heard a call from the darkness below, and when the firing stopped John stuck his head out the window to find out if the boys were all right. The call had apparently come from a young embassy officer in the staff house who was also worried about the boys. When he went out to see how they were, he found them leaning against the fence gawking in the midst of machine-gun fire, saying, "Gee, what's goin' on?" He finally prevailed upon them to sleep on the floor of the staff house shower room. We could only hope that he had also been able to persuade them to leave the country immediately and stop causing the already harassed American Embassy additional vexation.

MONDAY morning at seven thirty Mrs. Beam rang the doorbell and said that fire had broken out in the embassy during the night. It was caused by some electrical misconnection, and no one yet knew the extent of the damage or how it would interfere with operations at the embassy. The second item of news was that Russian soldiers had climbed over the wall of the upper garden at the embassy and were found there peacefully picking apples. They left only after some firm talk from our First Secretary, Mark Garrison.

Just after lunch, a Czech friend appeared on the

terrace quite breathless. He could be arrested any minute, he said, and he needed advice on which frontier was the best to try to get over and how to get hard currency. He had no hope that anything good for his country could possibly come out of the situation. This was the first Czech who had appealed to us personally, and although we had no idea what his specific political difficulty was, his appeal heightened my sense of frustration at being able to do so little to help what was obviously the right side in this conflict. All we could do was recommend the Austrian border, give him the names of friends in Vienna, and wish him luck if he decided he had to go.

The evening BBC reported that the Russian grip was tightening, that Prague was now cut off from the rest of the country, and that a transmitter for Radio Prague near Pilsen had been destroyed. It also reported that leaders in Prague were anxious about the prolongation of the Moscow negotiations, and listed possible Czech bargaining positions, including silencing of the press and permission for the Soviets to station their troops on the West German border. Just as I was preparing dinner the lights went off, as a kind of punctuation to the news that the "grip was tightening."

During the night we were awakened several times by the noise of tanks, but in the morning the electricity was back on, and our telephone worked. I drove over to the embassy with John, and there were virtually no evidences of the occupation. At several of the points where there had been heavy concentrations of Russians, Czech soldiers had taken over, and people driving by cheered them. We were told later that the Russian troops had moved outside the city, although some 300 tanks still remained less conspicuously at key points within the city limits.

The top news was that Svoboda and Dubček had returned to Prague very early in the morning and would hold a press conference at 10 A.M. In the afternoon Svoboda and Dubček did speak to their country:

We feel responsible for the trust you placed in us. Please in the name of all that is dear to our nation, do not allow yourselves to be carried away by your emotions to do anything that would mean a national catastrophe. . . . Support the efforts for consolidating conditions so that the armies on our territory can begin gradually to leave our country.

The Czech people wouldn't have taken such news from anyone but Dubček. For twenty years they had taught themselves not to believe anyone, and then with the coming of Dubček they had decided that here at last was a man who spoke the truth. When he returned from Moscow and told his country what had transpired there, they wept, but most of them accepted it.

Ten days after the invasion John and I took an evening drive around Prague. Hardly a car was moving; the streets were empty of people; no trams or buses were in sight. No theaters or movies were open, nor were any cafés or restaurants. The lovely old Town Square, full of students and tourists in discussion ten nights earlier, was silent and deserted, its heroic statue of Jan Hus alone and unadorned. Driving away from it through the narrow streets, we could see only an occasional Soviet tank or armored vehicle in the shadows. On usually busy Václavské Náměstí small groups of young people clustered around Soviet soldiers standing at their posts with slung weapons. The pact of silence with regard to them had lasted until the Czechoslovak leadership had announced on August 26 their extended stay. Now, in the absence of any other outlet for discussion, the Czechs talked with the Soviets. The word we caught constantly from their ragged Russian was "*Pochemu*?" — "Why?" At the foot of the Wenceslas statue the growing banks of flowers around the obituaries of three teenagers, one of whom had been shot down in the square, seemed to ask the same question. The only poster remaining from the vast display of the previous week was a printed photograph of a sorrowful face inside the window of a phone booth. A blood-red tear dripped from one of the eyes, and on the tear was written, "August 21, 1968." In small print at the bottom: "*Pravda Zvítězí*" — "Truth Conquers," the Czech national motto. A modest black-bordered obituary notice nearby, styled like the usual death notice, read:

It is our sad duty to announce the death on August 21, 1968 of the friendship between the Czechoslovak people and that of the five neighbor members of the Warsaw Pact whose troops have occupied our country.

On that evening, with the previous ten days still pressing in upon us, it seemed impossible that Prague would ever come to life again. Indeed, any evidence of the old life would have seemed to be a form of collaboration. But as the days stretched into weeks, and we marked each Tuesday evening as three, four, five weeks "post-invasion," the inevitable routines took over. Prague became caught up in a struggle to achieve the "normalization" which Moscow had prescribed as a precondition for withdrawal of troops. The shops were filled with food again; schools opened; very gradually the street signs reappeared; all Czechs on a series of so-called "Dubček shifts" worked overtime to repair the damage done by the invasion.

Our Czech friends began to call us again, and many seemed almost defiantly eager to see us, to continue overtly their connections with Americans. Always, over coffee, playing chamber music, on walks in the garden, the conversation drifted to

one topic: should they or should they not try to leave the country. Reports came regularly over the radio on which borders were most strict or most open; statistics flew about on how many thousands of Czechs were now in Vienna, were now flying to Canada, had settled in Argentina. It was rumored that many of the top people in the Czech film industry were in northern Italy. For most, though, a kind of pessimistic wait-and-see attitude prevailed.

In spite of the general atmosphere of sadness and depression, the courage of the invasion week persisted in new forms. During the early weeks of September the concert and opera seasons began in Prague, both with programs of music on Czech nationalist themes. After a special performance of *Má Vlast (My Country)* by Smetana, there was a kind of religious restraint, a hushed pause, and then clapping for minutes on end, while the orchestra stood very quietly.

Toward mid-September neon lights came back on in Wenceslas Square. The movie theaters opened again showing a wide selection of foreign films, none of which originated in the Warsaw Pact countries. A Czech film on the adventures of the Good Soldier Schweik, the great Czech symbol of humorous resistance to authority, was vastly popular, and the whacky simplicity of Chaplin and the Keystone Kops revivals seemed just what the Czechs needed to release their frustrations in laughter. Art galleries were slower to open since Czech artists refused to exhibit until the Soviet troops vacated the building of the Artists Union, where many were billeted. Theaters and jazz clubs were also slower, waiting perhaps for signals on what line their "normalization" should take. But as one friend of ours told us when discussing the possibility of continuing exchanges of visits with Western intellectuals at the Academy of Sciences, "The invasion wasn't our idea, and until we are specifically told not to, normalization to us means going right ahead with the exciting plans and liberal developments we had in process before August 20."

The annual Erno Trade Fair proceeded on this principle. After asking the Russian soldiers to vacate the fairgrounds, they managed to open September 14, one week behind schedule, with specially strong representation from the West Germans. John and I drove down to Erno two days after the opening, and it was interesting to

observe how the crowd boycotted exhibits of the friendly Warsaw Pact neighbors for the first few days.

Schweikian stories continued to make the rounds in Prague. There was the one about the small town outside Prague which took a historic signpost from the Austro-Hungarian Empire out of its local museum and posted it on the road the Russians were due to come along. When the soldiers got there, they climbed out of their tanks, carefully read the sign, scratched their heads, decided they must have reached the Austrian border, and so turned around and drove back the way they had come.

The most bitter post-invasion joke defined "gradual withdrawal" of Soviet troops as lasting 200 years at the current rate of one soldier being withdrawn each day. Although this estimate was rather pessimistic, it was apparent to us when we came across large encampments of troops, tanks, and radio equipment just outside Prague that the Warsaw Pact neighbors intended to stay around for a while. Diplomats and journalists also described to us the way the Soviets were settling down for the winter in the woods near the borders.

One Sunday in October, we drove out through the gentle Bohemian countryside to visit the summer home and burial plot of the Masaryk family in Lany. There were many Czechs walking through the graveyard, which was reopened to the public last April for the first time since 1949. The graves were covered with fresh flowers and new wreaths with streamers which read, "We will be true to your heritage."

On Saint Wenceslas Day, 1968, a group of young people in Prague attempted a quiet but short-lived demonstration in spite of the Soviet presence. The tenth-century legend was the one they passed around, that the soldiers of the Good King lie sleeping in the Bohemian hills ready to come forth and defend their country when she is in need. That day and every day since August 20, one could feel and share the yearning of people here and everywhere that those ancient knights would indeed awaken and ride forth, bringing new hope, new courage, and new dreams to the people of Czechoslovakia.

Mrs. Baker, a graduate of Radcliffe, is the wife of an American diplomat currently serving in the U.S. Embassy in Prague.

BOOKS and MEN *It is twenty-seven years since DARKNESS AT NOON stamped its indelible imprint. Its author is now in his sixty-fourth year, and his publishers are honoring him with a uniform edition of his works to date. Here Oscar Handlin reviews the intellectual development of a man whose life has led him back repeatedly to three themes: "the consequences of man's will to transform society; the nature of his place in the world; and his capacity for rational understanding and action."* Mr. Handlin, Charles Warren Professor of History at Harvard, author of eighteen books, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1952, is at work on a biography of Abraham Lincoln.



THE WORLDS OF ARTHUR KOESTLER

by OSCAR HANDLIN

PRIDE in their personal powers of discovery all too often prevents intellectuals from learning out of the experience of others. Each generation insists upon its uniqueness, so that there is no cumulative quality to the stock of wisdom. The young men grow old without knowing it. Believing in the continuity of their ideas, they can hardly understand the gap that widens between them and their successors. Meanwhile, the restless aftercomers, incapable of recognizing their proper predecessors, prefer to make their own mistakes and discount the value of secondhand thoughts.

Perhaps that is why Arthur Koestler some fifteen years ago decided to turn away from political themes. He had said all he had to say about these subjects. "Now the errors are atoned, the bitter passion has burnt itself out, Cassandra has gone hoarse — let others carry on." Although the events of the intervening years have gone a long way toward substantiating his analysis, his withdrawal is comprehensible. Yet it would be unfortunate if his present silence should obscure the clarity of his earlier writings on these issues. Only Ignazio Silone, among living authors, was able as lucidly and as authentically to describe the radicalism of the three decades after 1918. And the young people of the left, would they only listen, have much to learn from that experience.

The Danube Edition in which Macmillan is now reprinting Koestler's complete works offers the opportunity for a review of his intellectual development. His career mixed action and reflection; it led through the great political and ideological crises of the mid-twentieth century; and it produced an impressive body of writing, utilizing a variety of media. Trained as a scientist, he was a journalist by profession and expressed his ideas through the novel. His books, whether science, fiction, autobiography, or current essays, have in common a respect for learning, a sensitivity to the long-term as against the transient issues, and a dedication to the truth. These are far from commonplace qualities in contemporary literature.

Again and again, the circumstances of Koestler's life led him back to three engrossing themes: the consequences of man's will to transform society; the nature of his place in the world; and his capacity for rational understanding and action.

Koestler was twenty-six years old in 1931 when he joined the Communist Party. At the time he was a well-known journalist, foreign editor of *B.Z. am Mittag*, and one of the stars of Ullstein Verlag, the Berlin publishers. He relinquished it all, although four years earlier he had been close to starvation in Palestine. A romantic Zionist

impulse had taken him to the Holy Land in 1926. He had then given up his degree at the Polytechnik and a promising scientific career with as little hesitation as he later exchanged the perquisites of his editorial office for the Party card.

The alternations of risk and withdrawal, of acceptance and rejection, of hope and disillusion, were more than idiosyncratic. The precocious only child of a prosperous Hungarian Jewish industrialist, Koestler was willful and determined, inclined to undervalue the prizes he could win too easily. Moral indignation, he knew, affected him in a direct physical manner. "I can feel, during an attack, the infusion of adrenalin into the bloodstream, the craving of the muscles, flooded with blood-sugar, for violent action." Therefore the striving was as important as the goal. Yet the decision to enter the Communist Party and to remain in it for eight years also sprang from an objective appraisal of the chaos into which Europe was sliding in the 1930s. Koestler sought in Communism a means of saving something from the disaster that he felt certain was about to overwhelm the people of the Continent.

Beneath the patina of journalistic toughness characteristic of his early books — *Dialogue With Death* (1937) and *Scum of the Earth* (1941) — is an underlying sense of tenderness about the human condition. Both accounts deal with Koestler's imprisonment, in the first while condemned to death by Franco, in the second while an inmate in a French concentration camp. Yet Koestler writes not as a victim but as a sympathetic observer of the victimization of others. He is therefore blessedly free of self-pity or bathos. Prison is an experience, but it is also a vantage point. It enables the author to look upon man stripped of rights, reduced to elemental helplessness, at his least protected and most exploited. And however much the tough Koestler may wish to stifle the emotion, his heart goes out to men who, having lost all else, achieve dignity in their nakedness. Oppression makes them all equal, revolutionaries, bystanders, and fascists alike.

The Spanish book he dedicated to a little Andalusian peasant with soft, slightly prominent eyes, one of the poor and the humble, executed because he dared to defend a new order which might perhaps one day have taught him to read. A refugee family in the Malaga garden revealed, in the wretched belongings they struggled to save, the permanent misery of the masses of this world. Even the weary shrug of a jailer expressed for Koestler "an entire human philosophy of shame, resignation and apathy. 'The world's like that,' he seemed to be saying, 'and neither I nor you will ever change it.'"

The power of sheer empathy, which later (1957) erupted also in a passionate condemnation of

capital punishment, at first took the form of an insistence that will and idea could change the world. When he wrote of Spain, Koestler still believed in the redemptive capacity of revolutionary Communism. But that confidence had ebbed during the Moscow trials. He left the Party in 1938, and the Hitler-Stalin pact completed his disillusionment.

THREE powerful novels between 1939 and 1943 explored the dynamics of the revolutionary process and its consequences for man's hope of improvement. *Arrival and Departure* (1943), the third in the trilogy, is the least successful, for it moves beyond the argument of the futility of revolution to an explanation of the motives of the revolutionary, which it discovers in a personal sense of guilt. The other two volumes, *The Gladiators* (1939) and *Darkness at Noon* (1941), deal directly with the forces of revolt, the one set in ancient Rome, the other in Moscow of the 1930s.

There were ambiguous elements in *The Gladiators*, which Koestler started while still a Party member. The revolution Spartacus led went wrong, in the process needlessly sacrificing thousands of innocents. But Koestler could explain the failure within a Marxist framework. Spartacus, ignorant of the social forces involved, drew back from the ruthless suppression of dissidents and therefore condemned himself to defeat. The implication remained that more decisive action might have led to victory.

There could be no such uncertainty about the meaning of *Darkness at Noon*, which laid bare the dark workings of the Russian Revolution, on which many radicals and liberals had, for decades, fastened their hopes. The campaign of vilification mounted by Stalin's intellectual hatchetmen against Koestler demonstrated their sensitivity to the novel's charges, although the truth of its analysis could not be proven until Khrushchev began to reveal some of the secrets of his predecessor's regime. Every document that has come out of the Soviet Union since then has confirmed the uncanny accuracy of Koestler's version of the Moscow trials.

Darkness at Noon directs our attention to the ethical problem of revolution. The individual cannot resort to violence, as Spartacus did, simply on the ground that he knows the greater good of the whole society. There would be no end to the use of force thus unleashed. Rubashov, the old revolutionary, understands that the Communist appeal emanates from a whole view of human development. "We dug in the primeval mud of history and there we found her laws."

But the logical consistency which demanded that the first blow be struck also called into service the police and the torture chamber. The danger re-

maintained that men might come to divergent conclusions though they started from the same point of departure. Proof could disprove proof, so that to act, it was finally necessary to recur to faith — to axiomatic faith in the rightness of the Party's reasoning, which validated the use of force. But the men in black, once called into service, made their own demands for continuation of the terror, appealing for justification to the same axiomatic faith. There was no denying the logic by which they argued that the end made necessary the means. That logic unfolded in the brilliant interrogations of the condemned man by his inquisitors, which finally elicited the false confession. Rubashov sacrificed himself because, although he was innocent in actuality, the larger purpose of the Party required his guilt.

Koestler emphasized both the plausibility of this last step and its depravity. He insisted that some means were not justified by any end. Yet in purely rational terms he was unable to break the chain of logic which led the Party from its premises to its conclusions. Ultimately, his unwillingness to follow stemmed from his inability to regard the life or death of any human being as an abstract occurrence which could be weighed in some mathematical equilibrium of means and ends. He drew back because people were not for him, as they were for Rubashov and the Communists, simply the anonymous masses manipulated by power.

The brutal torture scenes in all Koestler's novels have been criticized for rhetorical exaggeration and sensationalism. He himself connects these tormented descriptions with the memory of a traumatic tonsillectomy at the age of five; and no doubt his own later prison experiences added to his awareness of fear. Whatever their psychological source, the passages devoted to the beatings and hangings express his empathy with the victims and plead for assurance that men are not things to be used for a political purpose.

UNTIL 1945 the unity of the war against Nazism concealed some of the political implications of the analysis of revolution. But the post-war confrontation between the West and Communism restated the old questions in an uncomfortable form. Koestler had little sympathy for the gradual improvements of parliamentary democracy, and he understood all too well the dangers of Red totalitarianism. His novel *The Age of Longing* (1951) and the essays in *The Trail of the Dinosaur* (1955) deal with the profound dilemma of the former revolutionary in the post-war era.

In the novel, Julien, who speaks with the voice of the author, observes the confrontation between

Hydie Anderson, the innocent American girl, and Fedya Nikitin, the Red agent. Nikitin is repulsive, not so much because he is the tool of a totalitarian regime as because of the basic inhumanity of his belief that everyone is a slave of his reflexes. The Western characters are vulnerable; they operate in a political void and are constantly tempted to surrender their critical faculties in order to creep back into the sheltering womb of the true faith. They are doomed if they yield and plagued by indecision if they do not. The tension produces a neurotic streak in contemporary politics, particularly evident among intellectuals, who are like a sensitive membrane exposed to all the stimuli of events in society. Torn between the poles of the yogi and the commissar, they vacillate between the impulse to withdrawal and contemplation and the desire to act and rule.

The Lotus and the Robot (1961) is the record of Koestler's fugitive hope that the wisdom of the Orient might contain a clue to the solution of the Westerners' dilemma. This devastatingly funny account of India and Japan disposes of any such illusion. Koestler is then left with the uncompromising judgment he had already perceived in 1944: "The interregnum of the next decades will be a time of distress and of gnashing of teeth. We shall live in the hollow of the historical wave." The only tolerable posture is that of the short-term pessimist, convinced of ultimate victory, the nature of which he can only guess. He must apply the brakes while the social drift is downward, but remain ready to fire up the engine as soon as there is a sign of some upward movement.

Why then struggle? "If you don't believe in a transcendental justice, in ultimate punishment and reward, what prevents you from becoming an opportunist?" asks Father Millet in *The Age of Longing*. Julien answers. To understand mankind is neither to forgive, nor to yield to illusion, nor to crawl back into any warm bed of faith, but to be able to wait expectantly. "Those who are under the curse of honesty to themselves must remain mangy lone wolves with nowhere to huddle for warmth."

For almost two decades, while politics has remained for him in the hollow of the wave, Koestler has been seeking warmth in a larger view of mankind. *Insight and Outlook* (1949), *The Sleepwalkers* (1959), *The Act of Creation* (1964), and *The Ghost in the Machine* (1967) are all, in their various ways, efforts to situate man in a coherent vision of the universe. To do so he ventures boldly to disregard the conventional disciplines within which modern knowledge is compartmentalized. He has the advantage of daring in an era in which scholarship generally asserts its conclusions timidly and tentatively; and he is able enough to deal intelligently

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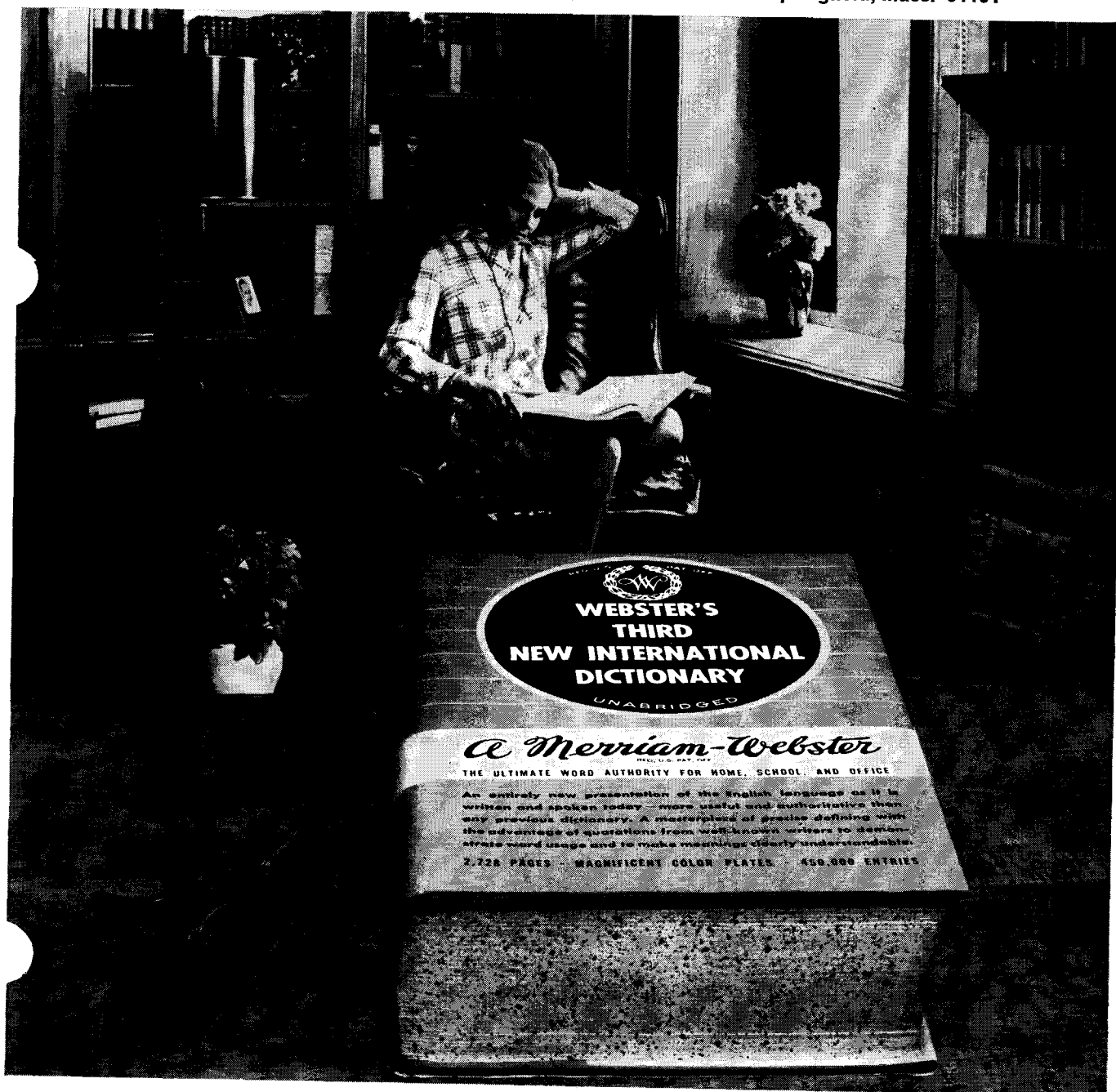
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The exposition in these books is not systematic or analytical. Although Koestler is groping toward a comprehensive theory, he does not attempt to prove it in a scientific fashion. The argument is literary; it depends upon parables and analogies and seeks to convince the reader by satisfying descriptions of a whole vision rather than by precision of detail. The wit of his sallies against behaviorist psychology and the absolute certainty with which he writes about much of which scientists are still uncertain cover over some awkward crevices in his theory. But discussion of these matters is not really germane to his purpose.

The fundamental question that occupies Koestler in these books is that distilled from his political works: does man's schizophrenic nature doom him to destruction? *The Ghost in the Machine* poses the issue bluntly. Evolution erred in the course of the growth of the human neocortex and left implanted in man a paranoid streak which has repeatedly asserted itself through history. In the past, the resulting disasters were limited and tolerable; they might damage a generation or sweep away a nation, but they did not threaten the existence of the species. Now, however, we arrive at a moment of climax, for unrestrained population growth has upset the ecological balance of the earth and the amassed power of nuclear destruction can incinerate the total achievements of the past.

The Ghost in the Machine pleads for a biochemical discovery that will normalize humanity by improving the coordination among the circuits of the brain, will attenuate conflicts and prevent the blowing of fuses. The breakthrough from maniac to man would permit a rational confrontation with and solution of the earth's critical problems. The vast inquiry carried through these four volumes has a single objective — the demonstration that such an act of creation as is required for the necessary biochemical discovery is possible. Man's responses in any given situation are not simply dictated by external stimuli. Will, knowledge, and conscious effort have a role in the evolutionary process and in all interactions with the environment.

Basic to this conclusion and to the fragments of hope attached to it are a denial and an affirmation. The denial is of utter randomness and accident in the universe, which would leave evolution a totally purposeless and materialistic process. And the affirmation is of the glory and the uniqueness of man in his capacity to adapt to the challenge of changes about him. The hidden source of this consolatory vision, which is perhaps the most in which a sensitive observer of the 1960s can indulge, is thus the same love of man which earlier led Koestler into and beyond radical politics.

Among the illusions Koestler has discarded the Enlightenment's unqualified faith in reason. He has enough self-knowledge and understanding of others to know that there are also other springs of men's actions. In *Darkness at Noon*, he speculates "Perhaps reason alone was a defective compass which led one on such a winding twisted course that the goal finally disappeared in the mist." In *The Age of Longing*, he smiles at "Hercules the Atom-Smasher, longing for a universe whose laws were the same for the stars and men, and were open to the mind's understanding."

Nevertheless, he cannot escape his own faith in rationality. His dismay at psychosomatic politics based on passion, his wish that words be taken seriously, indeed the whole enterprise to locate man's place in the universe rest on the premise that a coherent order will yield its secrets to man's understanding. Reason, he knows, is far from governing human behavior. But it should, even if a miracle drug is required to enable it to.

The belief that man had a unique destiny in an orderly, purposeful, and rationally comprehensible universe was Koestler's legacy from the Central European Jewish world which in a previous generation had produced Freud and Einstein. Koestler's predecessors, who matured before the end of the nineteenth century, had left behind the traditions of Orthodoxy and could pursue discovery optimistically within the stable institutions of the German and Austrian empires. Koestler's circumstances were different and less fortunate. Further removed from tradition than the nineteenth-century young men, he reached adolescence while Europe spun out of control under the shock of a cataclysmic war. He searched for meaning while he himself suffered from the total disorientation of the society about him.

That time of troubles, in the 1920s and 1930s, left him a commitment and an insatiable yearning. The commitment, to which he has adhered through life, was to the inviolability of man's dignity. The yearning for some total, utopian, assurance of human security and freedom led him to Communism, and then, after that god failed, to a quest for a magic creative stroke of science that would effect the transformation that revolution had been incapable of achieving.

The alternative, which the course of his life and the character of his times seemed to close off, was a succession of small steps toward more immediate goals. Koestler, like later generations of radicals, was dubious about the worth of such paltry gains. But the tragic effects of efforts at overreaching, demonstrated in his own life and work, suggest that the more moderate alternative might have been more rewarding. The putative revolutionaries of our own time would do well to ponder the choice.

NO MORE VIETNAMS?

The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy

Part II

In November, the *Atlantic* published Part I of an excerpt from the proceedings of a conference on the lessons of Vietnam held by the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs in Chicago last June. In last month's installment, Adam Yarmolinsky and Theodore Draper opened with a debate about the origins of American involvement in Vietnam, and about theories of limited war. Stanley Hoffmann and Ithiel de Sola Pool put forth conflicting views of America's use of its power.

In this concluding installment, Samuel P. Huntington proposes a case for a continuing active American world role after Vietnam, and for a new emphasis on aid designed to strengthen the political stability of emerging nations. Eqbal Ahmad attacks Professor Huntington's premises from the point of view of one who is a native of "the third world," and other participants in the conference comment. Then, James C. Thomson, Jr., offers a plan for a post-Vietnam foreign policy of "low posture," aimed at avoiding extremes of interventionism and isolationism, and Edwin Reischauer leads a series of responses.

The full proceedings of the conference are soon to be published as *No More Vietnams? The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy* by Harper & Row. Richard M. Pfeffer, a fellow of the Stevenson Institute, both organized the conference and edited the proceedings.

I

In the first installment, Samuel P. Huntington argued that "it seems unlikely that a situation like that which developed in Vietnam will develop elsewhere, in the immediate future." He also cited Frank L. Klingberg's theory of an alternating cycle between active

and passive moods in American foreign policy, and wrote, "The shift in opinion on foreign policy in the mid-1960s appears to be simply the latest alternation of American attitudes toward foreign affairs between introversion and extroversion." Here he continues his discussion:

Samuel Huntington: Whatever happens in Vietnam, tendencies toward introversion will be a reality conditioning American behavior in foreign affairs for the immediate future. A primary problem facing the American political system, and certainly a top issue confronting the President who takes office in January, 1969, will be to reconcile this new restraining attitude with the responsibilities which the United States accumulated during a quarter century of international involvement. In the past, periods of introversion meant isolationism in foreign policy: we could retreat behind the oceans. Today, this is clearly not the case; Walter Lippmann's proposals that the world be divided into spheres of influence and that we limit our concerns to the Western Hemisphere and adjacent waters are very quaint — and quite unrealistic. The nature of distance and the constraints imposed by distance have changed fundamentally and made old-style geographical isolation simply out of the question. The problem now is how to adapt to introversion without succumbing to isolation.

The principal instruments which the United States has used to influence domestic developments in other countries have been economic and technical assistance, military aid, covert operations, and military intervention. In the past, these have not been very effective in promoting political stability; in the future, introversion is likely to make them less

Samuel P. Huntington, chairman of Department of Government, Harvard; consultant to the Policy Planning Council of the Department of State and to AID; author of *Political Order in Changing Societies*. **Eqbal Ahmad**, assistant professor in the School of Industrial and Labor Relations, Cornell University. **William R. Polk**, director of the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs; former member of the Policy Planning Council of the Department of State. **Sir Robert Thompson**, Deputy Secretary and Secretary for the Defense of Malaya, 1957-1961; head of the British Advisory Mission in Vietnam, 1961-1965. **Chester Cooper**, director of the International and Social Studies Division, Institute for Defense Analyses; Special Assistant to Ambassador Harriman, 1966-1967; senior member of the National Security Council Staff responsible for Asian Affairs, 1964-1966. **Stanley Hoffmann**, professor of government, Harvard; author of *Gulliver's Troubles*. **Daniel Ellsberg**, RAND Corporation consultant to the Department of Defense on Vietnam; Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, 1964-1965. **Theodore Draper**, author of *Castroism: Theory and Practice*, and *Abuse of Power*. **John McDermott**, associate editor of *Viet-Report*; author of *Profile of Vietnamese History*. **James C. Thomson, Jr.**, assistant professor of history, Harvard; East Asian specialist at Department of State and White House, 1961-1966. **Edwin Reischauer**, University Professor, Harvard; Ambassador to Japan, 1961-1966; author of *Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia*. **Hans Morganthau**, professor of political science and modern history at the University of Chicago; author of *Politics Among Nations* and *Politics in the Twentieth Century*. **Frances FitzGerald**, author of articles on Vietnamese politics, including "The Tragedy of Saigon," *Atlantic*, December, 1966, and "The Struggle and the War," *Atlantic*, August, 1967.

available to foreign policy makers. Economic and military assistance programs will undoubtedly continue, but probably at greatly reduced levels. The reluctance of any Administration to intervene militarily will be very great. The day of the massive foreign policy program may well be past.

Social reform and political institutionalization are two goals, the successful promotion of which in a modernizing country would reduce significantly the likelihood of U.S. military intervention.

Beginning in the last years of the Eisenhower Administration there was an increasing tendency to make American economic assistance to modernizing countries contingent upon those countries' embarking upon appropriate programs of social reform. In 1961, of course, the link between economic

assistance and social reform was crystallized on a grand scale in the Alliance for Progress. The assumption here was quite clearly that by promoting social reform the United States would reduce the likelihood of Castroite revolutions in Latin-American countries and thus avoid the dilemma of either accepting another Communist state in the Western Hemisphere or intervening militarily to prevent it. After 1961 the role of social-economic reform as a means of preventing instability and violence was stressed again and again in negotiations between the United States and aid-receiving governments. It received particular stress, of course, in the relationship between the United States and the GVN.

There are, however, at least two major problems in emphasizing social-economic reform as an alternative to instability. The first concerns the presumed effects of such reforms. It is assumed that reform is a substitute for social revolutions. In some cases, however, reform may well be a catalyst of revolution. This was Tocqueville's argument on the French Revolution; there are reasons to suggest its applicability to contemporary modernizing countries. Reforms aimed at urban and especially middle-class groups seem likely to produce violence and disorder in their wake. Land reforms, in contrast, have usually had the effect of turning peasants from a potentially revolutionary force into a conservative bulwark of the existing order.

A second problem concerns the effects of American efforts to promote social reforms. So long as American efforts remain relatively small and are limited to the carrot and the stick of economic assistance and its denial, the impact of these efforts on social change will be relatively small. Where the United States massively intervenes in a society, however, its effects on the promotion of social reform, economic change, and modernization are likely to be overwhelming and revolutionary. American liberals frequently think of U.S. involvement in the politics of another country as inherently biased on the side of the status quo. This is, however, only a half-truth. In fact, there would appear to be a direct correlation between the scope and direction of American involvement. *The more extensive the American involvement in the politics of another country, the more progressive or reform-oriented is its impact on that country.* In those countries which it has governed militarily or colonially, the impact of the United States has generally tended to undermine and destroy the traditional order, promote social and economic equality, expand human welfare, and stimulate economic development. In the years since World War II, for instance, rapid and thoroughgoing land reforms have (with one exception) been carried out under two auspices: Communist revolution (China, Vietnam, Yugo-

slavia) and American military occupation (Japan, Korea, and at a second remove, Taiwan). The only other country which has carried out a land reform as sweeping as these is Bolivia, and that was done by a revolutionary government financed by the United States.

The revolutionary and modernizing impact which a massive American presence has on a foreign country is in part the result of conscious desire to promote reform and in part simply the by-product of the exposure of a traditional culture to the ways of an egalitarian, affluent, liberal, modern society. On the other hand, where the American presence is relatively limited — and in particular, of course, where the American govern-

The desire for reform promotes the continual expansion of the American presence.

mental presence is limited — the net effect of the American impact tends to be much more conservative; witness most of the states of Central America. In a sense, this relationship between the scale and the direction of the American impact parallels that which students of colonialism have noticed between direct and indirect colonial rule. Countries subjected to a massive and prolonged colonial rule, it is argued, were in a much better position to modernize and develop than those, such as the Middle Eastern countries and China, which were subjected to indirect, marginal, and hence irresponsible colonial influence.

This seemingly positive relationship between intervention and reform obviously creates problems for the American liberal. On the one hand, he is against intervention; on the other, he is in favor of reform. Outside government, he can add up the balance one way or another. In the government, however, and anxious to promote social-economic reform (and this includes, I would argue, the bulk of State, AID, and CIA personnel, despite myths to the contrary), he inevitably also finds himself promoting more and more American intervention. Vietnam is the perfect case in point. There, as in so many other non-Western societies, the forces of traditionalism, elitism, apathy, corruption, family, and self-interest were so strong as to make extremely difficult achievement of reforms through the indigenous political system. As a result, the life of the American adviser was typically one of intensifying frustration. Adhering to the canons of adviser-shipness, the new American arrival inevitably starts by attempting to become chummy with his

Vietnamese counterpart and then gradually tries to induce him to take the actions which to the American seem obviously needed to promote social welfare. The Vietnamese smiles approvingly and does nothing. The American becomes more insistent; the Vietnamese becomes more resistant. In the end the Vietnamese eventually orders some action to be taken, but then also ensures that it will have just the opposite effects than those which the American intended. By that time, the American adviser — who arrived with such idealistic hopes and progressive ideas of promoting social good *with* the Vietnamese — has come to the conclusion that if any good is to be accomplished it must be done by Americans *to* the Vietnamese. If he still has any time left in his twelve- or eighteen-month tour of duty, he will demand five more American assistants and plunge in to do the job himself. The desire for reform thus promotes the continual expansion of the American presence; and the expansion of the American presence promotes both intended and unintended social and economic change.

This issue of reform versus nonintervention is perhaps most dramatically posed by the problem of corruption. Many of those Americans who have voiced doubts about the American role in Vietnam and have argued for a decrease in the American presence there are also precisely those who have argued that we must do whatever is necessary to eliminate corruption there. Achieving the latter goal, however, would inevitably mean much greater American intervention and involvement. The United States could, for instance, simply refuse to recognize or to cooperate with GVN officials known to be more corrupt than the average. If this policy were to be effective, however, it would soon mean the exercise of a veto power by U.S. officials over virtually all appointments in the ARVN and the GVN. The results might well be successful, but they would be achieved at a price. Which is worse: toleration of Vietnamese corruption or expansion of American colonialism?

Many AID and other provincial advisers in Vietnam have tacked up on their office wall one of those many verses from the poet laureate of the British Empire which now seem peculiarly relevant to American dilemmas:

Now it is not good for the Christian's health
to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles
and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is the tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear, "A Fool lies here
who tried to hustle the East."

The instinct of Americans, however, is to draw quite the opposite lesson than Kipling intended. If

the East cannot be hustled, it must be replaced. If the Vietnamese won't reform and change their own society, we must reform it for them. And few phenomena are more unsettling in their consequences than masses of energetic and high-minded Americans intent on doing good.

If promotion of social reform seems unlikely to reduce the pressures for American military intervention, what about the promotion of political institutions capable of channeling discontent into peaceful paths? If the United States is to make social reform a condition for economic assistance, it may also have some responsibility to help governments to develop the political institutions required to make such reforms a reality.

A major goal of American policy is the promotion of stable political institutions in modernizing countries and particularly the development of strong political parties.

It is at times argued that intervention to promote political development is bound to be ineffective or self-defeating. American support for a particular party or group, it is said, will be the kiss of death to this group. In some cases this may be true, but it should be noted that people in most countries think that the United States intervenes now to support particular groups, even when it does not do so. In many ways the United States suffers all the stigma and disadvantage of political intervention and reaps few of the benefits. In addition, in many countries important groups have strongly urged the United States to play a more active political role, but the United States has hung back and refused to do so. It is also argued that American intervention in the politics of other countries runs counter to the general desire of the people of those countries to manage their own affairs and will consequently give rise to violently anti-American nationalism. Quite obviously, however, the control of politics, even more than that of the economy, will remain in local hands. The elites of each society will choose their own forms of political organization. All that foreigners can do is to advise them on the prerequisites and requirements of political organization, even as they do for economic development, and give them technical and material assistance in the development of political organizations.

Then, it is at times argued that the United States is so much a victim of liberal myopia that it is hopelessly incapable of understanding the political

needs of foreign systems and of adapting its own goals and methods to meet those needs. Americans, it is said, will inevitably attempt to reproduce in the most unsuitable foreign soil all the characteristics of their own highly distinctive two-party, liberal, pluralistic, constitutional democracy. Obviously, Americans, like anyone else, like to see the virtues of their own system and to flatter themselves by seeing it reproduced elsewhere. On the other hand, it is also quite clear that Americans have been able to rise above such parochialism in the past, and there is no reason why this should not be even more of a pattern in the future. Indeed, many of those critics who accuse the United States of attempting to export

its own institutions at the same time also accuse the United States of supporting reactionary and repressive personalistic dictatorships around the world. Such critics would be more persuasive if they were less inconsistent. In fact, the United States has, wisely or not, supported and

attempted to promote the development of the most varied types of political systems around the world.

Surely few political systems differ more fundamentally from the American system than that which has existed in Iran. Yet the United States has engaged in the most active efforts to strengthen and develop this essentially authoritarian monarchy. Whether this is a wise policy or not and whether it will succeed or not are other questions, but we certainly were not inhibited in our efforts to promote monarchical development by the failure of the Iranian political system to conform to the American model. In similar fashion, the United States has played an active role in promoting one-party systems in Tunisia and Bolivia, a military-led dominant party system in Korea, monarchical-bureaucratic regimes in Thailand and Nepal, and also, of course, a variety of competitive democratic systems in which the dominant groups have been socialist, Catholic, and liberal, as well as highly conservative.

The United States clearly can affect the political development of other countries only in marginal ways. Yet we also clearly have some interest in doing so, if only because such action might marginally reduce the probability of more Vietnams. There are perhaps at least five things which we might do in this area.

1. We could consciously recognize, even if we did not publicize it, that a major goal of American policy is the promotion of stable political institutions

in modernizing countries and particularly the development of strong political parties. Our support for and cooperation with political leaders or military juntas could depend upon their actively attempting to develop grass roots political organization. If we do get irrevocably committed to any one leader, no matter how charismatic he may be, we could, like the Russians in Cuba, try to nudge that leader into the difficult task of political institution building.

2. We could devote much more effort to the study of the conditions and patterns of political evolution and to the elaboration of new concepts and categories useful for the analysis of societies undergoing rapid social change.

3. We could evaluate economic and technical assistance programs not only in terms of how they contribute to economic development but also how they affect political development. We could try to identify those types of economic assistance which may contribute to both forms of development. We could develop criteria and guidelines for balancing prospective economic gains against political losses and political gains against economic losses.

4. We could inaugurate new activities directed specifically toward political development. These might include assistance to political parties, programs to develop and train political leaders, assistance to more broadly based and public-oriented interest groups, and more widespread support for community development programs.

5. We could create some office in our own government which would have a primary responsibility for political development. Until recently, the Agency for International Development has been, in effect, an agency for economic development. Somewhere, either inside AID or outside AID, we need an office for political development; the new Title IX office might serve as a staff nucleus, but it is clearly much too far down in the hierarchy to carry much weight. We need diplomats and economic planners, but we also need to recruit and train personnel skilled in the techniques of analyzing political change and promoting political organization. What we could use, perhaps, is a new-style CIA, more skilled in building governments than in subverting them.

All this may seem highly adventurous. But it is, I would suggest, a highly conservative prescription for promoting political stability and avoiding military intervention. Such a program of preventive political involvement would be less visible to both the American public and foreign publics. In an age of introversion and of hostility to massive expenditures overseas this has much to be said for it. Stimulating political organization, in particular, would get the United States out of the job of attempting to promote social and economic changes

on its own. Instead of trying to pressure a reluctant government to introduce land reform as a substitute for peasant revolution, we would focus on the promotion of peasant organizations which could then, if they wished to, put pressure on the government. Political involvements of this nature could well be more discreet, less expensive, and more productive of political stability than current reliance on economic development, social reform, and ultimately, military intervention.

Eqbal Ahmad: Professor Huntington's presentations are a mixed bag of welfare imperialism and relentless optimism. They reflect that strange compound of assumptions and attitudes which characterizes American policy in the third world, and which invokes among those of us from the third world feelings of bewilderment and fear. The policy-makers in Washington will be pleased by his assertion [elsewhere in the discussion] that Vietnam may not after all be regarded as a failure when there is a "reckoning of the benefits of the intervention." The invocation of the Klingberg cycle* must gratify the isolationists and the pacifists with the knowledge that America has reached the end of its twenty-seven-year period of "extroversion." But the cold-war liberals ought to be soothed by the intimation that while America may have to eschew military involvements of Vietnamese proportions, it cannot disengage from its responsibilities to the underdeveloped. The hawks, of course, can look forward to the next cycle of extroversion, sometime after 1984. Finally, those most vociferous of all Americans — the sociologists and political scientists — must rejoice over the promise of their promotion to an unquestionably lucrative and highly challenging role as engineers and architects of political ideologies, parties, and participation — modern-day philosopher-kings engaged and anointed by a super-CIA.

Professor Huntington's remarks, in an abstract sense, are an excellent product of the American pluralistic, bargaining political culture. There is something for everyone within a defined boundary, and there is room for orderly settlement of differences provided there is a consensus on broad goals. Yet precisely for the reasons of its cultural symmetry, it fails as an analysis for underdeveloped countries which are still torn by cleavages on goals, and where antagonistic interests and values dominate social, political, and economic realities.

The phased modernization of Western European countries, the United States, and even Japan had the benefit of the luxuries of time, superior psychological, economic, and cultural resources, plus the opportunity of channeling to the colonies and

* See Part I, in the November *Atlantic*, page 107.

the expanding frontier the tensions and ambitions produced by technology and social change. Yet they had their share of excesses, civil wars, revolutions, disorders, and ideological aberration. Today, the third-world countries must undergo a triple transformation — social, economic, and political — simultaneously, in telescoped time, and under the multiple pressures of colonial heritage and growing population. In the circumstances, our relative calm should surprise observers. We may hope to avoid the extremes of excesses — regression into colonial, racist, fascist, or Stalinist aberrations. Yet we shall inevitably experience conflicts and disorders in the process of reformulating our values and reconstructing our societies. If a superpower enters our world committed obsessively to orderly change and with an interest in maintaining stable clients, it will necessarily distort our development, sharpen our conflicts, and also render itself vulnerable to the perpetual temptation of intervening militarily in behalf of its losing protégés.

Our formal independence has given us, at best, an unenviable position as pawns in the game of high politics. That is why we react in fear when one superpower serves notice on a country, as America has done in Vietnam, that it will cajole, coerce, and finally conquer a people that would not conform to its inverted image of freedom and democracy, and another great power insists, in the name of justice, on subverting a people driven by want and search for dignity, so that the attainment of justice becomes an excuse for the strangling of human freedom. Vietnam is important to us only because it has dramatized our agony and exacerbated our fears.

When a nationalist movement acquires a radical content, when it threatens to nationalize property and socialize national resources, when it becomes diplomatically assertive and neutralist, it initially elicits an unfavorable response from the United States. Its programs threaten potential or actual American investments; its diplomatic posture involves the loss of a potential or actual ally in the cold war; its revolutionary doctrine appears dangerously congruent with the Communist enemy's. If a country threatened by such a nationalism happens to be a client state, then a United-States-mounted coup d'état or sharp, swift military intervention seeks to restore the status quo. Interventions of this type include Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, and Iran. In nonclient underdeveloped states such a radical nationalist movement is tolerated by the United States if it comes to power unexpectedly, or turns radical gradually and without serious challenge under a legitimate and popular leader — although relations with such regimes remain reserved if not restrained. Egypt is an example of the first type, Tanzania of the second.

American tolerance toward these countries appeared to be increasing in the Kennedy Administration; neutralists were not regarded invariably as allies of Communism. There was even a tendency to encourage actively their radical posture, especially in the zones of French influence (Tunisia became an AID showpiece during this period and has since shown unabashed loyalty to the United States). The unusual popularity in the third world of the Kennedy Administration was due not so much to actual change in U.S. policy as largely to the feeling among us that America was beginning to understand the nature of our nationalism, that the puppeteer view of the world was giving way to a more sophisticated understanding of our drive toward sovereignty. But only among the Eastern European clients of the U.S.S.R. has American policy consistently welcomed, and where possible, encouraged, reactive nationalism.

Professor Huntington gives us a very keen analysis of how, in the U.S. alliance with conservative nationalism, the interaction between U.S. economic aid and desire for reform promotes the expansion of American presence and finally ends in intervention. Military assistance produces much the same, if more dangerous, symbiosis between the United States and the recipient indigenous elites. The more a foreign power involves itself in native problems, the greater becomes its economic and psychic investments. As the relationship gets more institutionalized, it becomes harder to extricate itself from the commitment. The tendency then is to blame individuals and not the system, which inherently lacks the capacity to maintain and enhance its legitimacy.

Identification with a foreign power erodes the legitimacy of a regime.

Professor Huntington ignores this important problem of legitimacy when he makes his recommendation in behalf of political development. I do not question his central positive theme, that the achievement of consolidation of power by a regime followed by advances in the area of social reforms and political institutionalization will reduce the chances of U.S. military intervention. Yet his belief that the United States should actively engage in fostering political development is fraught with risks and is likely, at best, to be self-defeating.

No foreign power has the ability to equip a native government with legitimacy (the essential quality of rulership), nor with the will and capacity

to open channels for peaceful change — unless it is the case of a military occupation which for some historical or psychological reasons is accepted by the population.¹ In fact, the reverse is more true; identification with a foreign power erodes the legitimacy of a regime.

Professor Huntington seems to take essentially a technical view of political development. But the primary factor in promoting political institutions is not improved professionalism, as is largely true of the Army, Navy, hospitals, and so on. Rather, it involves a vision of society, the choice of values and goals. These are not exportable goods or skills that can form part of foreign-aid programs. It is incorrect, therefore, to put political parties in the same category as hospitals and armies.

I can only agree with Professor Huntington on the uniqueness of the Vietnamese situation. But, as others have said, the uniqueness rests with Vietnam, not with American policy. It refers to the historical and political configurations which permitted the Vietnamese people to organize a successful resistance against American intervention. It does not refer to the assumptions, attitudes, and patterns of relationships with indigenous elites which have frequently caused the United States to intervene militarily on behalf of a threatened status quo.

The post-war interventions generally succeeded in obtaining their immediate goal of defeating a radical coalition and maintaining a friendly and manageable, preferably reformed, status quo. The Philippines, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Iran, and the Dominican Republic are frequently cited as examples of success. In Lebanon it was a standoff, in Cuba a fiasco, in Laos a suspended failure. Only in Vietnam has the dialectic of intervention resolved into a seeming disaster; mistakes led to blunders, and blunders have been escalating into a crescendo of crimes. An effective style of protecting clients, which admitted American involvement in internal conflicts either by proxy (through advisers, training Special Forces, and military aid) or by swift and discreet police action of short duration, has been caught in the Vietnamese quagmire. Professor Huntington believes

that the duplication of such a situation is unlikely, although he himself points out that Thailand and the Philippines, among others, are potential scenes for future U.S. military involvement in internal war.

William R. Polk: I would like to recall some of the ways in which at least part of the State Department in 1961 and 1962 thought about the process of guerrilla warfare. At that time, and today as well, we did not have a single adequate political history of any guerrilla war. Practically every study dealt with the military or security

Only in Vietnam has the dialectic of intervention resolved into a seeming disaster; mistakes led to blunders, and blunders have been escalating into a crescendo of crimes.

aspects of guerrilla warfare. Inevitably, the emphasis on security led to administrative prescriptions to counterinsurgency.

For example, in much of the early thinking in 1961 about the Vietnamese conflict, the experiences in Greece, Algeria, the Philippines, and Malaya were our teachers. But the lesson we learned from each was that the political outcome of the confrontation depended directly upon the administrative and military prescription. In Greece, it was in the form of American military assistance; in Algeria, French regroupment of the Muslim population; in Malaya, the creation of fortified villages; and in the Philippines, civic action. In Washington, there was a general feeling that once these prescriptions were combined they would produce a successful answer to the insurgency in Vietnam.

However, a more sophisticated look at any of the specific issues destroys the simplistic models. For example, I have always believed in the Greek case that it was not the application of large-scale external assistance or, indeed, even the closing of the Yugoslav frontier which was lethal to the Greek guerrilla cause; rather, it was the split in the Greek Communist Party. It was not until Greek Communists began killing one another, as they did after Tito's defection from the Cominform had been duplicated in the split between the nationalist and Cominform wing in the Greek Communist Party, that the civil war collapsed. Hence, unless this sort of split could be duplicated in Vietnam, the lesson of Greece was probably not pertinent in the way in which it was being drawn.

The critical political factor in the case of Vietnam

¹ Professor Huntington has cited the case of Japan. One may also ask why the United States did not achieve comparable success in Cuba and the Philippines? While it is not central to the argument here, it may be noted that Bolivia is not the only non-Communist or nonoccupied country to achieve thoroughgoing land reform. Algeria, Tunisia, Tanzania, Egypt, Syria are among the others.



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may be missed if we use 1962 as the takeoff point in our discussion. The critical political factor, as Professor Kahin has suggested, may go back to 1945 or 1946.

It seems to me that to arrive at a rough rule of thumb, one can say that something like 80 percent of the process of guerrilla warfare is political; 15 percent is administrative, and only 5 percent military. Applying this scale to the Vietnamese conflict, one can say that the political issue was largely decided as early as 1946, the administrative issue by about 1957, and that we are talking today only about the residual 5 percent.

Sir Robert Thompson: One should not become involved politically. The prospect of going in as a political reformer frightens me more than anything else. I would not touch political reform in these territories with a barge pole, and I certainly would not touch it with an American political scientist.

I am not against political reform or political change. All I say is, let the people do it themselves—don't get in on the act. Any measure of aid you give in the form I have suggested is bound to effect, in the long run, political and social changes, and these should be allowed to occur in the people's own time in the country concerned, not tomorrow morning in your time.

Samuel Huntington: After Sir Robert's remark about barge poles and political scientists, I ought to rise to a point of personal privilege. I waive that, however, to speak not on behalf of political scientists but again on behalf of the priority of politics, a very fundamental issue we have touched on.

As one looks at the program of priorities Sir Robert advanced earlier, he gives first priority to building up the administrative structure—taxation, communication networks, economic assistance, including social services and a rural aid program—in that order. This is pretty much precisely what we have tried to do, not very effectively, in Vietnam. It is an administrative, technical, and economic approach to what is essentially a political problem.

The reason it doesn't work in Vietnam is, I submit, not because of any inherent defects in the way in which we went about it, but simply because it is only at best marginally relevant to the major problem there, which is one of a lack of political organization and social cohesion. An administrative program like Sir Robert's presupposes the existence of a political system, which is precisely the thing lacking and causing the problem in Vietnam.

This gets me directly to some of the points

Sir Robert made earlier about leverage. I think there were some moments in the game when we had leverage. We did have some leverage at the time we first influenced people to the side of Diem. We had no leverage on Diem, none at all. Nothing we said or tried to say was credible to him. We could have exerted pressure, however, with the next group. President Johnson had some leverage at the moment he first came in. True he was not the elected President, but as an elected Vice President who succeeded to the presidency he did have a great deal of support within the country. In looking back on it now, I think just after the succession there was a period of a month or so when he could have exerted some leverage on the government in Vietnam. We also could have exerted some leverage when we began bombing. This was a major step in our involvement for which we could have exacted some price.

But after we put in combat troops, we lost our leverage. In point of fact, one of the interesting aspects of progressive involvement, I think, is that our leverage decreases as our involvement increases. Our stake in this thing gets so high that nothing we can say or do to gain leverage will be credible to the government we are trying to help. By then we are in deeply, and insofar as they are concerned, it becomes increasingly our problem.

Chester L. Cooper: First with regard to "leverage." What influence can the United States bring to bear as it becomes progressively involved in the affairs of another state, a state which is in some trouble, or presumably we would not have gone in, and also a state with a not very effective government, at least by our standards?

When we talk about counterinsurgency, one of the missing ingredients in the analysis—and it is hard to believe there are any missing ingredients in a concept that has been so intellectualized and overkilled—is the whole question of how the United States can get the government it is attempting to help to do the sort of things the United States thinks should be done, without, on the one hand, either taking charge or, on the other hand, going along with existing arrangements and being very much stymied in the process.

Now, if we cannot succeed by these means in Vietnam, one alternative is to take over. However, in one sense, I don't think we are that smart. And, in another sense, if we took over, we would be in a worse situation than we are now.

Stanley Hoffmann: Let me go back to a point you made, Professor Huntington. I was struck by the formalism of your recipes. If I understood you correctly, you are saying there are two kinds of things that can be done. To promote social re-

form is one, but it ends up being very hard to control and possibly destabilizing. So you pass on to the next, political institutionalization. There you have a set of recipes, a set of techniques which strike me as very much a projection of the American conception of politics, with the usual underestimation of the potential of conflict.

This raises the question, first of all, whether *we* should do this. In other words, is it really in the American national interest to engage in social engineering thus conceived? From the point of view of good old-fashioned power politics, is it in America's national interest to go around the world building up the kind of techniques and institutions you propose? It may be in the recipient's interest; it may be in ours; but we cannot assume that it will always be in both. Ours may well differ from theirs, and doing good to others because one thinks it is good for them is a bizarre definition of one's national interest.

The second question, which is really more serious, is, *can* we do it — can anybody do it?

Your whole approach is one which never mentions the word "nationalism." You don't seem to recognize that, after all, there is a difference between, on the one side, telling somebody literally what values to create, what the national will should be, what social and political policy should be, and on the other, giving limited technical advice on economic development. Political institutionalization and nation-building are largely phenomena growing out of what Mr. Ahmad calls "will," or what one might call national or political self-respect. It seems to me very difficult for any foreign nation to do very much in this area, except give the kind of advice which is likely to be misleading if it is largely a projection of its own national experience.

I must then add that of all the nations which are, shall we say, not primarily well qualified to go around the world and give this kind of advice, the United States stands out, exactly because of what has made American history on the whole so different and in many respects so fortunate. This has opened up a kind of communications gap between "us" and "them." In many ways your statement exemplifies the very problem you are trying to solve.

Daniel Ellsberg: I am also very disturbed by several lessons Professor Huntington has drawn from experience. This, by the way, does not lead me at all to think one should avoid learning lessons; I think that is essential, and it is not at all too

early that there be efforts such as the one we are on.

Professor Huntington has generalized that the more extensive the American involvement in the politics of another country, the more progressive is its impact on that country. He several times alludes to a possible relationship between intervention and reform.

Now, the first thing that strikes me about this proposition is that Vietnam itself provides a spectacular counterexample. The period of our intervention in Vietnam — which includes the period

Doing good to others because one thinks it is good for them is a bizarre definition of one's national interest.

from 1950 on, and especially from 1954 on — cannot be described in general as a progressive or reform-oriented interval by any means.

One thing, perhaps, that might have misled Professor Huntington — it has misled a lot of other people — is the amount of *talk* there has been about reform, generally from lower-level staff members, and occasionally, official pronouncements. When he refers to the stress on reform by people in State and CIA, he is mainly talking about the FSO's who accompany visitors to Vietnam. But this does not characterize very much of what their superiors have said, in official internal policy statements and decisions, and it characterizes even less what we have effectively done.

In fact, if you look at examples that seem to support Huntington's case, they can be much more precisely defined. The critical factor is not presence but occupation. It is as simple as that. When we Americans occupy a militarily defeated country and are not plagued by a continuing resistance in the country, experience shows a considerably progressive and reform-oriented impact. But experience does not show whether those efforts would have survived a resistance movement. We have not been tested on that.

Incidentally, I know that the historical examples of U.S. occupation misled many people in the Administration in their predictions of the benign effects of a great American buildup in Vietnam. Many of them had had experience in military government in places like Korea, Japan, or Germany, and this led them to think of us as inevitably a force for reform. But lacking in Vietnam the responsibility we had in occupied countries for the long-term political and economic development of the country, we were in no sense effectively a force for reform. Therefore, to accept your proposi-

tion, Professor Huntington, would surely lead us greatly astray in countries where we do not propose fully to take responsibility.

Samuel Huntington: I disagree with you on the specifics of Vietnam and the nature of our impact. If you want to go back over the period since 1954, the more we have become involved, the more we have had precisely the sort of impact which the proposition states we will have.

When you talk about occupation, that is precisely the point. This is an extreme case of American intervention. The logic of your argument seems to suggest that if we only did go in and take over Vietnam and run it the way Korea was run or Japan was run, we would have these effects. Here it seems to me you are focusing on an extreme case and building an argument for even more intervention.

Daniel Ellsberg: I certainly do not want to be misunderstood in my remarks. I was interpreting your proposition. I believe it is wrong to say that there is anything like a smooth function relating intervention and a progressive impact.

As we have increased our presence militarily, economically, politically, and in every other way, we have, of course, demolished the society of Vietnam. From a very-long-term view, this is what is happening right now. Out of this ruin, perhaps, one might say some benefit may come, at great cost. However, in any case, we are perceived by the Vietnamese correctly as having first supported the French regime and second the Diem regime, hardly progressive reform governments, whatever else they were. Finally, we are seen now as having saddled them with a deplorable military regime with essentially nothing to recommend it. This has been our impact, and it is creating intense anti-Americanism.

As for occupation, I am scarcely suggesting that is the solution. Conceivably it would have led to more reform, but that isn't the only criterion anyway. I do not believe it would be acceptable in either Vietnam or the United States, nor should it be.

Theodore Draper: I read Professor Huntington's remarks with a kind of double-take reaction.

At first, I thought he had settled everything nicely because he seemed to suggest that we need not expect any more military intervention until after 1980. If he had stopped there, he would have been ahead.

However, he then proceeded to tell us that we have to get in even more than we have gotten in before, that we have to go from promoting social reform to developing the political institutions of the countries in which we intervene, and the develop-

ment of political institutions requires a party system.

The question arises: If we are going to develop political institutions, are they going to be institutions like our own or not? Our people, at best, can help to develop institutions like our own. We get into trouble at this point — do the local residents want our type of institutions? Are their background and conditions the same as ours? Now, if the institutions we are going to develop elsewhere are not like our own, then we are really helpless, because our people simply have no experience with anything else.

In the end, however, Professor Huntington seems to regard political intervention as if it were a case of self-denial on our part. Whenever we do not intervene more than we do, the reason is not that we are denying anything to ourselves but that it is simply beyond us. It is, in the fashionable word, counterproductive; it does not work; it hits back at us. Now, when you recommend the impossible, you are really recommending not doing it, and, therefore, by advocating intervention to the point of developing other people's political institutions, Professor Huntington has actually, in an inverted way, presented a persuasive anti-interventionist position.

My feeling is that the only way to get out of this contradiction is to think of intervention as a last resort. It is a most desperate and dangerous thing to do. It is invariably based on political failure. Therefore, it should be done only as a very last resort in a situation of extreme danger to the United States. When you have that kind of situation, most of these problems are not so acute, and on the other hand, when you don't have that kind of situation, these problems become insoluble.

Samuel Huntington: I would like to congratulate Mr. Draper on getting the message. Let me respond to three points raised. The first is, Under what circumstances, if ever, is it in our national interest to become involved in the politics of other societies? It seems to me it is quite clear that the most successful intervention is no intervention and that, particularly in what I view as the coming phase of American introversion, our capacity to become involved in other societies is going to be limited. In other words, our perceived interests in doing so are going to be limited, and therefore, the primary rationale for becoming involved at all in other countries is that such involvement may be the only alternative to becoming involved later in a much bigger way.

Obviously, we should only intervene in other societies when it is in our interest to do so. And I would define our interest in very narrow terms. In some cases, our interests may coincide on specific issues with those of other elites, and in other cases

they may not. But I think it is a mistake to assume that you only can have effective cooperation between elites when they share the same philosophy and the same basic values. I think it is quite clear that groups can work together for shared specific objectives, even when they do not share many other things.

The second issue concerns the question whether we can do it, and I must say I was a little amused by the seeming assumption that I was urging the promotion of two-party American liberal democracy in other countries. I don't think you can find this anywhere in my statements. I have argued that we have promoted very different kinds of political institutions in various countries around the world. On the evidence we are not limited to promoting that which is a mirror reproduction of our own system.

I think quite clearly that in any given case what we will be able to do will be very limited and the type of social forces and political institutions which it will be in our interest to promote will obviously reflect the nature of the particular society.

Finally, there is a question whether even this sort of limited political involvement may not lead, as Mr. Ahmad suggests, to larger involvement. I think this is quite clearly a danger. But it is one which can be minimized to the extent that these involvements, as I tried to suggest, are kept reasonably limited, discreet, and covert. Many of the problems of our involvement in other countries in the past decade or so have come from our choice of means, in which we relied very heavily on massive economic aid programs, military assistance, and military intervention.

It is quite possible that one of the side benefits of a shift toward introversion in our society will be less public concern about foreign policy. This development in our domestic politics, which may make more limited forms of foreign involvement necessary, may also make them possible, in the sense that there will be less public attention and concern directed to these issues.

Eqbal Ahmad: Professor Huntington, I was rather surprised at how you have squeezed out of the kiss-of-death argument regarding American aid to foreign political institutions. You conceded that the legitimacy of any political party advised and supported by the United States or by any foreign power will suffer. You therefore suggested such support and advice should be kept covert.

Now, really, doesn't that impose a certain character on a political institution that is supposed to invite political participation and be responsive to its membership, a political institution that is being based on something people who belong to it don't even know about?

It would seem to me this covertness in itself would compromise the institution at its very inception. It would involve the kind of compromise of principles from which one can go on making more and more. Doesn't the idea of covertly supporting a participatory political institution sound like a contradiction in terms to you?

Samuel Huntington: The answer is no.

John McDermott: Just by way of preface, I am not exactly sure that it is going to be possible in this country to continue to maintain the covert quality of some of the operations. You have now the growth of a very substantial guerrilla scholarship on foreign policy matters — young men and women who think nothing is more fun than to go through the abstracts to find out what kind of contracts are around and to expose them. Part of the trouble at Columbia, I think, grew out of that. I think this is a new political fact which has to be taken into consideration.

Now, I want to go to a different point. I was really very happy with Professor Huntington's remarks until he began to speak of promoting political development. Then I wish he had clearly introduced a distinction — which may be there, but should be clearer — between political systems in which the relationship of governors to the governed are command relationships and those in which they are bargaining relationships. It seems to me that Professor Huntington is envisioning command relationships of governors to the governed. The kinds of political organizations he seeks are what the New Left today calls co-optive organizations.

In this regard, I was very much interested in Edward Thompson's very good book called *The Making of the English Working Class*, which is now a kind of underground rage. I think Huntington's assumption is that the resources for political development do not exist in the masses. For him, political development requires inputs from elites, people with ideas, consciousness, and so on.

Thompson's book suggests quite the opposite. He talks, for example, in his book about the importance of popular myths, such as the myth of the freeborn Englishman, which enables people subject to new economic and political experiences to organize responses by themselves.

It seems to me that in the underdeveloped world we might begin to look for some of this. Miss Fitzgerald and I were talking earlier, for example, about myths of the Vietnamese rural classes, which I have a feeling have played a similar role in Vietnam to the myth of the freeborn Englishman in the development of the English working class.

Thompson speaks also about the experience of organization — the ability to form committees, put

out broadsides and leaflets — which came out of dissenting churches in Great Britain. He talks about the growth of primitive notions of class, mainly conceptions which identified a group of people who were then thought to have some sort of solidarity against another group, and last, he talks of relationships to sympathetic auxiliaries in middle and upper classes.

I don't think creation of political institutions in other countries is a technical problem.

Samuel Huntington: Neither do I.

John McDermott: And I don't think it is a problem which can be very effectively attacked from the outside. On the contrary, I am very much bothered, for example, by your insistence that you work down from the elite toward the masses; that you look for elites within certain structures who have a stake in the modernization processes. The army is always one of these; I gather that people who are culturally westernized also are a fairly good one these days. The assumption is that somehow this process will work down the pyramid to the mass base. If you don't establish bargaining relationships, you are in trouble.

Samuel Huntington: I just cannot find any place where I committed myself to building from the top on down, although, in fact, this may be necessary in some circumstances and in some systems, depending upon the nature of the system.

It seems to me that what you were getting at is the necessity in most societies to develop some sort of structure, probably some form of party system for mass participation and for the decentralization of power. I agree. I think it is particularly necessary in Vietnam, where to a very large extent our problem has been precisely due to efforts to build from the top down, without capitalizing on the assets which exist in the form of local and grass roots organization.

II

James C. Thomson, Jr.: To ponder the effect of Vietnam on future U.S. patterns of intervention is to treat a twofold subject: on the one hand, what *might* be the effect, an exercise in pure speculation, and on the other, what *ought* to be the effect, an exercise in preachment. Neither speculations nor preachments offer much in the way of answers; but they can sometimes raise useful questions.

There seems to me one central lesson to be learned from the Vietnam conflict: never again to take on the job of trying to defeat a nationalist anticolonial movement under indigenous Communist control in former French Indochina.

Now that is a lesson of less than universal relevance. I cite it nonetheless to stress Vietnam's uniqueness — and, alas, every situation's uniqueness. I cite it to caution against all attempts (including my own) to formulate guidelines for future interventions on the basis of Vietnam. And I cite it in full realization that many Americans will assuredly learn other "lessons" from Vietnam, and that many of those lessons will be the wrong lessons — for instance, that America has no proper role in Asia, or that we should never intervene anywhere, or that we should at least steer clear of the less developed world, or that we are inherently and incurably imperialist when we move beyond our shores, or that we should never again trust foreigners.

Two further cautionary comments: First, I find myself uneasy with the phrase "U.S. patterns of intervention." Most "patterns" discerned by historians, critics, and observers of American foreign policy seem to me to do damage to the realities of a pluralistic government in a multiregional world. Washington's attitude toward Latin America (particularly the Caribbean region) and its willingness to "intervene" there will probably remain very different from its stance toward Africa. The Middle East touches a different set of responses, mainly rooted in domestic politics. Similar distinctions must be made for Western Europe, Eastern Europe, South Asia, and "the Far East." Furthermore, times change, perceptions of threats change, leaders change, and so does their rhetoric. "Patterns" are generally the product of hindsight or polemics; to impose them is usually to overlook diversity and disorder in the policy-making process. It is also to overlook that crucial ingredient of policy, the accident factor.

A second cautionary comment: Future U.S. interventions, whether patternable or patternless, will be deeply affected not merely by our involvement in Vietnam but by both the reality and the appearance of a Vietnam settlement. Washington's ability to intervene will depend, at least in part, on the post-Vietnam mood of the electorate and its Congress. A Vietnam settlement that looked quite soon like a "sellout" would surely cause political recriminations at home; but whether those recriminations would lead to irresistible demands for renewed and escalated intervention, or whether they would instead lead to a revulsion against foreign adventures, is quite unknowable. The most that can be said is that a settlement that had the *look* of nondefeat, and sustained that look for a while, would leave Washington somewhat freer to intervene or not in future situations. If executive flexibility is our goal, our Vietnam settlement had better look "honorable." If, on the other hand, our goal is to apply some brakes to the allegedly interventionist momentum of our national security apparatus, a case might be

made for a settlement that bore the clear look of a nonsuccess. As indicated above, however, such a result would entail a risk.

Against this cautionary backdrop, I turn to the speculative question: What *might* be the effect of Vietnam on future U.S. patterns of intervention?

Here we already confront at least two radically different forecasts.

On the one hand, one hears the recurrent prediction that “more Vietnams” will in fact occur, and that they will produce more American interventions — whether in Thailand, Burma, Guatemala, or Bolivia. The proponents of such a view are a curiously mixed lot: among them, Cold Warriors in Washington, Maoists in Peking, and large sections of the New Left, both here and abroad. Ironically, the central repositories of the now familiar thesis that Vietnam is the ultimate test of the theory of wars of national liberation seem to be Washington and Peking. Other capitals have a more sophisticated comprehension of the unique mix of factors that makes Vietnam a less than conclusive test of anything much. Nonetheless, the fact remains that many believe the Communists eventually will raise promising insurrections in much of the underdeveloped world, and that Washington will certainly counter with intervention. Those of the New Left who are convinced that interventionism is endemic to our federal apparatus certainly hold to this view; and so, I daresay, for rather different reasons, does an influential body of America’s military men and conservatives.

One hears, on the other hand, a strongly conflicting forecast: that the result of our Vietnam involvement will be a national withdrawal into “isolationism” or “neo-isolationism.” Many of the proponents of this view are deeply concerned internationalists who fear that the American people will abdicate their global responsibilities in revulsion against our Vietnam experience.

Such a fear is understandable. The congressional revolt against foreign aid seems an ominous harbinger. Yet the forecast itself may mislead through semantics. “Isolationism” is a strong, loaded term. Its historic connotations are irresponsibility leading to tragedy: America’s rejection of Wilson and the League; and nonintervention in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Hitler’s Europe. It also conveys, one feels, a sharp sense of guilt on the part of the interwar generation. And, indeed, many of those who warn of “neo-isolationism” are men who reached adulthood in the 1930s.

Yet is “isolationism” actually what such men see ahead? Closer questioning reveals no real fear that

America will withdraw from the United Nations, nor that we will abrogate our treaties, nor that we will cut back on our foreign trade or dismantle our network of diplomatic relations. Too much has changed since the interwar period: the revolution in communications and transportation, and the advent of nuclear weapons, to cite only two central developments. A return to “isolationism” seems out of the question.

What, then, is the real concern? On the one hand, some seem to feel that we will fail to help resist “aggression” and thereby feed the “appetites” of aggressors; President Johnson said in July, 1965, “We did not choose to be the guardians at the gate, but there is no one else” — and who will be there next time if not us? Others, however, have a different fear: that the United States will cease its efforts to bridge the dangerous gap between the very rich and the very poor, the white and the colored, the minority and the majority of the world’s people. Clearly the first concern relates to a willingness to intervene, and the fear implicit is a fear of “non-interventionism.” As for the second concern, what is foreseen is an abrupt termination of our post-war governmental programs of assistance toward “modernization.” Both noninterventionism and an end to foreign aid are aspects of a somewhat reduced overseas involvement — a lower posture in world affairs. But they are not “isolationism.”

It is interesting to note that the two predicted consequences of our Vietnam involvement — either a retreat into pseudo-isolationism or continued and even escalated interventionism — seem reflective of two traditionally conflicting themes in America’s

Both noninterventionism and an end to foreign aid are aspects of a reduced overseas involvement. But they are not “isolationism.”

view of its role in the world. I have in mind, on the one hand, those who from our earliest days saw America as a beacon and an inspiration — a “city built upon a hill” — and on the other hand, those more activist types who, with Jefferson, believed that the American Revolution was “intended for all mankind” and should be exported. With the turn of the century, mission and manifest destiny became “imperial democracy.” But throughout the process there have been ardent and eloquent anti-expansionists, anti-imperialists, and noninterventionists, arguing that who we were at home was far more important than what we did abroad.

Now between these two general forecasts — “more Vietnams” and “isolationism” — one must

note that there are the makings of a further middle option. We have seen so far only brief glimpses — the formulations are few and preliminary. But the glimpses include the Johnson Administration's non-interventionist policy toward Indonesia both before and after the abortive Communist coup of September, 1965. Neither an Indonesia that was apparently sliding under Communist Party control nor an Indonesia that had become fiercely anti-Communist could tempt intervention after our Vietnam experience. A policy of nonembrace and multilateralism has (so far) replaced the old interventionist instincts of the 1950s. A more cautious approach was similarly evident in Washington's response to two crises on the Indian subcontinent: the frontier war with China in 1962, and the India-Pakistan war of 1965. As for the Middle East war of 1967, self-restraint again seemed to prevail — though Israel's lightning victory prevented a real test of Washington's interventionist instincts. Finally, the congressional uproar over sending planes to the Congo was widely viewed as a strong reminder that the legislative branch is hypersensitive to the danger of "more Vietnams."

Out of these glimpses has come one recent attempt within the Administration to formulate a new approach toward intervention, at least in the Asian region. This is found in the May 7 Pomona speech of Dr. Morton H. Halperin of the Department of Defense. Halperin proposed three principles that seemed to him to embody the "U.S. attitude toward intervention": (1) self-help, (2) regional responsibility, and (3) residual U.S. responsibility. His elucidation of these principles may be, one hopes, a first step toward the officially approved formulation of a middle course that reflects lessons learned from the Vietnam conflict.

I turn now from speculation to preachment — an attempt to answer the question: what *ought* to be the effect of Vietnam on future U.S. patterns of intervention?

A simple answer comes easily: Vietnam ought to make us more careful. It should make us look before we leap. It should even make us look before we step.

But the simple answer tells us next to nothing. What kind of guidelines should we offer to future U.S. policy-makers on the subject of intervention?

It seems to me that the baffling aspect of the question involves something other than the European power balance where, for better or worse, ground rules have been established on the basis of the U.S.-Soviet nuclear balance, the NATO-Warsaw Pact symmetry, and a divided Germany. Here patterns of deterrence, negotiation, and conciliation are pretty well established, at least for the foreseeable future.

It is in those regions of greater chronic instability,

the underdeveloped world, that the question of intervention becomes most pertinent and baffling. Instability makes great powers nervous, and the itch to intervene is heightened by concern that if you do not, your great power adversaries will — or, alternatively, that they already have, so you had better join in to prevent an upset of the regional balance of power.

It is perhaps traditional concepts of "balance of power" and "power vacuums" that mislead us in these instances. All too often they reflect a bipolar — or tripolar — view of the world that overestimates one's adversary's ability to establish and maintain control and underestimates the power and resilience of indigenous nationalisms. This view is a legacy of the cold war. But it neglects the rising tide of polycentrism in the West as well as the East.

What seems clearly needed is a more realistic response to instability in the less developed world. What should be the ingredients of such a response?

First, we must early ask ourselves whether the nation or region in question is of any direct relevance to our national security. To put it another way, would "hostile" control of that nation or region pose any real threat to our national security (as opposed to our pride or self-esteem)? If the question were applied not only to Vietnam but to all of mainland Southeast Asia today, my answer — and the answer of most Asian specialists, I daresay — would be no. If it were applied to Japan, on the other hand, my answer would probably be yes; "hostile" control of the economic and potential military strength of Japan would add significantly to power that could be used against us.

Second, we must early ask if the instability of a nation (or a region) is caused by overt aggression across an internationally recognized frontier or by something else — either indigenously rooted insurgency or foreign-supported insurgency. If the answer is international aggression, we should join with others through the mechanisms of the United Nations and other instruments of mediation to end the aggression and to reconcile the parties. But if the answer is insurgency, then a further set of questions must be asked.

Third, then, what is the nature and source of the insurgency? Contrary to much official rhetoric over the past decade or so, insurgencies — rebellions, even revolutions — are neither inherently iniquitous nor, even if iniquitous, automatically to be resisted by the U.S. government. At the risk of offering a banality: much insurgency (including foreign-supported insurgencies) is rooted in genuine economic, social, and political grievances — in resistance to widely sensed injustice. At what point should America side with "duly constituted local authority" or "legitimate" regimes (the source of the legitimacy does not usually bear close examina-

tion) in order to preserve "stability" against insurgency? The answer takes us back to Question One.

If, in fact, the overthrow of the legitimate government will pose a direct threat to our national security (in Canada or Mexico, for instance), our intervention should presumably be wholehearted. But such clear-cut cases are rare. And so an additional question must be asked of the far more frequent marginal cases: Is there a chance that with

Surely multilateralism should be the sine qua non of future American interventions.

a moderate amount of American assistance the "legitimate" government will succeed? If not, we should not try. Yet here we move into the jungle growth of ignorance, poor intelligence, wishful thinking, and competing constituencies within the U.S. government. For in raising the key question of our chances for success, we bring to bear human frailty and human illusions, qualities that have repeatedly led us astray in Vietnam. We also confront, here, the reality of the cultural gap between our own society and those of many parts of the less developed world. We confront, as well, the inapplicability of many of the instruments of our technology (not to mention our politics) in such alien cultural environments. I, for one, am dubious about our ability to bridge such cultural gaps in the foreseeable future.

Out of such pessimistic thoughts a fourth question emerges, one that should be early asked of situations of instability: what multilateral mechanisms are available to help treat instability and ease crises in the less developed world? Too often in the past such questions have been asked too late, if then; "more flags" for Vietnam was an afterthought, as was resort to the United Nations.

Clearly one way to avoid deepening unilateral involvement is to multilateralize the effort from the start; and one way to avoid the embarrassment of one nation's defeat in a losing or at best unpredictable effort is to engage as many others as possible from the start. Surely multilateralism should be the sine qua non of future American interventions: multinational efforts to assist developing nations; multinational efforts to cope with insurgency; and multinational attempts to resolve open hostilities.

Vietnam suggests a further question for future interventions. In my view, our Vietnam relationship has been profoundly and increasingly complicated by what I have earlier referred to as rhetorical esca-

lation and the problem of oversell. To what extent can such rhetorical escalation and oversell — allusions, for instance, to our "national honor" — be avoided in future instances of necessary intervention abroad? Is it endemic to our democratic system? If so, we are in for severe trouble; we will be incapable of limited but sustained involvements and particularly involvements that show little in the way of short-term success. Here again, one cure can be multilateralism — a sense of joint enterprise with other nations rather than a sense of the American flag in solitude and, often as not, in trouble.

There is one final issue that must be treated in any consideration of the future of American intervention. This is what Ambassador Reischauer has referred to elsewhere as America's "moral imperative to help those who need help." Or as Dr. Halperin said at Pomona, "The presence in the world of sick and hungry children, and of peoples striving to improve their standard of living and to increase the measure of human dignity afforded to the individual, arouses our sympathies for reasons almost entirely unrelated to American security." Now no one can doubt that this "moral imperative to help" is very much part of our bloodstream. That moral imperative can lead us, however, into entrapment: too close an attachment to — even, through our rhetoric and our press, glamourization of — regimes through which our assistance is necessarily channeled; too close a tie to the often Western-educated (and therefore attractive) elites who temporarily administer the recipient nations but may be gone tomorrow; and eventually, a philanthropist-mendicant relationship that sooner or later arouses the nationalist ire of the mendicant, not to mention the philanthropist's outrage over "ingratitude."

Here again one obvious solution is multilateralism: the channeling of our largess through intermediate bodies that can muffle the collisions and avert the embarrassments of bilateral relationships. It will be no easy matter to convince the American people and their Congress to put foreign aid in the hands of such intermediaries. In many circumstances, however, the lesson of recent history may well be that no foreign aid at all is better than most bilateral aid.

But multilateralism on the receiving end may not be enough. A more far-reaching solution may well be in order. For what we have seen in the decades since World War II is not a new phenomenon. The export of American benevolence under "the moral imperative to help" is a very old national tradition, a tradition rooted in the efforts of generations of religious mission boards, educational institutions, and eventually, foundations, to transform, reform, and modernize other societies. What is new, in the post-war years, is not merely a massive increase in the export of benevolence, but also the nationaliza-

tion of the export. Today's reformers and modernizers are largely representatives of a state of vast wealth and power. With them go the flag and prestige of that state. Private reformers still abound, to be sure; but their efforts have been submerged by the programs of the state.

In this context, one might ask if the quantitative change has not produced a qualitative change — if the escalation of international reformism has not altered the character of the enterprise. Private citizens could afford to “fail” — to be thrown out, to

opinion refuses to continue to tolerate a seemingly endless and hopeless war. Each of these endings would give a very different spin to the ball of American politics, producing quite different attitudes toward future involvements in Asia and the less developed world in general.

On the other hand, while the twist of the ball may still be unclear, the general direction in which it will go, I feel, is much clearer than Professor Thomson admits. The “central lesson” of Vietnam — at least as the American public perceives it — is already, I believe, quite obvious and much more widely applied, whether rightly or wrongly, than Professor Thomson implies. We may still re-escalate the present war if the negotiations fail, but, assuming that some sort of Vietnam settlement

We are moving away from the application of the “balance of power” and “power vacuum” concepts of the cold war.

allow nationalism and even Communism to run their course. But states tend to find failure unacceptable. And those states that find failure most unacceptable of all are those imbued with concepts of mission and manifest destiny.

In recent years America's new efforts to eradicate poverty at home and transform its cities have been pushed toward a restructuring and decentralization. In the years ahead it may well be necessary to restructure, decentralize, and even denationalize our overseas aid undertakings. In a sense, the Peace Corps has pointed the way. What might be the prospects for the creation of semipublic foundations on the Washington end of the export of benevolence — to disentangle our overseas aid programs from the flag, our prestige, and the “national honor”? In so doing, we might more easily avert future situations where a right-hearted imperative to help would lead us into wrong-headed impulses to intervene.

Speculations and preachments bring me to a final hopeful guess: that America will in fact assume a lower posture, post-Vietnam, without withdrawing from the responsibilities of power, but with the responsibilities defined in less grandiose terms. For we will realize that not only are we not alone as “guardians at the gate,” but that there are actually a great many gates, most of them characterized by a brisk and healthy two-way traffic.

Edwin Reischauer: I accept Professor James Thomson's cautionary comments but feel that he both underplays and overplays the most important one. We are still too far away from a final denouement in Vietnam to know whether or not we will have an “honorable” looking settlement, as Professor Thomson seems to assume, or something that at least in retrospect is tagged a “sellout,” or possibly even a simple “pullout” because American public

is achieved, I find it hard to believe that even a relatively strong “sellout” case would produce “irresistible demands for renewed and escalated intervention” in other parts of the world. Vietnam may be a “less than conclusive test of anything much,” but at least it has shown the limited ability of the United States to control at a reasonable cost the course of events in a nationally aroused less developed nation. That this “lesson” has sunk home in this country can be seen in the strongly anti-interventionist reaction in the Administration, in Congress, and among the public to the Indonesian, Congo, and other recent disturbances, as correctly cited by Professor Thomson.

This “lesson” can and, I believe, will lead to the broader conclusion that no external power can control (and thus exploit to its own advantage) less developed nations which are large enough in population and have enough national consciousness to be real national entities. I believe that we are moving away from the application to Asia of the “balance of power” and “power vacuum” concepts of the cold war, and in the process we no doubt will greatly downgrade our strategic interest in most of the less developed world. This is the direction in which we are moving, I believe, but just how far and fast we move is still to be determined by the specific outcome in Vietnam.

At this point “neo-isolationism” becomes a real question and not the series of straw men that Professor Thomson so easily demolishes. Those who have used the term have never meant to suggest a return to the 1930s type of isolation from Europe and the other advanced parts of the world. This indeed is unthinkable and impossible. Nor have they meant a more cautious attitude toward intervention in internal instabilities in less developed nations. This is coming and will not, I feel, be labeled

as isolationism. Their fear is the very realistic one that the United States will not just move to greater caution about intervention in the affairs of less developed nations but far beyond this position to virtual unconcern in their fate. The result could be a dismantling of the capacity to intervene in the cases where intervention may indeed be in our national interests and an unwillingness to give economic aid or take other measures that would contribute to the long-range development of the less developed nations.

This, I feel, is no idle fear. Past aid programs have been wheedled out of Congress largely on the basis of our alleged great strategic stakes in the less developed world. Cold logic, however, will increasingly show that we have few, if any, immediate, vital national interests in the less developed world, either strategic or economic. And added to logic will be the emotional responses to our present crises at home and abroad. The Vietnam fiasco is beginning to produce the conservative response that, if Asians do not appreciate our efforts in their behalf and are not willing to do their share, they deserve to be left to "stew in their own juices." The liberal response is that we should concentrate first on the great ills of our own society (the beam in our own eye) before trying to help distant people with their ills. Cultural (possibly even racial) biases strengthen both positions, as Professor Thomson suggests. Even he admits that "the congressional revolt against foreign aid seems an ominous harbinger." I cannot see why he does not take the threat of this sort of "neo-isolationism" more seriously or discuss the possible answers to it.

The only reason for not adopting an attitude of unconcern toward the less developed countries that I find in Professor Thomson's paper is the argument based on America's "moral imperative to help those who need help," which he quotes from me, only to warn against it as an attitude that could lead to dangerous cultural imperialism. I cited this "moral imperative" as an element in our whole culture, but, if this were indeed the only reason for our concern, I suspect that we would move for all practical purposes to the "neo-isolationism" Professor Thomson discounts.

I would suggest two reasons why the United States has very real interests in the stability and development of the less developed nations. The first is that no clear line exists between our very immediate interests in the security and stability of the advanced nations (such as those of Europe, Japan, and Australia) and conditions in the less developed world. For example, a complete disruption of all the oil lands of the Middle East might spell catastrophe for Europe and Japan. Spreading chaos which reduced the capacities for trade of the countries of South and Southeast Asia would be hard on a country like

Japan, for which trade with these regions is important. While we can guarantee the defense (both nuclear and conventional) of Japan and Australia from across the Pacific Ocean, we cannot defend from such long distances the sea-lanes on which both depend. Neither could we so defend South Korea, which if lost to a hostile power might seriously affect Japan's stability. If basic unconcern in the less developed areas led to an abandonment of our capacities or will to intervene on occasion in those parts of the world, this might have a serious secondary effect on areas of the world that are immediately important to us.

The second reason is very long range and less easily defined but probably more important. In a rapidly shrinking, ever more closely integrated world, in which interrelations and mutual influences grow constantly stronger, vast discrepancies of wealth and opportunity between various regions and nations and the resentments and hostilities these breed become increasingly dangerous to world stability as a whole.

I thus come to an advocacy of the same middle course between overinvolvement and complete unconcern which Professor Thomson reached more easily, by not attempting to justify it. I am less sanguine, however, than he that we will be wise enough to take this middle course. The arguments for it are either complicated or very long range, while the arguments for the "neo-isolationism" of unconcern are clear-cut and emotionally appealing.

On the optimistic assumption, however, that we will attempt to find our way down the middle course, I would accept most of the specific points about it that Professor Thomson makes, though I would formulate the basic principles to be followed in somewhat different terms:

1. We should distinguish clearly between our capacity to intervene and our commitment to do so, maintaining the former (at least to some degree) but minimizing the latter. For example, we should maintain the Seventh Fleet in the Western Pacific, thus protecting the freedom of the seas and giving us the option to intervene against aggression, thereby probably inhibiting it to some extent, but without committing ourselves in advance. Prior commitments to less developed nations may be necessary in some cases (in East Asia, South Korea probably needs such a commitment, and Taiwan and the Philippines are also possible exceptions because of a long historical involvement on our part and their easy defensibility, as islands, from aggression), but such commitments should be regarded essentially as liabilities rather than assets.

2. As a general rule, intervention in internal instability or civil war should be avoided. Exceptions might be countries that are both very small and highly strategic, if such exist. If a regime — with our

aid, in case it is worthy of it — cannot handle internal problems of this sort itself, we probably could not do it for them. The chief problem we would face is to be sure that we maintain a strict line between aid to a beleaguered regime and intervention in a civil war. Depending on the case, the line beyond which we should not go might be: (a) purely economic aid; (b) weapons; (c) military and constabulary training and advice.

3. As another general rule, we should attempt to assure that any intervention against aggression is international in character, but we cannot assume that this can always be achieved and there may be cases where we would have to intervene unilaterally. For example, a North Korean invasion of South Korea, a definite possibility, might not elicit an international response but might demand an American unilateral intervention.

4. No intervention should be allowed to become open-ended. As Vietnam has shown, we must retain the ability to stop the escalation of our involvement, if our initial efforts do not produce the expected results.

5. Economic and technological aid — which to my mind should be the main thrust of our policies toward the less developed nations, rather than military defenses — should be handled in such a way as to avoid our own political and emotional commitment to specific regimes and to minimize their fears of our domination. For both purposes, the internationalization of aid mechanisms and the use of semi-public foundations would be helpful, as Professor Thomson suggests. I would also add the concept of divorcing planning and operations in the development process from the providing of funds and materials, putting the former completely under the control of the aid recipient and relegating the aid giver to the role of banker, who provides the funds and materials for development programs and, when needed, the funds for hiring the necessary planning and operations staff, but who is not himself directly involved in drawing up plans or implementing programs.

Sir Robert Thompson: I would like to say how much I agree with Messrs. Thomson and Reischauer. I have always feared that Vietnam might produce U.S. isolationism. This risk, in my view, has been made even more severe by the fact that we may not have seen the real end of this war yet. While we all hope there can be a satisfactory conclusion, I am very much afraid that at the present moment we still could be heading for a catastrophe.

What the effects will be within the United States worries me enormously. There has been dissent and disunity on the war up to now, but what might the dissent, disunity, and recrimination be like if we ended with a catastrophe in Vietnam?

I also agree that the gap is growing between the rich and the poor countries of the world. And the one thing that really worries me about violence — whether Communist-inspired or not, and especially in highly populated agricultural countries — is that we are rapidly moving into a situation where food is going to become the major world problem, par-

You cannot divorce power and responsibility; and the whole secret of power is not to use it.

ticularly if there is disruption of production in these agricultural countries. I am therefore more worried about what I would call the food button than about the nuclear button in relation to the long-term dangers in the world.

The only other point I would like to refer to is the previously proposed distinction between military intervention and other forms of involvement. I really don't think the military side can be separated from the economic or political.

For example, the great problem in military intervention is what you tell your general to do. I would dearly love to see the directive — if there were such a directive — that was given to General Westmoreland in Vietnam. What was he told to do? If the directive simply says win the war, then you are telling the soldier to use all his professional means, and you cannot dispute those professional means with him, because he is the professional. If you do not tell him to achieve particular political results, then, if the physical means of power are divorced from the responsibility for the political end result, you are bound to get into a mess. To a certain extent, we saw that at the end of the Second World War, where we focused on winning the war rather than on achieving certain political results.

I would like to leave you, therefore, with two thoughts with regard to power — that you cannot divorce power and responsibility, and, second, that the whole secret of power is not to use it.

Hans Morgenthau: A great deal can be learned from a consideration of the intrinsic mistakes which led us into this involvement.

First of all, I think one can learn that counterinsurgency is not just another military technique — it is not something like placing machine guns in a different way to have greater military effect. Counterinsurgency is an attempt to defeat and stamp out a genuine revolution, or what is called a war of national liberation. We cannot succeed in counterrevolution, short of the destruction of the

indigenous population, as long as the insurgents can at least base their activities upon the indifference, if not upon the active support, of the indigenous population.

Another lesson one can learn from the Vietnam War concerns the relationship of massive, material, military power to the subtle and almost intangible problems one faces when one deals with an enemy who, if only because he cannot help himself, must rely upon different techniques, to which this massive military commitment is utterly irrelevant. In other words, we are in the position of a man who has been attacked by a swarm of bees and who can defend himself only with a submachine gun. By the law of averages he is going to hit a bee from time to time, but he is not going to have a very effective defense.

Third, one can learn from the Vietnam War lessons which have been brought home to me during a prolonged recent stay in India — that there is, indeed, an enormous difference in psychology and attitude between a white nation which, with the best of intentions, tries to reform an Asian nation and the Asian nations themselves. Time and time again cabinet ministers and other prominent people in Asia have said to me that the United States does not care if Asian lives are profusely expended, but that it makes a great deal of difference to Asians.

I remember vividly a dinner party I attended at which a prominent member of the Indian Cabinet and other leading intellectuals were present. They all said that the Tet offensive was the third great historical event in the relations between Asia and the West. The first was the Russian-Japanese war of 1905. The second was the defeat of the French, Dutch, and English by the Japanese during the Second World War; this was the third. This was the last colonial war in which a Western power was fighting on the soil of Asia, and failing.

Now, then, let me say a word about intervention in general. Obviously, as others have said, it is quite impossible to lay down abstract principles to tell you under what conditions you ought to intervene and under what conditions you ought not to intervene. One cannot do this any more than one can establish guidelines telling you exactly when you should go to war and when you should not go to war, when you should deploy your navy and when you should not deploy it, when to send an ultimatum to a foreign power and when not to send an ultimatum. This is not a question of abstract principles but of the concrete circumstances

of the case which are to be decided by prudential judgment.

It would certainly be wrong to conclude from the Vietnam experience that the United States should never intervene in the affairs of any other country, but it would be just as wrong to say that we should dispense with taking the lessons of Vietnam to heart and intervene again whenever there appears to be an occasion to stop Communism.

The asserted danger of impending isolationism is, in good measure, I think, the result of U.S. government propaganda. I found in India a very strong ambivalence with regard to the Vietnam War. On the one hand, there is hardly anybody in a responsible position who supports our activity in Vietnam, but on the other hand, almost everybody is mortally afraid that if we disengage from Vietnam we might disengage from Asia altogether. I think this danger has been conjured up by spokesmen for the Administration, who have made it appear that the United States has only two choices, either to stay in Vietnam or to get out of Asia. However, those are not the only two choices.

I have opposed involvement in Vietnam from the very beginning, from 1961 onward, not because I am opposed to the involvement of the United States in Asia but because I have always considered this particular involvement under these particular circumstances to be politically unprofitable and militarily preposterous. However, to argue against

This was the last colonial war in which a Western power was fighting on the soil of Asia, and failing.

a particular move on the Asian continent is not tantamount to arguing against the vital American interests in the maintenance, or, if need be, the restoration, of the balance of power in Asia. The United States has been aware of this interest and has put it into action, beginning with the open-door policy, through our opposition to Japanese imperialism, to the ill-conceived policy of peripheral military containment regarding China.

Therefore, the ultimate and perhaps most fruitful lesson which can be drawn from the Vietnam experience concerns the policy the United States ought to pursue in Asia, which ought to be neither piecemeal military intervention on the mainland nor disengagement altogether. This, I think, is the real problem for the future.

Chester Cooper: I have several points concerning intervention.

Many years ago I did an analysis of the concept of strategic importance, in an effort to try to come to grips with it. I discovered at that time — and there were fewer such countries then than there are now — that you could find in the literature that reached high places in our government some fifty countries that were designated as being of vital or critical strategic importance to the United States, in one form or another, by one or another government agency. Depending upon what your criteria are, you can make a case that a lot of countries all over the world are of critical strategic importance. But even if you wanted to intervene in every place judged critically important, you just could not do so. Therefore, if you are going to base your decisions regarding intervention on the judgment of whether the area is critically important, you had better take another look at the standards we used in measuring this whole concept of strategic importance and at some principal choices that have to be made.

All standards for intervention are going to be very difficult to apply. But by the time you heed Jim Thomson's caveats regarding what we should do before we intervene, future U.S. intervention is made very unlikely. But I suspect that the world we are going to confront after Vietnam is going to be one that will be a very tough one for us to live in alone.

If we can draw a lesson from Vietnam in terms of intervention, I suspect it is that the threshold will be higher for future intervention — that the alarms will have to be louder and more traumatic, that the case for United States security being affected will have to be somewhat more convincing. I am not arguing whether we should intervene or not. I am suggesting the kind of standard likely to emerge after Vietnam, and life being what it is, this standard will have a life expectancy of only five years or so.

James C. Thomson, Jr.: I thought Mr. Draper made a very useful point earlier in trying to put military intervention in a separate category. He would place the beginning of our military intervention in Vietnam at about 1964–1965. I gather he feels that our intervention in Vietnam from 1954 up through about 1961 was not military intervention.

I would accept this distinction, except for what I would describe as the “slippery-slope phenomenon,” which makes me deeply worried about economic aid and the like. It strikes me that in our reaction to situations of instability overseas there is a built-in progression from economic, technical, and internal security types of assistance to military intervention, when the initial non-military intervention doesn't work. The slippery-

slope phenomenon gets compounded by our great power sense of omnipotence and grandiosity.

Edwin Reischauer: I wish we could get away from the word “intervention” to describe economic aid. This puts it very much in the wrong way. Intervention, to my mind, does not build toward our long-range interests; it reflects only short-range interests, in terms of regimes that are there today or vote in the UN tomorrow, things of that sort. However, these are not ultimate interests on our part.

We should view our role in economic aid in an entirely different way. We should not raise great hopes that we can reconstruct other societies by giving economic aid or that we can construct democratic-leaning regimes and things of that sort. But we can contribute to institutional development and economic growth in ways that local people appreciate, and this in turn can contribute at least peripherally to these other objectives.

Stanley Hoffmann: I am particularly glad to hear the remarks of Professor Reischauer in relation to economic aid. If we are not able to put marks on the famous continuum of policy and to distinguish between providing plant seeds on the one hand, and intervention for political development, or military intervention, on the other, then I think we are really lost.

If we consider that all this is interconnected, that the only choice we have is between buying a whole loaf or nothing at all, then American

What worries me is a sense that we have not yet realized enough of what I call the foreignness of foreigners.

Stimsonianism and New Dealism are likely to be replaced by the neo-isolationism Mr. Reischauer and I are both worried about. To avoid this, one must have a new look at the world and a new look at what kind of interests the United States has.

In some parts of the world I would call the interests we have noncompetitive, interests we share with practically all other nations. We have interests, as a rich, industrialized nation, in avoiding general chaos. Economic aid flows from such interests. If we are afraid of the slippery slope that Jim Thomson was talking about, then indeed we should try to master multilateral techniques of aid so as not to be tempted by the siren of involve-

ment and intervention. But, we might be mature enough to know that economic aid is not necessarily a prelude to grandiose interventions to reshape the outside world.

What worries me ultimately in listening to some of the discussion is a sense that we have not yet realized enough of what I call the foreignness of foreigners — that when one acts abroad, one is treading on mined ground. Mr. Reischauer and Mr. Fairbank have, I think, a tendency to believe that this is particularly true when we deal with Orientals. However, our dealings over the past twenty years with that famous Oriental General, De Gaulle, leads me to the conclusion that what is involved is a more general faith, or belief, that we can affect the will of others, whereas others really cannot affect our will. This is a very deep trait, one which we have to learn to modify.

John McDermott: I am concerned with the rhetorical gap, wherein the words we use — the same words Messrs. Ellsberg and Thomson used within the government — make Professor Schlesinger happy, while their policy results kept Mr. Pool happy.

The relevant distinction is not between political and military intervention but between coercive and noncoercive policies. Very small political and economic coercions shape rapidly and imperceptibly into major coercion. The mainstream liberals are even more blind to this fact than the military brass and the national security bureaucracy.

To reformulate, we should think of intervention as a large baloney. We should recognize that the trouble with the interventionist baloney is that when you start cutting off the left end — which you may call economic — you very, very shortly get up to the middle, and then to the right end — which is called military. And then you have no more baloney, which is where we are right now.

This suggests a good operating rule for staying out of Dutch in the world: if we would not do it in the Netherlands, then we should not do it anywhere else.

Frances FitzGerald: I would adopt an even more stringent operating rule than Mr. McDermott. If we want to stay out of Dutch in the world, then we must be much more careful in the developing states than in the Netherlands, because the Netherlands have the ability to say “no” to us and to usher us out. This is hardly the case in Vietnam.

Our relationship there to our Vietnamese allies, despite enormous amounts of human contact, is basically unsatisfactory, primarily because it is unclear to the Vietnamese exactly what the nature of the relationship is. They do not or cannot see us exactly as colonialists, but on the other hand,

they cannot see us as equals either. There cannot be a bargaining relationship involved.

Our dominant relationship with them is not exactly coercive — much as we may wish it were — because they refuse to be coerced by us. Instead of being our puppet, the Saigon government is rather more like a sort of tar baby. It has nothing to do anymore with its own people; it is now entirely concerned with managing what comes from the outside, with managing us.

I would imagine this has been the case since the fall of the Diem regime, although I am not personally familiar with the period prior to 1966. Part of the reason why some people in Saigon today are mourning the fall of the Diem regime is that Diem had one crucial ability which all the subsequent leaders have lacked: the ability to say “no” to the United States. This is what made him a somewhat effective governor.

What has happened in Vietnam since Diem is, curiously, totally reversed. In fighting us, the NLF and Hanoi have become much more like us than the government we support, and they will be able to respect us more in the end than the present Saigon government will, simply because they can see us as equals. There is an important relationship there. They see us as enemies, and that, of course, is a very clear and firm relationship. When the direct conflict is over, there is a possibility to form another sort of relationship with them, whereas there is no longer that possibility with anything we might call the government of Saigon.

In terms of Professor Huntington's argument, my experience in Vietnam suggests the extreme caution one has to use in proceeding with any sort of political manipulation of anybody else, if only because one cannot tell what the extended ramifications of one's acts will be. The effects you actually create are usually very different from the ones you expect. And, when one puts oneself into a situation, it becomes difficult to remain objective.

Edwin Reischauer: I just want to put forth the rather old-fashioned point of view that the human mind does have power over baloney. This must reveal my humanist background — that I think we are not yet completely victims of machines and social scientists. Of course, I am talking in relation to the comments made by Mr. McDermott and not the usual baloney. I am not sure we have much control over that.

Mr. McDermott has suggested that innocent aid-giving, the loan of seeds, for example, leads on and on into political intervention, into a Vietnam-type war, and that this is inevitably one big baloney — that once you have sliced part of it, you go right down the whole thing. This isn't necessarily so at all. In this connection, you can

perfectly well conceptualize three baloneys, and probably more in many cases. You can have the strictly economic kind of baloney and the political baloney, as well as the military intervention baloney. These, in turn, might be composed of several little baloneys. You might have baloneys on training, advice, and things like that.

What I am trying to say is that we have a perfect possibility of controlling many of these things if we just see the problem. The trouble is that we have not yet seen the problem. We have thought of involvement as being an inevitable continuum, and so we have made it that. I think we are obviously moving toward a feeling that there isn't much balance of power at stake in most of Asia, and not many areas of strategic importance to us. In this regard, I am sorry Roger Hilsman is not here, but let me take as an example his fascinating chapter on Laos. He devotes one paragraph at the beginning of the chapter to saying that Laos is a strategic place. He backs that up with a vague statement that one could build a road through there which might affect something. He then goes on in the rest of the chapter to deal with what you can do about this strategic place. I believe we are presently moving away from this kind of blind assumption of the importance of small countries. And we obviously are not left with just the choice of complete interventionism or complete isolationism. I think most of us realize that there must be roads in between, and these are what we are trying to define.

I think the word "isolationist" also is a bit unfortunate because it has been used in so many different ways. As Professor Morgenthau pointed out, it has even been used to characterize anybody who had doubts about the Vietnam War. However, I think the way we have been using it here has been quite different — to describe people who are really unconcerned about Asia and the other less developed parts of the world. In the Chinese tradition of rectification of names — finding the right word for the right thing — I would suggest we use the word "unconcerned" rather than "neo-isolationism" to describe this attitude.

Eqbal Ahmad: I would like to take off from where Professors Reischauer and Morgenthau have left us. It seems to me that the specter of neo-isolationism has been bothering all of us for the last two days. It seems an unnecessary concern. Unnecessary, first of all, because neo-isolationism is probably as unlikely to come about today as is the hope of returning to the virtues of village life in many parts of the world. It is difficult to conceive that Americans will become, given the present situation, somehow isolated from the rest of the world, and therefore we have to think in

terms of new forms of relationships rather than in terms of isolationism, even if some people like to talk about it.

First, it seems to me, the United States has been unable to grasp the force of nationalism in the third world, and insofar as it has been grasped, the policies America has pursued have been basically antinationalist. It has been supporting nationalist movements only during the phase of self-determination, but when nationalist movements have acquired social and radical content, the U.S. response has been negative.

Social conflict is likely to occur and even sharpen in our part of the world in the coming decades. The United States's interest probably does not lie in influencing the outcome of these social conflicts. U.S. interest basically lies in confining these conflicts within national and regional boundaries.

Therefore, from this argument, I would argue that United States policy should lay greater stress on demilitarizing the third world. I think the United States should put as much stress on demilitarization of the third world as it puts on great power disarmament, perhaps more. The great powers should agree, if possible (and I think it will be possible), not to supply heavy arms to the underdeveloped countries. The denial of such heavy arms might be the first and probably most important step in keeping these conflicts somewhat more confined, perhaps less destructive, and also away from big-power interferences. The three great powers — I include China — can, in the meantime, maintain commitments to certain countries to defend them against attack from other powers. After all, South Korea has a right to be defended if it so desires, and for that matter, so does India.

Stanley Hoffmann: I agree entirely with Mr. Ahmad's point, with one small exception, to which I will come.

On the whole we can distinguish, at least intellectually, two kinds of interventions, one of which we have practiced with some proficiency over the years. This category has been what I would call negative interventions. We did not exactly know what we were for, but we did know what we were against. We intervened essentially against a threat, and we have sometimes been quite successful — Guatemala, Iran, and what have you. As for this category of interventions, I would argue that in the future we at least ought to define more rigorously what it is that so threatens us that we feel we have to intervene either by political subversion or by military action.

The second category is intervention to do something positively. Here again, a plea for modesty and limitation is in order. There are a few things

RUMNOG

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How to make it:

Beat 12 egg yolks until light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 quart milk and a fifth of gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hours. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 quart stiffly whipped cream. Chill 1 hour. Top with nutmeg. Serves 24.

Quick Recipe:

Add 12 oz. gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum to 1 quart eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in one cup whipped cream. Chill. Top with nutmeg. Serves 12.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



“Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects.”

Mrs. Mary Pegram

(Note: Mrs. Mary Pegram is a social worker in a large metropolitan area, with an intimate knowledge of the problems of the central city. Her views concerning the ways in which urban decay affects all of us follow:)

“As a social worker, and a black woman, I feel the agonies of second-class citizenship very deeply. Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects.

“I visit cities and walk through their streets, breathing air that’s not fit for anyone to breathe; I hear the constant rumble of traffic and feel its vibrations in the soles of my feet; I see the grime caked on windows, walls, sidewalks, and parked cars and shudder as I realize that this dirt is going into our lungs; then I think that life in today’s cities is no picnic . . . for anyone . . . black or white. You’re a second-class citizen when you live like this.

“Passing any corner where people wait for public transportation, you can see crowds. And they’re not all black.

“And I know that everybody is afraid to walk the streets after dark.

“I drive along the roads near rivers and see all the stuff that floats on the water and smell the sickening odor.

It’s everybody’s river and it flows by luxury apartment buildings as well as slum dwellings.

“There’s nothing first class about any of it, for any of us.

“If we can make our cities free of filth, free of the overwhelming problems that affect everyone, I believe we’d find a new spirit of pride and optimism in this country. And with that spirit, we’ll all become first-class citizens, in every respect.”

The future of our cities depends on what we do now. Today.

It’s a job that must rest primarily with government. But it’s a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . white and non-white alike.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help.

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we know we can do, particularly in economic aid. However, I am quite convinced, especially after listening to this discussion, that we cannot intervene effectively to build up somebody else's political process. Here we are dealing really with a completely different kind of baloney altogether.

Let me add that for any negative and positive interventions to be successful we generally need to meet the essential conditions set by Mort Halperin. On the other hand, I agree with Mr. Cooper that there may be occasions when governments can't sufficiently help themselves alone and still should get American aid. But I would hope that one lesson of the Vietnam War is that we will never again interfere militarily or with a high degree of political involvement on behalf of governments that do not know how to defend themselves. If we have not learned this, then I really don't know what we have learned.

This does not mean that we are going to deal with an easy world. Here is my point of disagreement with Mr. Ahmad. I entirely agree with his principles, but if we settle for a world of great domestic turbulence and nationalism, as I think we must, then there is a contradiction between accepting nationalisms and demilitarizing (or denying weapons to) other nations, because they will insist on the right of sovereign states to have weapons. We should consider the kinds of troubles we may have if we refuse to go along with them while continuing to arm ourselves.

James C. Thomson, Jr.: Well, I have some bits and pieces, but I do not have a closing benediction.

My first bit relates to semantics. I wonder if the purveyors of baloney in the room would mind if, to avoid unnecessary ambiguity, we shifted the image to salami or liverwurst.

With regard to the possibility of isolationism in today's world: Mr. Reischauer proposes the term "unconcern," which I think is a very useful way to put it. However, as my own policy prescription, "deactivism" or "disengagement," I think, would be more appropriate; actually the phrase I use is the Japanese term "low posture" — a "low-posture foreign policy."

Edwin Reischauer: I think everybody would be for a low posture.

James C. Thomson, Jr.: When I read papers like Mort Halperin's, I keep finding words like "America's commitments," and passages to the effect that of course we cannot disregard our

commitments. I would like to propose as a partial brake against future interventions not that we disregard our commitments but rather that we more soberly and deftly try to re-examine, sort out, and selectively de-emphasize the accumulated commitments that are the baggage each new Administration inherits from its predecessors.

In 1961 we gave ourselves little latitude in East Asia, and in many other parts of the world, not merely because of inherited commitments but, regrettably, because of rather rigid interpretations of those commitments. The Secretary of State urged such rigidity. I would hope we could gradually revamp our understanding of certain commitments without selling our allies and friends down the river or causing them undue alarm.

This brings me to my final point. My hope, out of all of this tragedy, is that America will somehow be a chastened nation in the aftermath of Vietnam. This is the first war we've watched so closely on television. This is a war about which we have more volumes of printed literature than any previous war. The record of our failure is available to the general public as never before. I hope we will go through a chastening period in which we will be knocked out of our grandiosity — a period in which we will see the self-righteous, illusory quality of that vision of ourselves offered by the high Washington official who said that while other nations have "interests," the United States has "a sense of responsibility."

I hope that we may also rid ourselves of what Mr. Schlesinger referred to as "Stimsonianism" as well as the evangelical liberal tradition overseas — a tradition represented here by our distinguished colleague who aims to create "a world, in which the political systems of all states are democratic and pacifically oriented." It surprises me to still hear such grandiose objectives proposed.

If Vietnam can result in a reduction of grandiosity on our part, it should likewise result in a discovery that we are, in one sense, quite similar to everyone else — we have our own problems; look at our cities. But it should also make us discover that in another sense we are also very unlike others, and that in this highly diverse world there are diverse routes to development.

My hopes are strengthened, I might just add, by a conviction that at least some of the new generation of Americans emerging from our colleges and universities will continue to be activists and, hopefully, will become makers of foreign policy. I do not think that these are people who will permit us to remain on the closed track of the cold-war era.

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Arts and Letters

About Time

by T. S. Matthews

THIS book is the first volume of *Time's* official history of itself—which means that it was written, edited, lawyered, and anxiously overseen by a committee of *Time*-servers: a product of the “group journalism” that *Time* invented, tried to deny, and finally got stuck with.

It's not a bad book, as books go nowadays, and anyone who was attracted in his youth to Horatio Alger may even find it inspiring. It's written in the readable, colorless clichés that pass for good journalism, a cut above the language of an annual company report that spells it out to the stockholders in reassuring baby talk; but, like a company report, it's guaranteed not to offend anybody except the disgruntled few who know where some of the suppressed facts are buried.

Why did *Time* bother to publish it? Well, it might prettify Time Inc.'s public image (you never can tell) or at least cover some warts with beauty spots. And it was a sound piece of business for the publisher, because Time Inc. has undertaken to buy enough copies to pay for the printing, and the book should certainly sell considerably more than that. I should think quite a lot of

people would want to read it, hoping to find out something useful or revealing about that dream of success that drives every red-blooded American boy; or to reassure themselves that even if the American God is no longer visibly in the American heaven, at least the American snail is still firmly on the American thorn.

Something that costs a nickel to make and will sell for a dime, and

**Time Inc.: The Intimate
History of a Great Publishing
Enterprise, 1923-1941**
by Robert T. Elson
edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor
(Atheneum, \$10.00)

is habit-forming: this ideal formula for a successful business applies to *Time* as well as to U.S. Steel, although the margin of profit is considerably smaller, and consumer habits have to be trained and encouraged by sales campaigns. Journalism, for all its fancy talk, is fundamentally a business. Even C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* admitted that a newspaper has to make money before it can be an effective preacher.

And this book is primarily the

story of how a little magazine called *Time* became a big business called Time Inc. The inevitable hero, who looms Algeresquely large in these pages, is Henry Robinson Luce. He was only the co-founder of *Time*, but in the begetting of *Fortune*, *Life*, *Sports Illustrated*, and so on, though he had scads of advisers and helpers, he took the sole responsibility, got the credit, and kept the control.

Luce was a shrewd businessman who had the gumption (some say it was luck, but surely mere luck wouldn't have stayed with him so long) to surround himself with other shrewd and more specialized businessmen, almost all of whom regarded him as a genius, or at any rate as a man occasionally inspired. Was it because his interests were wider, his curiosity more far-ranging, his ambition more sleepless than theirs? He could “ideate” (as they used to say on Madison Avenue) at greater speed and frequency than they could, and some of his ideating turned into profitable ideas. Also he owned a controlling interest in the company; he was not only the boss but the owner.

“[Luce] . . . was reluctant to proclaim himself ‘the proprietor,’ a term which his associates often used

in affection behind his back." What's wrong with that sentence? The same thing that's wrong with the book: it's an ad that's partly true and essentially false. Every now and then, on occasions when it seemed necessary or good to him, Luce did proclaim himself the boss, the rover who was never dead on anybody, who could (and would, if he felt he had to) fire any of his "associates" out of hand. He never, so far as I know, admitted out loud that his boss-ship was backed by the overpowering fact that in effect he also owned the company, but he didn't need to: everyone knew it. It is quite true that he was often called "the proprietor" behind his back — but "in affection"?

One of the writers on the *Manchester Guardian*, recalling his old editor, C. P. Scott, who was apparently an even colder proposition than Luce, said that in a list of men he would die for, Scott's name would come last. A lot of Luce's "associates" (the invariable euphemisms in this book are "associates" or "colleagues") felt the same way about him. Some of the comparatively few who had personal dealings with him developed a sort of fondness for him which was hard to explain but impossible to deny. As a tycoon he was frequently a terror, but as a person there was, sometimes, something that was singularly touching about him.

Yes, Time Inc. is first and foremost a business (part of the entertainment business, I always thought); and what's wrong with that? Only that it pretends — just as this book does — to be what it isn't: a missionary endeavor, "one of the ennobling and directive trades," as Struthers Burt, a writer, used to describe writing. The book tries to palm itself off as an "intimate history," but of course it's no such thing. It's the success story of "a Great Publishing Enterprise" as told by itself, from \$86,000 borrowed (1923) to \$45 million earned (1941). The only people in the story who don't lie dead on the page are Hadden and Luce: they're allowed to talk enough to make caricatures of themselves, though not

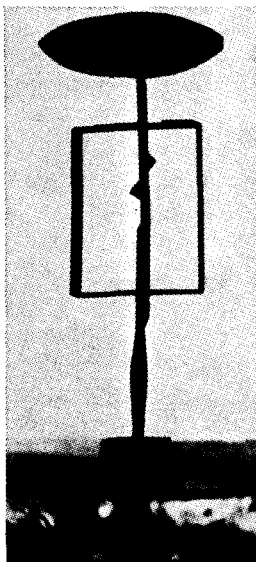
believable human beings. Luce lasted much longer and did much more than Hadden, so his silhouette dominates the scene.

Of the minor characters, we get only occasional and sometimes tantalizing glimpses: Eric Hodgins, the only wit Time Inc. has produced; Manfred Gottfried, the solid, skeptical yeoman of the guard; Charles Stillman, the tongue-tied financial genius who would have made a great Secretary of the Treasury. But these and all the rest are Lilliputians to Luce's Gulliver.

Any shading or perspective in this conventionalized portrait of Luce seems accidental; still, between the lines some significant highlights do sometimes appear, and even an occasional revealingly colored blurt. Here's the ten-year-old Luce, writing home from his school in China:

"I am going to get into the fourth form. I do not care if I die for it. I must get inside. I must. I will. And God has, is, and will help me. Just take my 100% in Algebra. It was all God." Throughout his life he was determined to get there, and also determined that God should damn well be on his side. That was the sort of cockeyed conviction that made him the essential ingredient in Time Inc.'s formula for success. Both Hadden and Luce, the two whiz kids from Yale who

started *Time*, were conservatives from birth. They were uneasy partners from the beginning, and if Hadden hadn't died at the age of thirty-one, most people who knew them think they would have split up, and then there might never have been a Time Inc. to write about. They never wanted to lead a revolution but to capture the Establishment. Or at any rate Luce did. We'll never know what Hadden really wanted — except to compete with Luce. It was Hadden who got *Time* off the ground by the yowlings and somersaults of the notorious "*Time* style," an effective advertisement which soon became ridiculous and whose embarrassing memory clung to *Time's* coattails for years. This kind of thing: "A ghastly ghoul prowled around a cemetery not far from Paris. Into



(Advertisement)

December Report on Atlantic Monthly Press books



(Each month in this space we ask our editors to tell the world about some of our recent books)

If it is the publisher's job (1) to pick the right books and (2) to get them to the right readers, he must sometimes be nonplussed by the problem of describing the undescribable. It is easy to say of a nonfiction work that it is the last word, say, on the sex life of the earthworm; but there is only one thing to be said about swift, scary narrative fiction: Read it. How loudly, how often, can you say the same thing?

Over the last 30 years **Geoffrey Household** has written more than his share of such novels (*Rogue Male*, *Watcher in the Shadows*). Though his publishers have often shouted, "Read it," only sometimes have hundreds of thousands of readers chimed in. Now, with the publication of his new novel, a narrative of primeval terror, the chorus is swelling again.

DANCE OF THE DWARFS (believe us or not) is Geoffrey Household's finest novel and undoubtedly his most terrifying. The first editor to read the manuscript passed it on to the second with the remark, "I advise you not to read it after dark." It was good advice, advice which we are passing on to the public. Do not, dear reader, pick up *Dance of the Dwarfs* after dark. But read it.

DANCE OF THE DWARFS

by Geoffrey Household

\$5.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

family chapels went he, robbery of the dead intent upon."

Luce never wrote like that. And he was always putting pencil to paper: most of it was memos for "eyes only," but sometimes he wrote for publication. The prospectus for *Life* which he wrote or is credited with writing shows what a hell of an inspirational advertising copywriter he would have made: "To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things — machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work — his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed. . . ."

In later years, when he got to be an all too frequent speechifier, he developed a lolloping evangelical manner ("There is today great need for great argument"), full of senatorial pleonasms like "must and will," "in and through and with."

Though this book bears the earmarks of having been committed by a committee, here and there something slips past the censor, with the effect of a quick wink from a deadpan face: "From time to time [Luce] made some efforts to free his colleagues from a sense of dependence on him, yet at the same time he was reluctant to yield an iota of personal authority." Or a quote from Luce himself: "*Free speech in confidence* is essential to group journalism."

It is never suggested in this book that Luce was as devious an administrator as FDR himself, nor that he was frequently a poor judge of men; but here is his written opinion of Laird Goldsborough, the foreign-news editor of *Time* who was famous for his twistiness and prejudice: "One word as to Goldsborough. His is a *unique* mind . . . whose uniqueness amounts almost to genius, and which respects Truth." (Goldsborough, after being eventually eased out of his job and then out of *Time* Inc., jumped from his office window — the second *Time* Inc. suicide reported in this volume. There will be several more to report in volume two.)

In spite of its (understandable) omissions, this "intimate history" filled me in on some small facts I hadn't known about; for example, that James Thurber wrote a piece (unsigned) for *Fortune* on New York City during the Depression. That Luce moved *Time* to Cleveland while Hadden was abroad, and that Hadden moved *Time* back to New York while Luce was abroad. That Ralph Ingersoll offered me a re-starting salary of \$10,000. (I thought

he asked me to name my figure.) When I think of the amount of work that must have gone into this book, I feel faint. Nevertheless while it's not a bad book as book go nowadays, it is not a good book either. It will partly satisfy some readers' curiosity. It had better not reassure them, however — unless they can really believe that business success is the same thing as salvation. Millions of Americans do try to believe that, I know.

The Warmongers

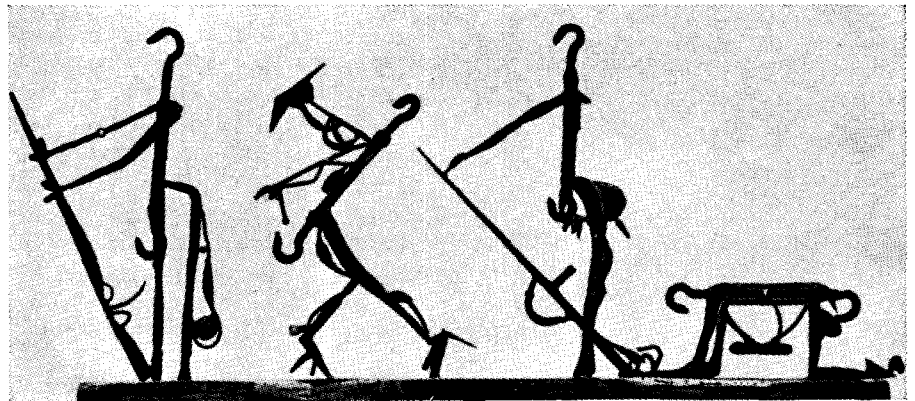
by Victor Lange

Mr. Manchester has done it again: his history of the Krupp Empire, begun before he was asked to undertake the biography of President Kennedy, is a most fascinating account of an immense spectacle of power, of the nearly incomprehensible dimensions of human aspirations and failings, of noble and evil ambitions, and of the interplay of private cunning and the awesome turns of history.

It is difficult to imagine a more meticulously documented, a more melodramatic, and a more seductive performance by a journalist who is at once relentless in his determina-

But Mr. Manchester is a journalist of infinitely greater pretensions; what he offers us in nearly a thousand pages is a *symphonie fantastique*, from which it is difficult to escape, which has one insistent melody, and which displays a vast array of facts, of splendid tableaux, of blunty drawn portraits, of enveloping lyrical moods, of ominous moments of suspense, and of sudden shocks of calculated vulgarity.

He begins and ends with extraordinary visions of the primeval setting of the Krupp epic: the Hercynian forest east of the Rhine, dark, solid, and terrifying, the tribal



tion to detail every available piece of evidence and obsessed with a fanatic will to draw us into a Wagnerian world of mythical amorality.

The saga of the Krupps has been told before, once during the Second World War, at the height of the family's fortunes, by W. Berdrow, and again in 1960 by both Norbert Mühlen and Gordon Young, when the defeat of Germany and the almost total destruction of Krupp seemed mere temporary setbacks.

laws of pitiless Teutons, the world in which, to quote Mr. Manchester, "the *Volk* confided to one another as the flames whispered low and the tortured shadows grew; werewolves crouched beneath the writhing tree-tops, trolls and warlocks feasted on serpents' hearts, women transformed themselves into slimy beasts and coupled with their own brothers." Here were born "the morbid themes that have tormented the Gothic soul ever since: the dream

orgy, the death wish, the fascination with the grotesque, the emotional convulsion, the exultation in . . . 'overweening pride . . . and awful vengeance.'"

From this murky terrain we are easily transported to the beginnings of the Krupp fortunes in the sixteenth century, through the Thirty Years' War, to the nineteenth century and the accretion of power in the hands of Friedrich Krupp, the founder of the Krupp Works and of a dynasty unbroken until recently. It was Friedrich's son Alfred, the *Kanonenkönig*, who made the firm the biggest steelworks in the world, who established a complex network of interdependent industrial enterprises, who replaced the bronze material of cannon barrels with Krupp steel, and who was undoubtedly indispensable to the military and political success of the

The Arms of Krupp, 1587-1968
by William Manchester
(Little, Brown, \$12.50)

emerging Reich. Mr. Manchester's account of this remarkable figure receives the full play of his orchestral skill: Alfred is shrewd, devious, obsequious, cruel, scheming, and suspicious of foreigners but eager to supply them with superior weapons. His death in 1887 Manchester relates, as he does other moments of supreme pathos, with a Balzacian eye for the ominous gesture: "There was a sudden spasm; he stiffened and then went slack, and as his lifeless hand opened a two-inch pencil fell to the marble floor." Alfred Krupp had armed forty-six nations — a "noble gentleman," it was said, "who was an example of that patriotism which considers no sacrifice for the Fatherland too great."

His son Fritz was the most successful, baffling, charming, repulsive, and enigmatic of the Krupps: his homosexual escapades were the scandal of 1889; the *Fall Krupp* offers Mr. Manchester a splendid opportunity for a detailed, well-documented, and titillating exposé of the Byzantine corruption of the German aristocratic establishment. Fritz's death, presumably a suicide, left the steel empire in the hands of a "leggy child named Bertha"; the firm was transformed into a public corporation almost wholly owned by Bertha, and in 1906, to use Mr.



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Manchester's phrase, "the Kaiser decided it was time she sacrificed her maidenhead to the Reich" and married Gustav (Krupp) von Bohlen und Halbach, who remained the head of the gigantic concern throughout the proud and ignominious decades of the First World War, the Weimar Republic, and the Hitler regime until his son Alfried was appointed chief director in 1942.

The history of this half century is the grandest and most colorful part of Mr. Manchester's design. But as its pattern becomes more intricate, its play of human and inhuman forces more terrifying and elusive, as the monstrous story of Krupp's complicity in the Nazi war is unraveled, we weary a little of Mr. Manchester's increasingly hysterical tone. His resolve to mount a more and more operatic tussle between the vile heritage of Teutonic guilt and the fumbling American efforts to mete out an adequate punishment deprives this part of his book of historical objectivity. The gaunt and taciturn figure of Alfried, the last of the effective managers of the firm, stalks through the final three hundred pages first as a servile instrument of the Nazis, then as the operator of fifty-five slave labor and concentration camps supplying some 100,000 foreign workers, and eventually as the evasive defendant before the Nuremberg court who is convicted and all too soon released from Landsberg Prison. His pardon in 1951 was, in Mr. Manchester's implacable view, the incomprehensible act of Mr. John McCloy, whose integrity is here ceremoniously assured, but whose action seems to Mr. Manchester to have been "clumsy" and "illegal," and whose careful explanations of his reasons for an act of such momentous consequence he dismisses as "worthless" and "fatally flawed." When he "handed John J. McCloy an audit of discrepancies between his 1951 statements and the Nuremberg transcript," Mr. Manchester was shocked to be told that, as a political decision that had to be made at the time in the light of larger American obligations, it might as well be thought of as "ancient history."

It is in this part of Mr. Manchester's narrative — which moves on swiftly and with increasing contempt for the declining family, to the dissolution of the firm only a year or

so ago — that the characteristic weakness of his method appears most strikingly. Neither the many demonstrable factual mistakes nor the ludicrous melodramatic style nor, indeed, his distasteful journalistic vulgarities need perhaps be regarded too seriously in a book that undertakes to tell a story of truly extravagant dimensions. What Mr. Manchester lacks is an adequate conception of the fundamentally ugly and paradoxical nature of power; the view he offers of men and events, and of motives and decisions, is simplistic in the extreme. As a journalist he assumes the self-assured

stance of provincial outrage at this sinister, this unimaginable play of total power. He pretends to be shocked at the notion that in power of this magnitude the matter-of-fact calculations of a tremendous political, military, and business structure should go hand in hand with appalling human failures. Absorbing and lively, macabre and grotesque though this epic of a dynasty may be, it provides, with all its abundance of picturesque incident, less the materials and insights for an adequate understanding of a unique constellation of power than the scenario for a Hollywood spectacular.

Gorgeous George on the Links

by Joseph Epstein

Unto George Ames Plimpton has been entrusted a large share of the fantasy life of the majority of the American male population. I speak of sport; it has become his sacred duty to act out the sports fantasies of the rest of us. It is an awesome responsibility to place in anyone's hands, yet in whose better than those of that nice young man Mr. Plimpton? Adored by Miss Marianne

The Bogey Man
by George Plimpton
(Harper & Row, \$5.95)

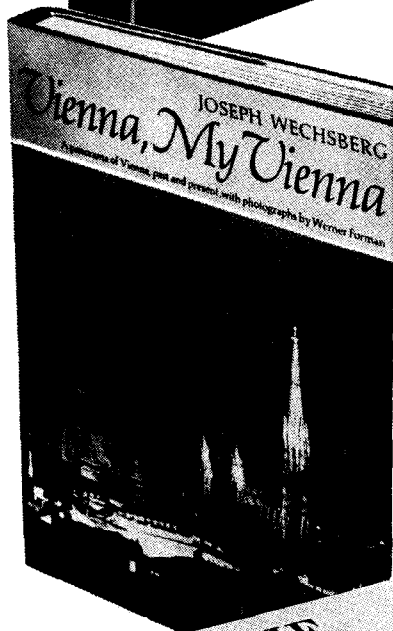
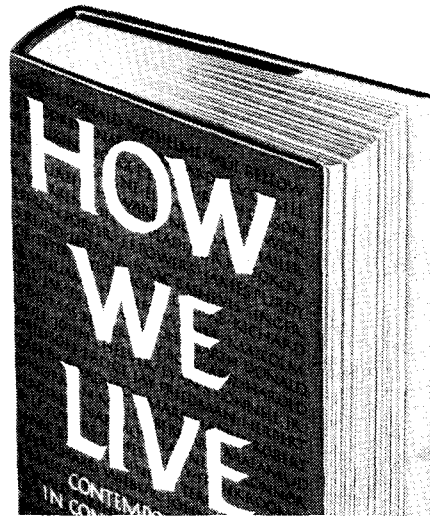
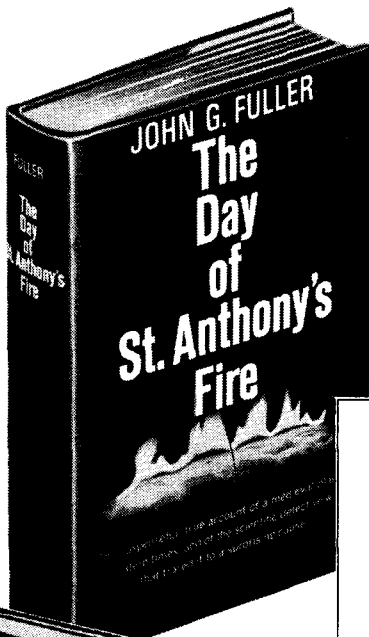
Moore, approved by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, invited by Mr. Truman Capote — Mr. Plimpton has an extraordinary supply of a boyish, New Frontier kind of charm. To take the measure of this charm one must imagine the late Lucius Beebe coming out with an endorsement for Big Boy hamburgers, a book like *Making It* written by Andy Hardy, and Henry Aldrich living in Newport, Rhode Island. Thus Mr. Plimpton: he's beautiful! he's socially acceptable! he's the editor of the *Paris Review*!

As if all this weren't enough, Mr. Plimpton has still another good thing going. He has taken a fragile, rather dubious publishing idea and turned it into what for any other man would be a full career. The idea is precisely this: Mr. Plimpton arranges the enactment of delectable

sports fantasies, such as even you and I have carried around in our heads since we were kids, into which he inserts himself as a participant. In *Out of My League*, for example, he pitched to a lineup of all-star baseball players; in *Paper Lion*, he reported to the Detroit Lions' training camp as a rookie quarterback; on another occasion he stepped into the ring with the great Archie Moore. The twist, as readers of his books will by now know, is that these fantasies inevitably backfire on him, for in reality Mr. Plimpton is a pretty lousy athlete, again even as you and I. The all-stars slap hell out of his pitching, the Lions rudely crash him to the ground, and Archie Moore playfully clobbers him. Mr. Plimpton's readers are supposed to — and, I take it, usually do — come away from these little excursions with expanded admiration for the professional athletes involved and with humorous sympathy for Mr. Plimpton, who, in a neat reversal on Stephen Potter's conception of gamesmanship, may be said to get away with it *while* making an absolute plonk of himself. In a country where masculine maturity generally comes with the realization that one will never live to pitch in a World Series game — and for most of us this realization arrives, I suspect, only on our deathbeds — Mr. Plimpton has hit a best-seller formula.

In *The Bogey Man* Mr. Plimpton works the same rich vein, this time

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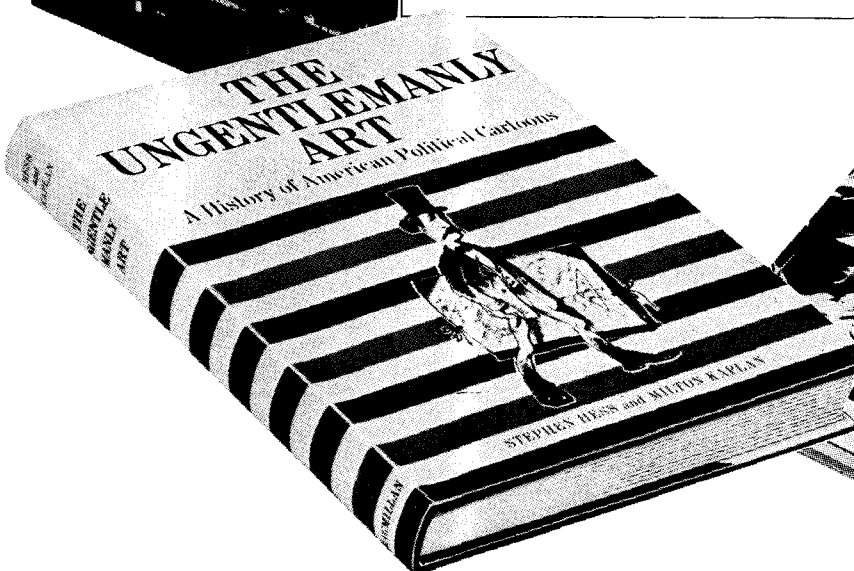
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with the game of golf. The narrative of the book need not detain us very long. Suffice it to say that Mr. Plimpton, bankrolled by *Sports Illustrated*, enters himself in a number of pro-am tournaments in California and that the usual disasters occur: he shoots terribly, is humiliated on several occasions, and what awe his readers had for professional golfers will, by book's end, no doubt be intensified. What is, I think, of some interest is that which is implicit in *The Bogey Man* about the current status of the adulation of athletes and athletics in America. Twenty, even ten, years ago, I do not believe anyone would have bothered to have written such a book, let alone a member of the *cognoscenti literati* like George Plimpton. Sports, like the movies, are probably better than ever. Not only are there more of them, but — with a few obvious exceptions, such as boxing — the quality of play is everywhere higher. Yet something somewhere along the line seems to have gone wrong. The old tingle, the old fantasy-making power, seems to have been drained out. The going cliché blames it on the corporatization of athletics, the fact that almost all sports have gone Big Business. But I doubt this explains it. When after all hasn't sports been Big Business — they were talking about a million-dollar gate for the Dempsey-Tunney fight back in the '20s — and in a world in which a great many people are overpaid, why shouldn't athletes get theirs? No, what seems to me to have changed are the athletes — or, more precisely, our relationship to them.

The fact is, we have come to know too damn much about them. Like all mythical figures, athletes require a certain distancing from their admirers. Take away that distance and we see them for what they are: pretty much like the rest of us, except, perhaps because less is required of them in the way of mother wit to get on in the great world, generally a little duller. This, inevitably, is dismaying. Years ago it was fairly evident that neither Joe Louis nor Joe DiMaggio was a suitable com-

panion for Ludwig Wittgenstein, but the question about their intelligence and personality was not a pressing one. What chiefly counted was the power of the one man and the physical elegance of the other. With the klieg lights of personal publicity glaring with an ever increasing intensity, such purely athletic qualities count for less than they once did.

In brief, athletes have become subject, as never before, to the cult of personality. The overall result has been to diminish them. Without his consciously intending it so, this, surely, is the effect of Mr. Plimpton's book. There is a certain irony here,

for no one is a more enthusiastic fan than he, no one's admiration for the professional athlete is less bounded. The problem revolves around Mr. Plimpton's approach to his subject. He comes on wide-eyed and innocent. "Lord," he exclaims, while in the middle of

one of the scores of anecdotes with which his book is so heavily padded, "what did he do?"

In part, Mr. Plimpton's problem has to do with the game of golf, which is intrinsically one of the dullest devised by man. Apart from the fact that it is the game that has long held General Eisenhower in thrall, one of the measures for determining its dullness is money: take the element of money out of golf and what you have left is a spoiled walk. In the greatest of tournaments, what is of interest is not whether a player can stroke the little white ball six feet and into the cup, but whether he can do so under the pressure of knowing that twenty-five grand rides on the shot. So inherently boring is the game, so heavily dependent is it on artificially induced competition, that even the best, most companionable of friends seem unable to get around a golf course without the aid of side bets to hyp-up the action.

Another infallible measure of the dullness of a sport is the amount of trivia, the sheer tonnage of superfluous information, that attaches to it and becomes as relevant to its fans as the Thirty-nine Articles are to the Church of England. Here, of course, golf is unsurpassed. As a

chronicler of this sort of information, Mr. Plimpton is a Thucydides of the trivial, a veritable Dante of dreck. "What's the widest shoe you've seen come along?" he asks a man who keeps records of the equipment golfers use. (Ed "Porky" Oliver's nine triple E's.) "What about Hogan?" I asked. "What number ball does he use?" (A Titleist 4, as it turns out.) And of an official PGA scorer, he inquires, ". . . what was the highest score he could remember posting for a single hole?" (Dave Hill's 108.)

At one point, Mr. Plimpton asks Jack Nicklaus, the one player on the professional tour who consistently rivals Palmer, "How much ribbing goes on when you play with Arnold Palmer?" Here, alas, is the reply:

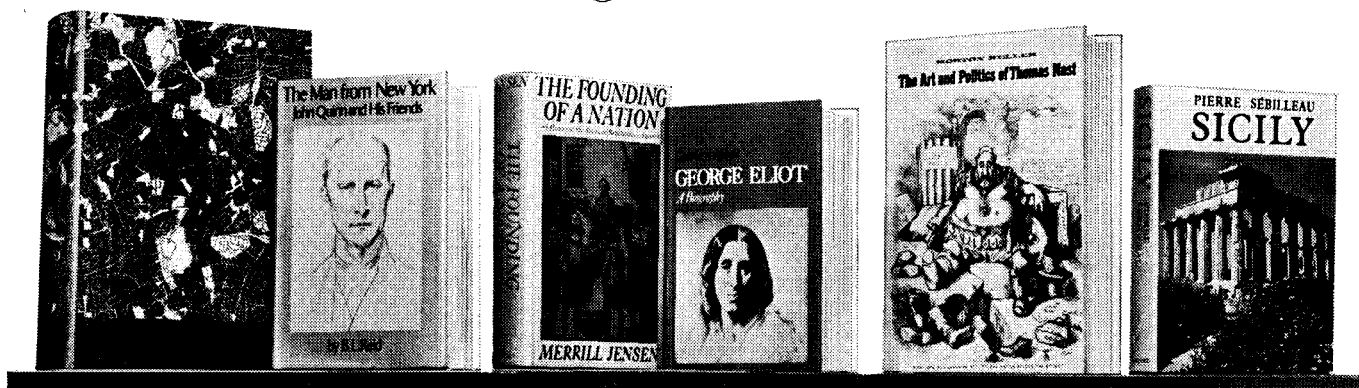
"Not too much," Nicklaus said. "Oh, we kid around a bit. Arnie'll come in with a 75 and I'll say, 'Gee, where'd you get all those birdies?' Or when I come in he'll say, 'Nice round. What'd you shoot?' — in that order. We give nicknames to the girls in the gallery sometimes. We found a great one in Paris — 'Blackie' we called her — and she turned out to be the daughter of a four-star general."

Elsewhere in *The Bogey Man* Mr. Plimpton stakes out the claim that the golfer is a lonely, indeed a tragic, figure. With the above snippet of dialogue in mind, it would appear that the tragedy it most closely resembles is *Of Mice and Men*, with poor Nicklaus in the role of Lenny.

An interesting sidelight to all this is that most of the professional golfers Mr. Plimpton encountered went along nicely with his plans for this book — loading him up with anecdotes, filling him in on the gritty details of the pro tour, answering any questions he posed, no matter how obtuse or irrelevant. Do they realize, one wonders, that this is the quickest way to use up one of their most important assets — their fast receding status as mythical figures? *The Bogey Man*, by the way, is not Mr. Plimpton's first attempt to write about golf. Five or six years ago, he tells us, he played a round with Sam Snead, out of which he hoped to get an article. Snead took fifty bucks off him in a side bet, offered him no conversation, and he came away without a paragraph. Later, he tried to arrange a similar match with Ben Hogan, who politely — but irrevocably — turned him down. There, I would say, are two real pros.



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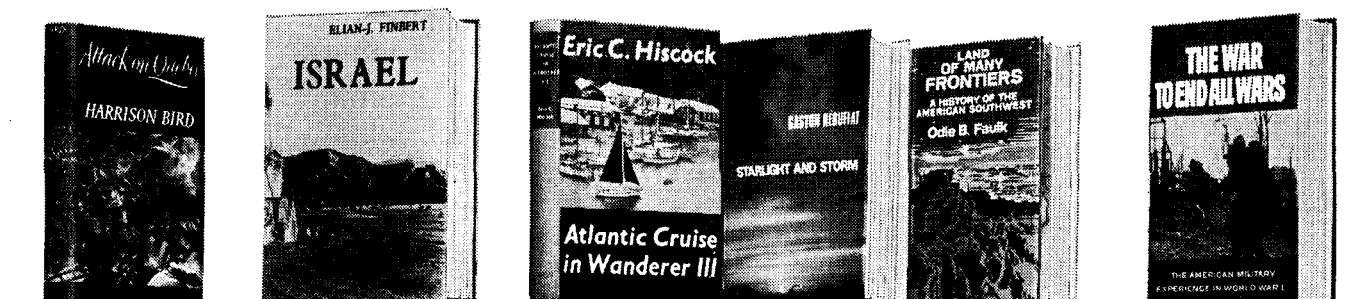
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Some years ago it fell to me to entertain a group of writers from the Soviet Union who with couriers from our State Department had come to Boston for a four-day visit. Two of the four I had met in Moscow, but the blond novelist with the iron jaw was a stranger and disturbing in her zeal to identify Americanisms abhorrent to every right-minded Russian. I drove them to Salem and Concord, stuffed them with lobster at the old Union Oyster House (each wanted a packet of lobster bibs to take home), and introduced them to persons and institutions which hold the essence of New England. A three-hour tea with Robert Frost, with a skillful, attractive translator of our choosing, began to soften up the blonde, and on our last evening I asked her, if she had the choice of three things she had seen, which would she like to take back home. "Robert Frost," she said, and then reflectively, "the Loeb Theater at Harvard—and the paintings of Andrew Wyeth!" There had been a Wyeth exhibition at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his work had spoken to the Russians as a vast display of abstract wall coverings in the De Cordova Museum emphatically did not. They objected to being photographed beside the latter.

Andrew Wyeth is the most representative of all living American artists and the most popular. With his drybrush watercolor and tempera painting, he is as indigenous to the coastal landscapes of Maine, where he spends the summers, as to Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, where he winters. Within each of these orbits, indeed within the radius of two miles, like Thoreau, he extracts from his neighbors, from home sights, and from what is familiar the memory of the past and the enigma of the present. His style is meticulous, the quality of his light demands the finest reproduction, and the sweep of his pictures—as, for instance, *Soaring*, that magnificent aerial of turkey vultures above the farm—needs more space than the conventional page. Accordingly, his publishers persuaded the artist and his

wife, Betsy, to select the drawings, studies, and paintings (121 in full color) which best display the scope of Wyeth's mastery; they agreed to have the binding hand-stitched so that the pages would lie flat, and further that the page should measure 17 by 13 inches so that no picture would be marred by the fold. And they have expressed their confidence in a first printing of 50,000 copies.

Andrew's father, N. C. Wyeth, was a pupil of Howard Pyle's and one of the best illustrators of his day, as his paintings for *Treasure Island*, *Mutiny*

Andrew Wyeth
by Richard Meryman
(Houghton Mifflin, \$55.00;
\$75.00 after January 1)

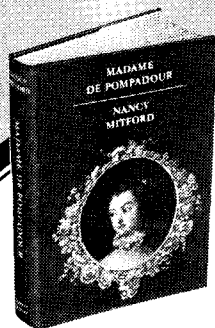
A World of Profit
by Louis Auchincloss
(Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95)

And Other Stories
by John O'Hara
(Random House, \$5.95)

Emergency Exit
by Ignazio Silone
(Harper & Row, \$6.95)

on the *Bounty*, and the Captain Hornblower books attest. At Chadds Ford, the elder Wyeth established a regime which Andrew in turn has passed on to his son, Jamie: schooling at home, senses alert to every mood of the day and season, and a deepening knowledge of one's locale. Peter Hurd, who also studied under Wyeth the Elder, gives this description of the studio: "He taught us in painting to equate ourselves with the object to the point that we became the object itself. Andy does this. He makes people out of things and that person is also himself, and vice versa. It's a curious, mysterious, wonderful thing."

"Use more color" was N.C.'s advice to his son, but Andrew saw reality in less romantic tones. Close living breeds dependence, and Andrew was slow to recover from his



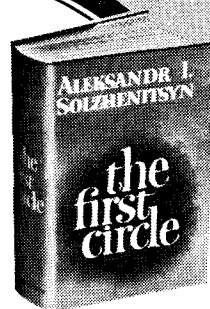
Madame de Pompadour

by **NANCY MITFORD**

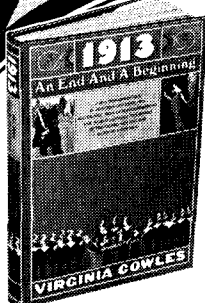
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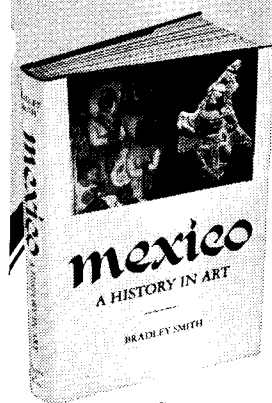


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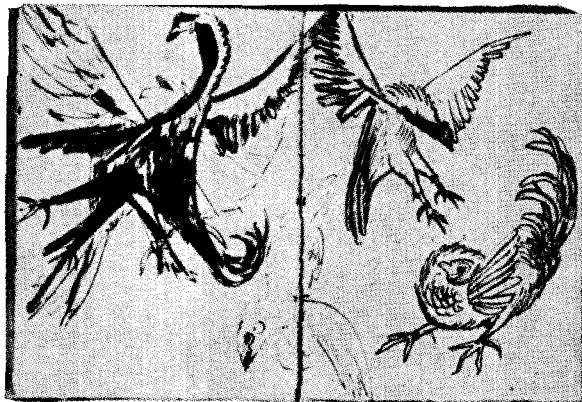
father's tragic death in 1945; he found release in the drybrush tempera painting which was to make him famous. And *Winter*, his painting of a young neighbor, Allan Lynich, winter-clad, half tumbling down a bare hillside, was his point of departure. "The boy is really me," he says, "at a loss. . . . Just over the hill was where my father was killed, and I was sick, I'd never painted him."

We think of Andrew Wyeth as essentially an outdoor painter, but there is an elusive association with the place or the person he portrays not always conveyed by the title of the picture, and in ten chapters bounding the circumference of the artist's world Richard Meryman, sometimes in the artist's words and more often in his own, has given us the insight which enlarges our appreciation. Here is what sets Wyeth off on one or a series of paintings; here is why pictures like *Distant Thunder* and *Faraway*, portraits of his wife and son, and the less intimate *Christina's World*, *Wind From the Sea*, and *Due Back* so touch the heart; here is how Wyeth has gone his independent way, painting that which is "enduringly American." A surpassingly beautiful book.

Judging from his new book, *A World of Profit*, I should say that Louis Auchincloss is a better novelist for being a good lawyer. New York City will always be his favorite bailiwick, the community where he likes to place his short stories and novels, and in much of the skulduggery in Manhattan, the proxy fights, the amassing of real estate, corporate setups, and divorce suits, lawyers are involved. Auchincloss is in the direct descent of Henry James and Edith Wharton, and while he does not share their infatuation with Europe, he surely knows as much as either about the litigation and corruption of metropolitan society and the motivation of those that buck the tide. Perhaps a bit more.

The Shallcross family, like their white-columned manor facing Flushing Bay, has managed to maintain an air of aristocracy in good times and bad ever since the house was built in 1800. But Eben Shallcross, judge by courtesy of an interim appointment, has not made much of a success of

law, and as his wife and children are free spenders, it seems the time has come to sell the family acres and let the old country house be bulldozed out of the way for the inevitable apartments and shopping center. With this possibility in mind, the family in the summer of 1960 submits with some dismay to the propo-



sition of Jay Livingston (born Jay Levermore), a Jewish speculator and a classmate of Martin Shallcross' at Columbia, who everyone says is going places. Jay changed his name before entering college and has defied derision ever since; he is a tough, virile gambler, intent on making a big killing from a network of shops, theaters, and apartments, and at the outset not particularly sensitive about how he does it.

The story is of his impact upon the members of the Shallcross family. He begins by flirting with Sophie, the youngest daughter, a virgin of thirty-two with an almost manic obsession to keep the old house as it is. Jay rouses her from her analyst-protected cocoon, makes her feel for the first time that she is a woman, and in his ruthlessness chucks her away to pursue her older sister, Elly.

Elly is a society editor's dream, beautiful to look at, lapping up publicity, some of which she pays for, married to a rich dolt who gives her the freedom and respectability she enjoys. Jay is hot foot to make her, and after their week in Madrid, to marry her, and in her infatuation Elly is beguiled by the quickness of his mind and forgetful of his less attractive features. But when their affair becomes table talk, as it soon does, there is hell to pay. As for Martin Shallcross, so hungry to redeem the family fortune, and so obedient to an audacity he does not possess, Jay makes him a partner, uses his prestige for what it is worth, and then ruins him.

Mr. Auchincloss has introduced a good many characters for a novel as short as this, and some of them, like Mrs. Shallcross, the mother, and Alverta, Martin's wife, are one-dimensional. But Hilary Knowles, the family's pet bachelor and a softie, is beautifully drawn. The younger Shallcrosses are each individuals, and Jay Livingston in his eager unscrupulous way is the Great Gatsby of the 1960s.

In the foreword to his new collection, *And Other Stories*, John O'Hara gives us one more brief flash of his autobiography, and it will be a book worth reading if he ever pieces it together in this mood of sardonic self-evaluation. He tells us of the things he is proud of having accomplished at the age of sixty-three; of

how he has acquired five "proxy grandchildren" by his present marriage; of his pleasure in visiting London; of how he misses scotch and beer and "the things I'd like to eat"; and then, coming down to his work, he says, "The writing of short stories is becoming an expensive luxury at my age. No one writes them any better than I do, but the energy and time they have become costly because the energy and time come out of resources that I must budget for the long novel."

Mr. O'Hara is right: there are few contemporaries who can match his short stories when he is at his best. At his second best he tends to leave a story hanging in midair, or he indulges himself by overwriting. The central story in this new book and by far the longest piece is entitled "A Few Trips and Some Poetry." This is the tale of Isabel and of her evolution as a lesbian from her sophomore year at Wellesley until she is an ill but still passionate woman in her sixties. I see Isabel quite as clearly as I see Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*, but I see too much of her both in bed and out; a story which traverses forty-five years is not by my judgment a short story, and when this one is finished there is too little left to be desired.

It seems to me that the short stories which we remember — "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" by Hemingway, "The Apple Tree" by Galsworthy, "The Forgotten One" by James Norman Hall are three of my

favorites — continue to keep us wondering. The situation becomes luminous and fixed in mind, the people so real that we conjecture about them: What would have happened if, we think, and go on thinking. By this measurement, "The Gangster" is the best of Mr. O'Hara's twelve new stories. From his inexhaustible supply of strong raffish characters he has picked Milo Brady, a young, ambitious thwarted Irishman, and James Aloysius O'Dowd, who controls the liquor racket in that part of New Jersey and whom the mob refers to as Jimmy O'. Their dialogue — and no one living writes this kind of talk as well — is punchy, it discloses the character, the ambitions, and the fears of the two men, and it certainly leaves you wondering.

Ignazio Silone was born to question and to write, and the force which first compelled him into print was a violent earthquake in 1915 which in the space of thirty seconds not only destroyed his hometown of Pescina in the Abruzzi but killed thirty thousand people, including his parents. In the aftermath under the nominal care of his grandmother, Ignazio was sent away to various Catholic schools where his intellectual ability was recognized and his impudence severely punished. After being expelled from one austere place, he was rescued by a remarkable priest, Don Orione, who had founded a school of his own and who in his intrepid, compassionate way had a profound influence on the lonely boy.

Silone was fifteen when the earthquake occurred, and the devastation which it wrought throughout that impoverished medieval province of Southern Italy about which he was to write later in his novels helped to make him a rebel. The peasant and his donkey became his natural ally, and the small landowners, of which his father had been one, were constantly subjected to taxation and oppression which made young Silone's blood boil. When the State took over reconstruction, the intrigue, fraud, embezzlement, favoritism, and thievery were accepted as a matter of course, and the worst of it was traceable to the government engineers. From a friend in the construction gang, Silone secured the precise data, enough for a series of three articles. When the first two

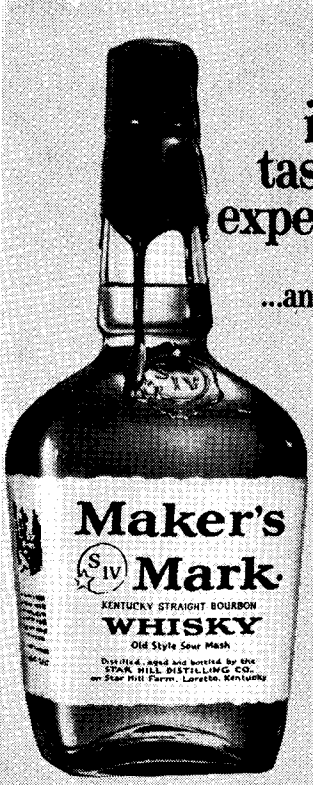
indictments appeared in the socialist journal *Avanti*, they caused an uproar among the readers but no response from the authorities.

Young men of brains from the South were in those days "Anarchists at twenty, conservatives at thirty," having been bought off by a government job. When Silone moved to the city and threw in his lot with the workers, he found what he calls an "Emergency Exit" from capitalism, and a dedication which was to make him a political writer first and an aesthetic one second.

His new book, *Emergency Exit*, is a threading together in memoir form of graphic pieces about his early life and more didactic ones about his later disenchantment. As a young and influential member of the Italian Communist Party, he attended several meetings in Moscow between 1921 and 1927, and was appalled to discover, even in Lenin and Trotsky, "an absolute incapacity to discuss with fairness any opinions contrary to their own." He was repelled by the tyranny of the Communist International and clung to the illusion that improvement might be brought about if there were an internal crisis within the Soviet regime. Meantime at home Mussolini was enforcing the dictatorship of another stripe; for three years Silone lived a hunted life, finally seeking sanctuary in Switzerland.

With growing apprehension he watched the bitter struggle between Stalin and the Trotskyites; he announced to Togliatti his wish to stay in the Party, excused from all political activity, and when this proved unacceptable, in 1931 he pulled out: "My exit from the Communist party was a very sad day for me, a day of mourning, of mourning for my youth." He could not return to Italy; he had no papers to protect him abroad, and he was in frail health.

These were the conditions under which the aesthetic Silone came to life, and the renunciation brought with it the honesty to acknowledge what had long been troubling him, "the bad taste of Stalinism in cultural and aesthetic matters . . . the bankruptcy of an economic system," and, most humiliating of all, the fact that the young people to whom he had been lecturing had ceased to believe him. Despite his disillusion with Communism he still dreams of a socialist heaven.



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MUSIC

How Electronic Music Got That Way

by Carter Harman

A recent review of some electronic music complained that it has too many bleeps and chirrups. This is something like complaining that a symphony has too many flute and clarinet notes (the reviewer was not reviewing the music so much as parading his own prejudices), but I think I understand. Those bleeps and chirrups, along with that robotic reverberation and that inhumanly precise reiteration, are electronic music's unfortunate legacy of instant clichés, the latter-day incarnation of "unabashed melody." Unfortunate, yes, but a minor flaw in what has become, in a single generation, the most important new instrument since the piano.

As it happens, these clichés are particularly hard for the electronic composer to avoid because they are so easy to produce by comparison with the tedious difficulty of note-by-note composition in the new medium. But their presence cannot obscure the fact that the medium answers, for the first time in history, the problem of how to get the music to sound exactly the way the composer imagined it: it bypasses that unreliable middleman, the performer, and puts the composer in the position of painters and writers, who do the whole job by themselves, once and for all.

It offers, moreover, a beguiling array of possibilities for the exercise of fantasy in tone colors and textures, a microscopically subtle control of pitch and rhythm, and the opportunity for virtuosity and complexity in quantities limited only by the composer's imagination and patience. Small wonder the more than a hundred electronic music laboratories across the country are unable to meet the demand for their use.

The word electronic refers to the harnessing of electron flow, traditionally by use of vacuum (radio) tubes, to create soundless wave forms and then transduce them into audibility. Electronic music-making devices followed remarkably soon after the early radios and amplifiers, in the 1920s. The best known are the

electronic (Hammond) organ and the eerie theremin, which keened like a musical saw when the performer passed his hands through the air above it.

The most important breakthrough on the way to electronic composition was a reproducing (rather than a performing) device: optical recording. This made use of a photoelectric cell to convert the fast-moving patterns of movie sound tracks into audible sound. It introduced, in a rather unmanageable form, opportunities for the now commonplace manipulation of sound by editing, reversal, and speed changes. This line of evolution was climaxed by the tape recorder, which was developed in Germany during World War II. It stores sounds in the form of patterns of microscopic magnetic particles on the coated plastic tape. With the tape recorder's convenience and flexibility, the scene was set for electronic composition.

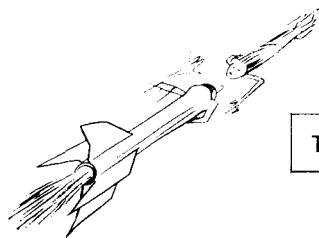
The product, carelessly but irreversibly lumped under the name electronic music, comes in two varieties: the kind that uses microphones to gather sound material, and the kind that doesn't. The former, best known by its French name, *musique concrète*, manipulates and transforms natural sounds before they are composed. The latter, "pure" electronic composition, is produced entirely in the laboratory without the aid of anybody's scraping, blowing, or hitting anything, or, indeed, of anything audible until the final stages. The types are sometimes mixed, as when "live" sounds in the concert hall are picked up by microphones and electronically modified before they emerge to be heard alongside the original sound.

The first successful practitioners of *musique concrète* were Vladimir Ussachevsky in the United States, Pierre Schaeffer in Paris, and Karlheinz Stockhausen in Cologne. They recorded ordinary sounds from the world around them for use as the material for their compositions. In a remarkable glorification, the sounds of bells, horns, sirens, clocks, foot-

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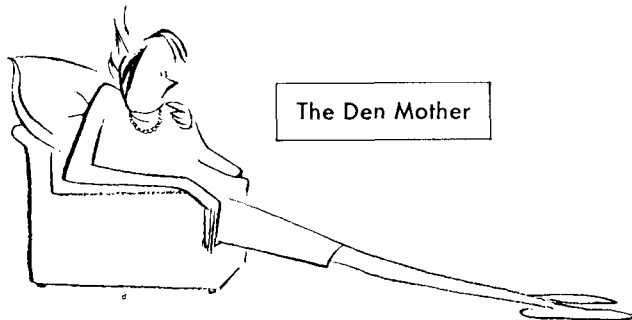
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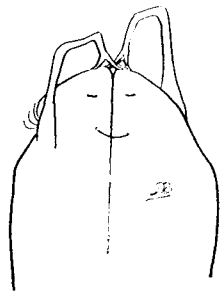
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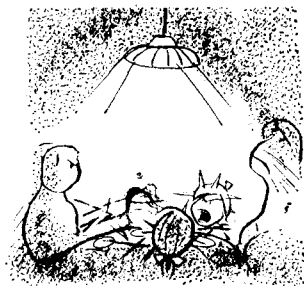
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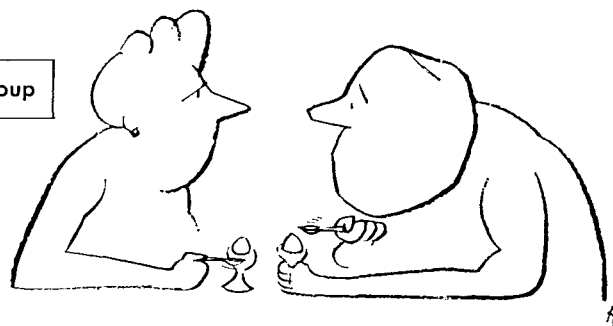
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steps were removed from the everyday realm of *noise* and elevated to that of meaningful *sound*.

Although the sounds were usually made unrecognizable by snipping off their beginnings, by playing them backward, and by slowing or speeding the tape (thus lowering or raising the pitch as well), their creators claimed an emotional significance derived from their mundane origins. They maintained that listeners could feel or sense the original source, even when, for instance, a carillon was speeded up to sound like a tuneful doorbell; or water dripping into a tin pot was slowed until it sounded like a kettledrum, or a baby's cry until it sounded like a baritone groaning in his beer. There is no doubt that a genuine nostalgia is roused by the sound of a locomotive whistling in the distance, or that a soporific or erotic effect derives from the soft crash of surf.

Otto Luening and Ussachevsky joined forces to reveal the possibilities of electronic manipulation of traditional musical sounds—at first, flute and piano. Their original device was the now overfamiliar tape-delay mechanism that produces reverberation or echo effects. Their involvement with the medium led to the establishment of the pioneering Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center in New York.

This laboratory is the location of the original workable RCA Music Synthesizer, a wall-sized bank of "black boxes" that can, theoretically, reproduce any known sound and, with equal facility, sounds hitherto unheard. All that is required is that the operator understand the physical structure of his desired sounds in terms of their fundamental and overtone components and the "envelope"—the nature of the attack and release and the dynamics of what goes on in between.

The basic sound sources of a music synthesizer are oscillators, which generate a wave form that emerges as a pure flutelike tone, and white-noise generators, whose audible product resembles a combination of escaping steam and a waterfall. The first can be easily made to produce any pitch but must have overtones added faintly above before the sound acquires "color" or "timber." The second must be filtered—something like forcing that waterfall through a funnel—until a tone of richness

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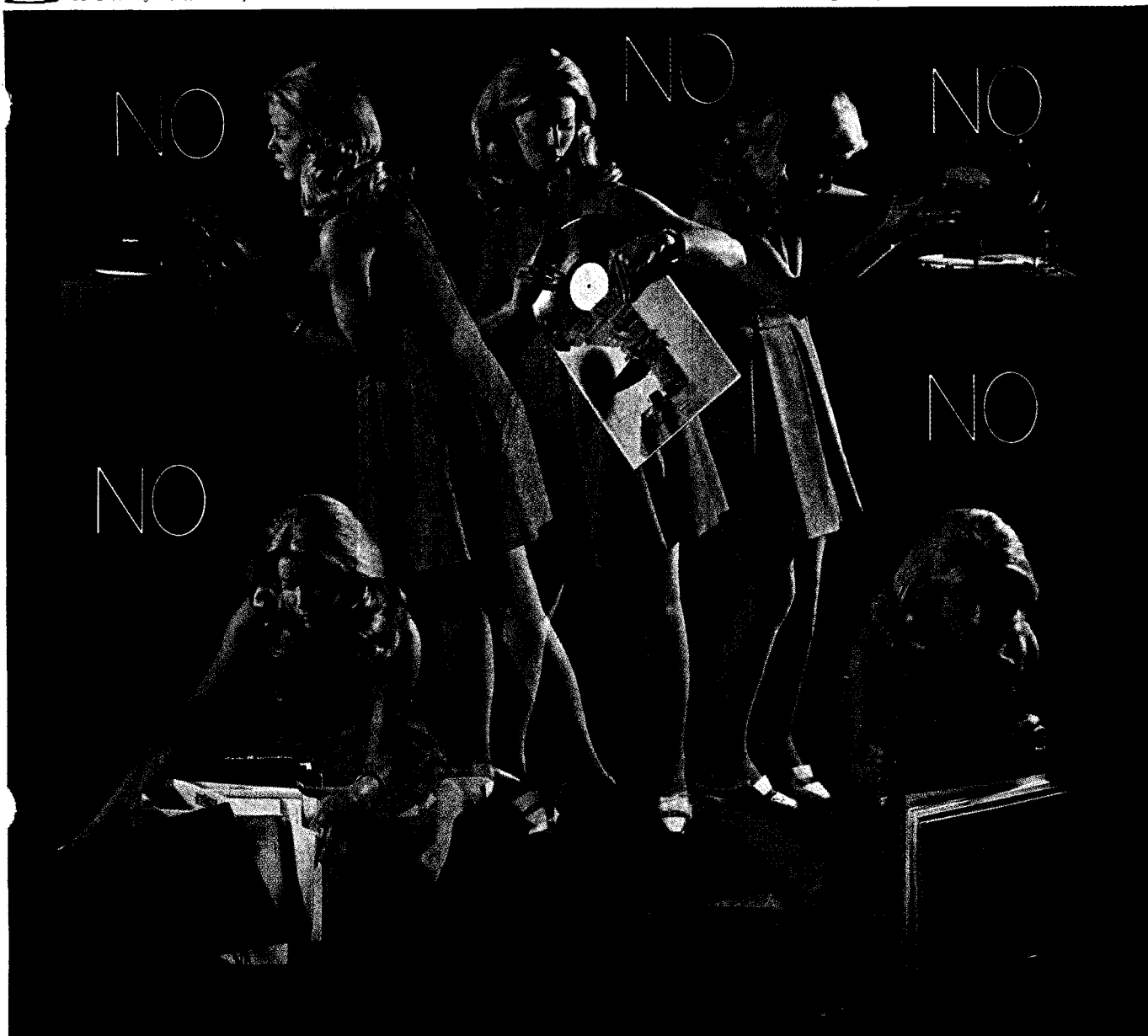
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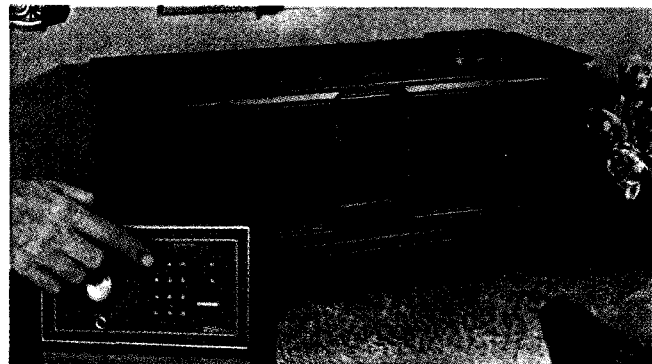
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and character emerges. A recent recording called the *Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music* gives, among other fascinating examples, illustrations of the four basic wave forms: the sine wave (pure), sawtooth (resembling a clarinet), square wave (resembling an oboe or bassoon), and the triangular wave (a subtle combination).

To compose for synthesizer, the composer first imagines and notates his creation, much as if he were writing for live performers. Then, using his knowledge of sound-physics as a traditional composer would use his orchestration, he sets up the synthesizer to match the sounds he hears in his head. On the older type of synthesizer, he causes the notes to be reproduced by means of a paper tape in which he has punched holes, causing the mechanism to deliver like a player piano. Later synthesizers have keyboard-like attachments, enabling them to be played like an organ. The punched-tape method is time-consuming but allows the composer to create patterns of hitherto unplayable complexity — cascades of notes, swirling arabesques that flood faster than human fingers, layers of sound

as distinct as a terraced hillside.

As the punched tape unreels, the electrical impulses trigger the sound sources, modulators, filters, and the rest, and patterns emerge through loudspeakers and are simultaneously recorded by an ordinary studio tape recorder. Thus the composer builds his composition bit by bit, splicing the segments together until it is complete. The finished tape is duplicated for concert or recording purposes. Synthesizer music by Milton Babbitt and Mario Davidovsky — the modern “classicists” — by Luening, Ussachevsky, Mel Powell, Kenneth Gaburo, and Morton Subotnik, may be selected from Schwann’s record catalogue. Electronic music using the Syn-Ket, a portable “playable” synthesizer, has been composed and recorded by John Eaton.

The reason those bleeps and chirrup and the rest of the clichés appear is that they are semi-automatic, and turned on with a minimum of effort, to fill in embarrassing gaps in the composition. But finding fault with the medium because synthesizers are capable of making bad music is like faulting all piano music because the instrument has a sustaining pedal that can be misused.

MOVIES

Action at Generation Gap

by Dan Wakefield

Hollywood has finally found a new genre to replace the Western, and is making the most (if not the best) of it. The nice thing about the Western is that you have this built-in conflict, right? It’s the Cowboys versus the Indians, or, more basically, the Good Guys against the Bad Guys. You can tell the good from the bad just by looking at them, which makes for nice, relaxing entertainment, no strain on the brain. The only drawback with the Western in today’s market is that it’s so old and familiar; and besides, Dodge City is not where it’s happening, nor is Death Valley where it’s at in the current pop topography. The contemporary emotional equivalent of Custer surrounded by Sioux at Little Big Horn is Grayson Kirk besieged by the SDS in his office in

Low Library; not Cowboys versus Indians but the Young against the Old is now the most fashionable version of the Good Guys against the

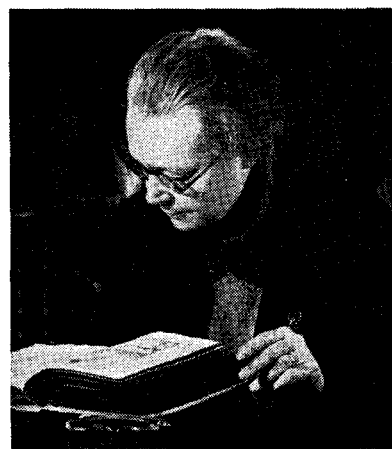
Chubasco
directed by Alan Miner
(Warner Brothers-7 Arts)

How Sweet It Is
directed by Jerry Paris
(National General)

Skidoo
directed by Otto Preminger
(Paramount)

Bad Guys. You see the possibilities there? A whole new kind of movie formula, more with-it than the Westerns — the “Younguns”!

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a publishing first! selected essays by Dorothy L. Sayers

CHRISTIAN LETTERS TO A POST-CHRISTIAN ERA

*Edited and with an
Introduction by
Roderick Jellema*

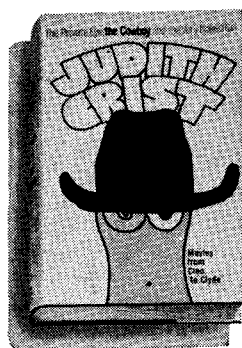
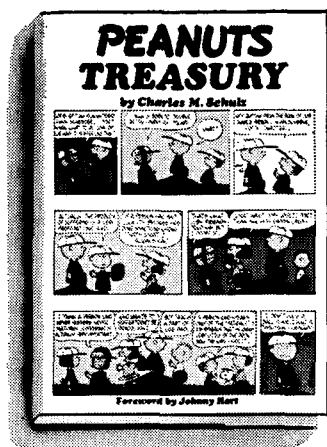
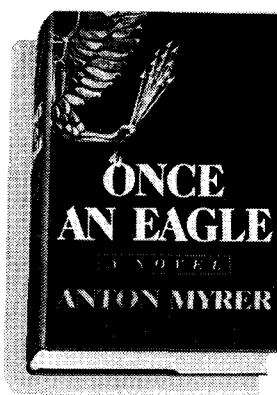
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The first significant Youngun was *The Graduate*, which showed how effectively — and lucratively — the old Cowboy-Indian emotion could be translated into the conflict between the Young (Good) Guys and the Old (Bad) Guys. All the Old Guys in *The Graduate* are conniving and treacherous, shallow and ruthless, beholden to graven images and heathen idols such as Money, Lust, Success, and Swimming Pools. On the other hand, the Young Guys, though at first confused and troubled by the evil ways of the Bad Guys who run things, are sensitive, decent, and brave, and eventually end up on the side of Truth, Love, and Personal Faith and Fulfillment. Of course there are some of the young who have been brainwashed by the enemy elders and who sold out to them (remember the Indian traitors who acted as scouts for the white men?), like the pipe-smoking, cliché-spewing fraternity fellow who tries to marry the beautiful heroine but in the end is outwitted and outfought. Just after the pagan wedding rite is performed, the young hero rushes in and carries off the bride in a scene as dramatic and emotionally crowd-pleasing as any last-minute cavalry charge (instead of the bugles, you hear the guitars in the background when the Good Guys are coming to the rescue).

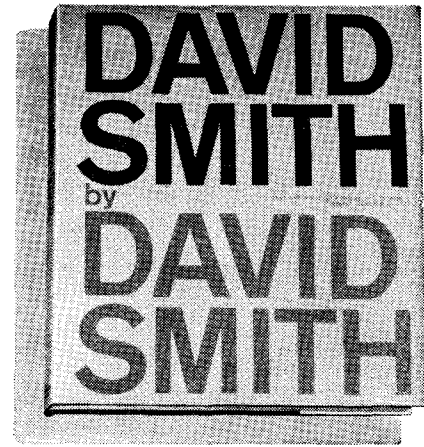
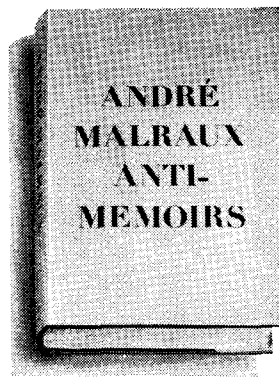
The trappings and surface aspects of the Youngun can be grafted onto almost any sort of plot in an effort to jazz it up, and there is a sense that this was what happened with *Chubasco*, which is essentially a movie about the romance of tuna fishing (the sort of thing in which the music swells when the tuna are sighted). Had this movie been made in the pre-*Graduate* era of a few years ago, it would probably have stuck to the main plot, which involves a mixed-up kid in trouble who is paroled to the captain of a tuna boat and given a chance to prove himself in a tough, clean, healthy outdoor occupation. This is still the basic story, but it has been given the Youngun treatment by making the kid a hippie who has been busted for pot and is in love with a girl whose father is a tough tuna captain and forbids his daughter to hang out with dirty hippies. The movie has a classic Youngun opening, as exciting and true to its own form as those Westerns that opened with a flaming arrow piercing a covered

wagon and the wagon-train leader and Indian chief swearing vengeance on one another. *Chubasco* begins with the hippie and his girlfriend's father attempting to strangle one another in the police station where the hippie has just been booked on his pot charge. Father yanks daughter off for home, but hippie vows to murder the old man if he lays a hand on her. So there you have the Youngun thing going right away — the possibility of patricide! Later for the popcorn, eh gang? The bloodshed and feuding potential of the Generation Gap is greater than any you could find in a simple, old-fashioned ambush of pioneers at the Cumberland Gap.

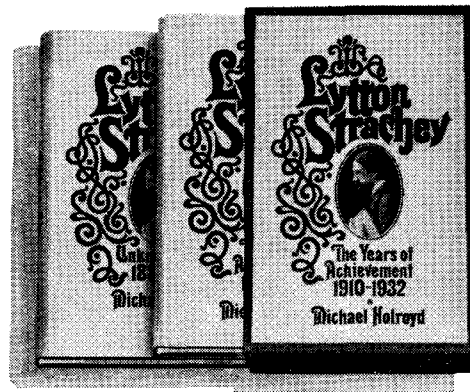
Chubasco has a happy Youngun ending, with hippie getting girl and father and son-in-law manfully reconciled — unlikely but reassuring, like the Westerns that end with the Indian war chief signing a treaty with the gruff captain from over at Fort Stockade. The hippie in this one is played with appropriate troubled sensitivity by Chris Jones, who starred as the first hippie President in *Wild in the Streets*, which is rumored to be really a documentary made from a nightmare dreamed by Hubert Humphrey.

How Sweet It Is is a fluff of a comedy based on a book called *The Girl in the Turquoise Bikini*, and I suspect that before the Youngun era it would have stuck to the book title and basic story — a wholesome, pretty, middle-class American housewife who gets mixed up (innocently of course) with one of those suave movie Frenchmen but is able to convince her jealous, loving husband that she was true-blue all the time, and they are reconciled and live happily and comically ever after. How to bring that particular chestnut up to date? Well, how about giving them a teen-age son who wears long hair and a peace symbol and has a girlfriend named Boots (so named "because she always wears boots," a tried and true kick, as proved conclusively by Nancy Sinatra), and eventually all is resolved both among and between the generations. The depressing thing about this one for the over-thirty crowd is that middle-aged, cute little Mom is played by Debbie Reynolds, our own former teen-age swinger! So we beat on . . .

These last two flicks have some of the standard elements of the



for the Holidays



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Youngun, but they are not the real thing — like Westerns that are really about cattle ranching or horse breeding or railroad construction but throw in an Indian raid or cavalry charge just to liven things up. Perhaps the first *pure* Youngun, one that contains every conceivable element of the genre, is *Skidoo*, which is evidently Otto Preminger's bid to gain amnesty when all the over-thirties are put in concentration camps, à la *Wild in the Streets*.

Those who dig Younguns should love *Skidoo*, and indeed the audience laughed and cheered in all the right places when I saw it at a screening at Paramount at the invitation of Mr. Preminger, who was appropriately clad for the occasion in one of his Nehru suits. It must be noted, however, that the audience was stacked, consisting almost entirely of young people and their fellow travelers; there were probably more men with beads than at any event since Vatican II. Like Western-lovers grooving on scalping scenes and shoot-outs and rustlers crashing the old corral, this audience was digging the Youngun equivalents: acid trips, nude body paintings, pot smoking, anti-Establishment jokes, cop-baiting, lots of capital-letter LOVE Talk — the works, man.



In the press, all those Youngun numbers represent evil, and their practitioners are automatically the Bad Guys, but in movies this simple-minded view has most often been reversed, and the hippies are automatically the Good Guys. Premin-

ger's rendition of this is supposed to be farce, but it is "message farce," and the problem is that the message is a farce too. The daily press message for us on the subject is that if all the "punks and thugs," as the New York *Daily News* calls them, were just given a good spanking and an eight-hour job and a shave and haircut and a copy of the collected speeches of William Jennings Bryan, all would be well with the world. The message of *Skidoo* is that if only the corrupt elders would listen to the wisdom of the flower children, if they would turn on to acid and pot and paint their sagging bodies in Day-Glo colors, all would be well with the world.

Skidoo is a reversal of the old movie comedy concept of the Andy Hardy days, when the wise elders helped and counseled and extended understanding to the misguided kids. Now it is the kids who turn on the old folks and lead them guru-like to Truth and Beauty. Jackie Gleason is a reformed gangster who is called back by the mob to knock off an old pal in the pen, is guided on an acid trip by a young hippie, and Sees the Light, and — that's right — he can't kill anyone, no sir, and his young guru delightedly pronounces that Jackie has succeeded in "losing his ego" and is saved. Eventually the entire prison is turned on, even the poor dumb cops and this phony U.S. senator who is visiting the place, see, and all the other corrupt elders, and so really there is hope for them after all — oh, yes, and all acid trips are evidently a real groove, a regular happiness explosion. Sure, Jackie Gleason has a couple of brief, scary hallucinations, but they were kind of fun, too, and mainly the whole thing was a gas.

Groucho Marx, as the head of the underworld mob, is also saved by the young hippie guru, who turns him on to pot; the two of them are seen at the end benignly sailing off into the distance on a freaky little sailboat with Love and Peace painted on the sails and Groucho in Indian robes (not redskin Indian, but Nehru Indian), and he is gripping his roach holder and sucking in on the grass instead of that dirty old cigar he was hung up on all these years! Carol Channing a. Gleason's wife discovers her daughter with a bunch of hippies who have just given her a nude-body-painting, and Mom is so taken with

the kids that she invites the whole tribe of them over to stay at her house, and it's one big happy hippie communal family (as we learned long ago, all hippie families are alike).

For those who can't just get their kicks by watching other people turn on in a film, *Skidoo* offers plenty of good old-fashioned titillation passing as the latest thing in fun and games: in the course of it all we get to see Alexandra Hay, the latest thing in beautiful blond teeny-boppers, undress in order to have her body painted, get fondled and unbuttoned by Groucho, and caught in a shower with Frankie Avalon; for those who still have a thing about older women (over eighteen) there is Carol Channing stripping down to her bra and panties and yellow vinyl boots; the black model, Luna, in a gown that is almost entirely backless even at the bottom, gets out of that and into bed with Alexandra Hay's hippie boyfriend; there is something for everyone. Mr. Preminger is really in there swinging, and I wouldn't be surprised if he next produced the Timothy Leary Story, a sort of inspirational film along the lines of *The Cardinal*.

So don't worry if the Italians seem to have taken the lead in producing Westerns. Hollywood is pioneering with Younguns, and it looks like the trip has just begun.

The Writers

T. S. Matthews, an American journalist living in England, is a former managing editor of *Time*.

Victor Lange is chairman of the German Department at Princeton University.

Joseph Epstein is Senior Editor of *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Edward Weeks is the author of a new book, *Fresh Waters*.

Carter Harman, a free-lance writer and reviewer, is the author of *A Popular History of Music*.

Martha Bacon's children's book *Sophia Scrooby Preserved* has just been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

Phoebe Adams and Herbert Kupferberg contribute regularly to the *Atlantic*.

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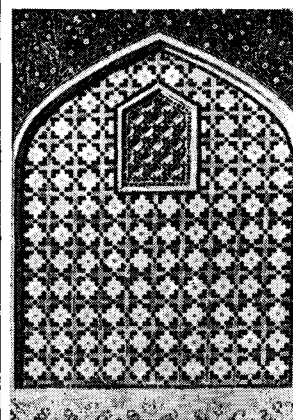
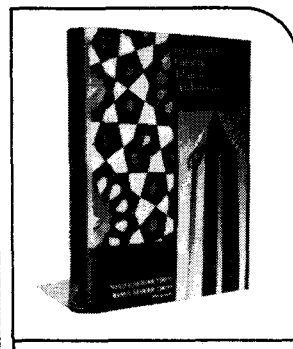
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The Children's Trip to the Gallows

by Martha Bacon

In a celebrated passage in a once popular children's book, *The History of the Fairchild Family*, by Mary Butt Sherwood, the father of a family of quarreling children deals with the problem of bickering by taking the little ones to view a gibbet upon which the body of a murderer (a fratricide, conveniently enough) is rotting in its chains. The hideous corpse is masterfully described, and the passage is nearly as vivid as the account in *The Lord of the Flies* of the dead aviator dangling in his parachute strings, his nightmare countenance looming through the island thicket. *The Lord of the Flies* is about but not for children and will probably remain unbowlerized. *The Fairchild Family* was for children, and some years after its publication the passage was suppressed on the grounds that it was unsuitable for the young readers. The book lost immeasurably by the deletion and is no longer read by anyone except scholars. There seems to be no record that the gallows scene, magnificent though it is, ever prevented any little sisters from scratching each other's eyes out, so the harm that it did appears to have been negligible.

I do not know if Vera and Bill Cleaver, authors of the very popular *Ellen Grae* and now of *Lady Ellen Grae*, have read the same lesson which I have derived from the decline and fall of *The Fairchild Family*, but there is no doubt in my mind that they have succeeded in restoring to their rightful places a good portion of harmless, necessary horror and fine, purple prose. In the first book *Ellen Grae*, a lonely child, forms a friendship with a demented individual who has buried both his parents in a swamp after they have died of snakebite. In the second work the heroine faces the ghastly ordeal of becoming a lady. Her father, divorced from her mother, is worried about her disorderly ways and what *Ellen* refers to as "my lies." *Ellen's* lies are not simple little falsehoods, told in the interests of family peace or gain, but rather Gothic constructions on themes of mass murder, adultery, emergency operations, and switched identities.

Ellen is packed off to relatives in Seattle, acquires some smart clothes, meets some interesting people, is shaken to jelly by an earthquake, and gets smashed by the boom during a sailing excursion. Her father sends for her at this point, apparently having second thoughts about ladyhood, and *Ellen* returns to her home in Thicket, Florida, and the status quo. I enjoyed the book and found it too short. The authors left me wishing to know more about the neighbors and the admiral, and hungering for more adventures in Seattle: *Ellen's* contretemps with a garter belt, the saga of the home permanent, and the false eyelashes at \$6.00 a set. Girls and people who have been girls, and males as well, will probably enjoy this book. It is a nightshade sundae, but the helping is too small.

I cannot speak as highly of *I'm Really Dragged But Nothing Gets Me Down* and for the following reasons. C. S. Lewis has said that the only motive for writing a children's story is that this particular art form should be the one best suited to what the author has to say. The somewhat gagging title, given in full above — there seems no way to shorten it — is in the words of the publisher a "young adult novel," whatever that is. If "young adult" refers to the ages of the central characters, I presume that *Northanger Abbey* and *Bleak House* would both qualify in this category, and without stretching the point too far we could name a large number of others. But in the two examples I have cited, Jane Austen's Catherine Morland is seventeen and Richard Carstone is nineteen and seventeen respectively. In both books the young people are dealt with seriously. We suffer and love with Catherine and laugh at her and flush to the roots of our hair at her undeniably teen-age follies and rejoice when she lives them down. Dickens' children of Chancery and disaster are in undoubted rebellion; Richard Carstone is unmotivated and ultimately alienated unto death. Although Dickens failed to give these two characters the vitality that

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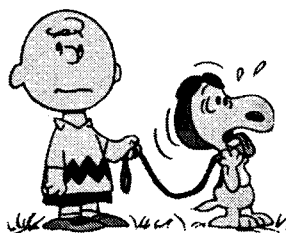
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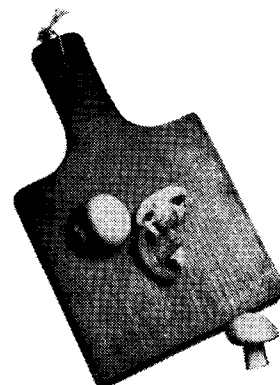
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hey needed to have been successful portraits, he nevertheless saw them in perspective and required the reader to do so too. They are not, because of a mere accident of birth, relegated to the limbo of a 'young adult' story but take their places in a novel of substance and cope. "Young adult" seems an unnecessary piece of pigeonholing, restrictive and a trifle denigrating.

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Quidam Peculiaris**

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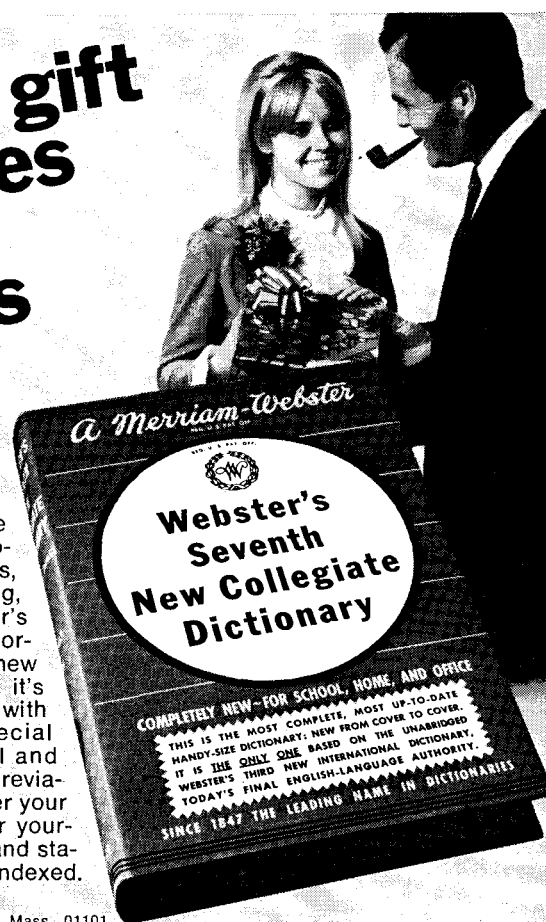
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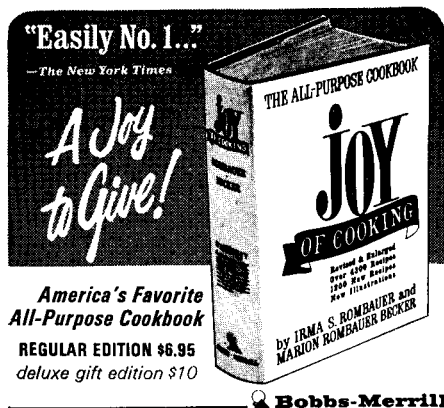
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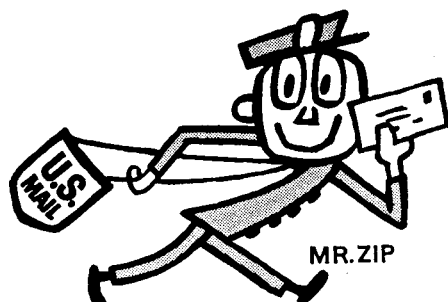
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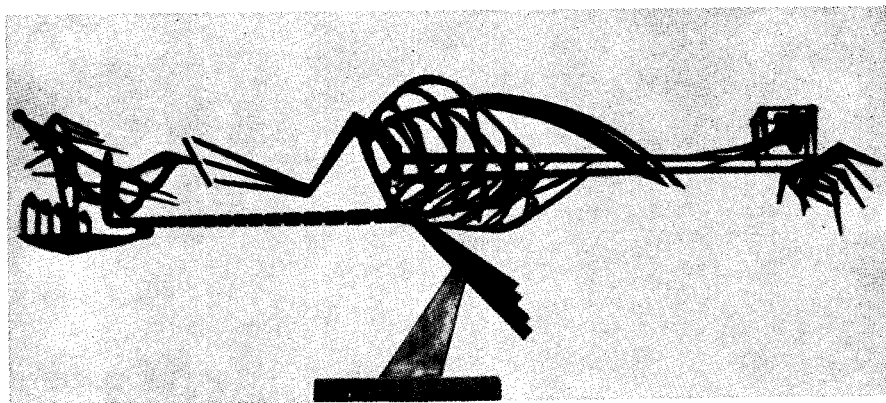
Berrill reaches this conclusion in the last chapter of a book that literally takes the reader inside the womb to watch every amazing change as it takes place (including all the possible accidents) in the development of an egg into one or more individual persons. "So well done that there are probably few adults who know so much about sex that they could not profit from Mr. Berrill's study." — *Library Journal*. \$5.00

DODD, MEAD

parent, decides to resist the draft on moral grounds, and is troubled about the condition of the Negro and the question of violence. Or so the author tells us. Jeremy is in fact a stencil of today's "alienated youth," and his parents are stencils of today's puzzled progenitors. Jeremy and his father and mother are stupid and boring. It is bad enough to be a bore in real life, but to be a bore in a book is unpardonable. The Wolfs and their tiresome, spoiled, and priggish son — for Jeremy is at heart a prig in his egotistical self-righteousness — are exactly what they would be if we were forced to ask them over for a drink to pay off a social debt, and the medium of fiction has not embellished them. They have surrendered to every cliché popular with the makers of the mass media, and the conflict with which Jeremy attempts to mask his mediocrity is no conflict at all.

humane treatment than they receive in this too slight and humorless novelette. Indulgence is not an attribute of compassion.

Two books scarcely signify a trend but upon making inquiries, I learned from members of the staff of a local library that people between the ages of ten and fifteen favor challenge and austerity in their fiction and prefer their comedy black. Louise Fitzhugh's *Harriet the Spy* and its sequel, *The Long Secret*, are both very popular. Harriet, the eleven-year-old heroine of these volumes, is a girl of savage propensities, a snoop and a bully and a genuine comic creation. She will never appeal to the sweet tooth, being pure pickled pig's feet and Holland gin, and she is dear to the hearts of borrowers. The race problem, drugs, and crime also invite readers to any text that purports to deal with these things. *The Contender* by Robert Lipsyte



Jeremy is not assailed by self-doubt or torn by opposed loyalties. He gives way to tantrums when asked to turn down the hi-fi, experiences a number of self-regarding alarms when he encounters black hatred, anti-Semitism, and twinges of sexuality, and stands forth as complete a stereotype as an end man in a minstrel show. His decision to become a draft counselor in the end seems altogether too easy to be true.

All of this would do very well if the author had taken time and space to discuss what really "bugs" these people, as Jeremy would say. He doesn't. He merely "tells it like it is," and "like it is" doesn't even scratch the surface of what ails Jeremy and all the rest of us. Pot-smoking, shaggy hair, soiled clothes, bad language, and lies are with us today, "the troubles of our proud and angry dust," and wretched little Jeremy and his woebegone parents deserve more exacting and more

and *How Many Miles to Babylon* by Ann Borowik both tackle these questions and have captivated many readers in the last couple of years. Crime in particular pays. *Macbeth* is in constant demand. *The Ballad of the Burglar of Babylon* by Elizabeth Bishop, with woodcuts by Ann Grifalconi, should therefore find the present climate healthy. Miss Bishop's ballad concerns a black burglar in Rio de Janeiro who is finally hunted down by the authorities. The poem is wistful and restrained and combines with the illustrations to make a handsome book.

Although I yield to none in my admiration for the acid head, the slip knife, and the purloined bra, I feel that a case ought to be made for escape literature, at least once in a while, and out of consideration for those who like it. Lucy Boston's *The Sea Egg* is a fable of two little boys on the Cornish coast

who discover and befriend a young triton. The book, with illustrations by Peter Boston, is slight but beautiful. There is almost no story to it, but the seal puppies with blunt noses, the glittering scales, shining eyes, and cold lips of the triton, the sense of the sea, and the eloquent language make a book like a coral cluster, to be read as though it were a poem. The form of the children's story in this case is that best suited to what Mrs. Boston has chosen to say. I cannot imagine *The Sea Egg* expressed in any other manner.

There are enough picture books and anthologies of poetry to adorn any pile of Christmas presents. Arthur Ransome has retold the Russian story *The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship*, to which Uri Shulevitz has contributed a really generous number of illustrations in gleaming colors. Peasants, onion domes, and the Czar's court are all satisfactorily brilliant and Byzantine. Macmillan has reissued the *Irish Fairy Tales*, compiled by James Stephens with Arthur Rackham's matchless illustrations, and Frederick Warne & Co. have brought out *The Tailor of Gloucester* as Beatrix Potter originally wrote it. This version is much longer than the tiny book to which most of us are accustomed. It is exquisitely produced, the sort of volume that one would wish to display under glass. Beatrix Potter sacrificed a thousand words for the original Warne edition, and it is interesting to see how the work reads in its first form. Beatrix Potter's economy of style required no cutting. She was a mistress of brevity, and the complete *Tailor of Gloucester* remains admirably direct and uncluttered.

Beasts: An Alphabet of Fine Prints, selected by Catherine L. Fuller, is presented as a book for children and is no doubt a useful alphabet but would delight anyone who likes beasts and prints. The prints range from the Renaissance to the present, are imaginatively chosen, and the compiler has provided an informative introduction to her material. *Out of the Ark*, an anthology of Animal Verse compiled by Gwenolyn Reed, is one of my choices for a desert island. It is a lovely collection of animals from everywhere and everywhen. I was particularly struck by Sir Thomas Wyatt's version of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse — there is something

irresistible about any mouse, but a Tudor mouse is the most irresistible of all. And I was glad to find John Davidson's *A Runnable Stag* and Ralph Hodgson's *The Bull*, besides many others. This is a fine, thick book, and I would have had it thicker, though this may be just plain greedy. I should have liked even more of James Stephens and Edmund Blunden's translation of the Greek epitaph on a Maltese Terrier.

One tiny book. Although I have found Joan Walsh Anglund's *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling* a trifle sweet for my taste, I must heartily endorse *Amor Est Sensus Quidam Peculiaris*, G. M. Lyne's Latin version of the same work. The Latin lends a gentle austerity to the sentiments expressed in these little pages and endows them with an unexpected elegance. "*O sensus est iucundus laetusque amor, manetque in corde sempiternus.*" God rest you merry.

Short Reviews: Records by Herbert Kupferberg

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1 to 6 (*Concentus Musicus directed by Nikolaus Harnoncourt; Telefunken SAWT-9459/60*). A Brandenburg set that claims absolute authenticity of instrumentation and documents its case with Teutonic thoroughness. More important, the playing is live and well balanced, the sound excellent.

Borodin: String Quartet No. 2 in D (*Da Sallo Quartet; Conquest Records 250-16*). The performance is adequate, but what makes this interesting is its sound, for it was recorded without microphones through a "vibration sensor" attached to each instrument feeding vibrations directly to a recording console. The resonance obtained is impressive, though the system would seem to be rather limited in application.

Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Opus 35; Four Ballades, Opus 10; Liszt: Study No. 2 in E-flat (*Earl Wild, piano; Vanguard-Cardinal VCS-10006*). Some highly musical razzle-dazzle by Wild in the Paganini Variations; the rest of the record seems pianistically tame by comparison.

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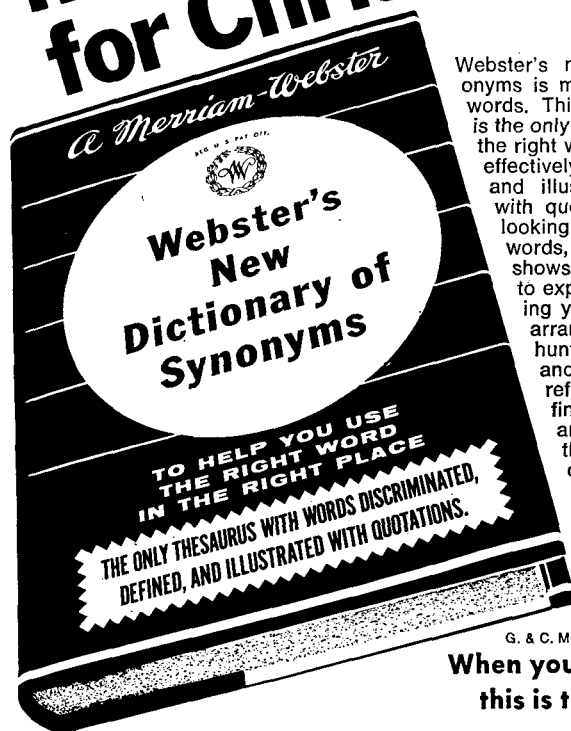
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The Canterbury Pilgrims: A Description in Words and Music (*Martin Starkie, narrator, the Gabrieli Brass; Deutsche Grammophon 139380*). A labored effort to recite a dozen of the Canterbury Tales—in modern English—against a musical background composed by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. It'll never replace English 101.

Donizetti: La Fille du Régiment (*Sutherland, Bonyng, Covent Garden; London OSA-1273*). Forgive Sutherland her habit of swallowing words (sometimes you wish she'd choke on them) and you have a gay and surprisingly Gallic recording of a diverting opera. Sometimes it sounds more like Offenbach than Donizetti.

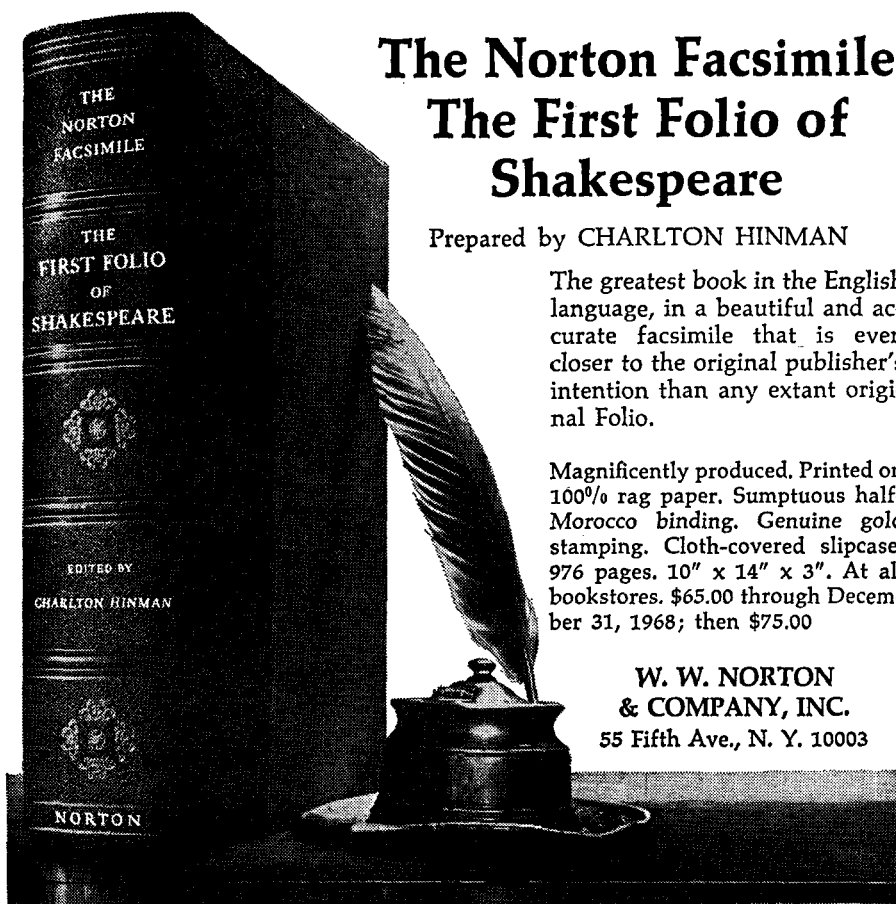
Dvořák: Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, "New World" (*Ormandy, London Symphony; Columbia MS-7089*). Ormandy says he can make any orchestra sound like the Philadelphia. The London Symphony's strings are less lush, but otherwise there is fair resemblance. In any event, a well-organized, well-executed performance.

The Daemonic Liszt (*Earl Wild, piano, Vanguard-Cardinal VCS-10041*). This is more operatic than "daemonic," with Wild dazzling his way through the *Don Juan Fantasy*, the *Reminiscences of Robert le Diable*, the Waltzes from *Faust*, etc. Fun, if you like your opera on the piano.

Mahler: Symphony No. 6 in A Minor (*Barbirolli, New Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel SB-3725*). The least played and recorded of Mahler's symphonies. It's sprawling and repetitive, but Barbirolli builds up some strong and stirring sound climaxes.

The Diary of Anais Nin (*Read by the author; Spoken Arts SA-995 and -996*). A clear, warm voice that gives a picture of a remarkable time and a remarkable woman. A more intense experience than reading the book. Two volumes. Available singly.

Poets for Peace (*Recording of readings in Town Hall, New York, November 12, 1967; Spoken Arts SA-990*). A moving collection of verse and prose bearing on the Vietnam War; among the participants are Louise Bogan, Anne Fremantle, Paul Goodman, Arthur Miller, Robert Lowell, Mark Van



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Ponchielli: *La Gioconda* (*Callas, Cossetto, Votto, La Scala; Seraphim SIC-6031*). *Gioconda* isn't much, but Callas makes it something in this reissue. Lots of vocal excitement.

Songs of Andalusia (*Victoria de los Angeles, Ars Musicae Ensemble; Angel SFSL-36468*). Medieval and Renaissance songs imbued with warmth and flavor. A sumptuous, color-illustrated brochure helps make for an unusually attractive package.

Schoenberg: *String Quartet No. 1 in D Minor, Opus 7* (*New Vienna String Quartet; Deutsche Grammophon 139360*). Schoenberg before he became Schoenberg—that is, an early, tonal work, and at that a richly romantic and lyric one. The New Vienna Quartet really digs into it.

Shostakovich: *Suite from the Incidental Music to Hamlet, Opus 32; Kirchner:* *Toccata for Strings, Solo Winds, and Percussion* (*Jorge Mester conducting Louisville Symphony; Louisville LS-683*). Shostakovich's 1932 score may not be very Shakespearean, but it has a crude vigor and gusto; Kirchner's 1955 toccata is a tightly knit and attractive sound mosaic. Altogether, one of the best of the recent Louisville "First Edition" releases.

Short Reviews: Books by Phoebe Adams

Z by Vassilis Vassilikos. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95. When a liberal politician was murdered in Salonika a few years ago, the affair was followed by a discreditable amount of official shuffling and cover-up. Mr. Vassilikos, a Greek author who has lived abroad since the take-over of his country by drill sergeants, has written a novel based on this murder, a quietly furious book which alternates blunt factual narrative with metaphorical reflections on death, love, and immortality. The unexpected mixture works well and produces a fascinating novel, promptly banned in Greece. Anyone who chooses to see in the book either a portrait of

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Vibrations by David Amram. Macmillan, \$6.95. Mr. Amram is a composer of energy and reputation, with a history of far-flung, self-chosen Bohemian adventure. He has written his autobiography at the age of thirty-eight, demonstrating that his power of recall is either marvelously total or totally uninhibited and also demonstrating that to those not present at the scene, one jam session is very like another.

The Parade's Gone By by Kevin Brownlow. Knopf, \$13.95. Mr. Brownlow's history of silent movies is a work of uncritical love, and is consequently disfigured by exaggerated claims of excellence, long plot summaries, and blobs of purple prose, but these defects are outweighed by the book's merits. In addition to compiling useful background information, the author has managed to interview a surprising number of survivors from the period of silent films, not merely predictable stars like Gloria Swanson and the late Buster Keaton, but directors, cameramen, engineers, scriptwriters, and the wonderful odd-job types — Griffith had a positive Figaro — whose descendants have proliferated into armies of technicians. Mr. Brownlow gives all these people the floor, recording their remarks with an appearance of total faith. One gets divergent reports of the same episodes, characters, and devices, a slapdash, gossipy method which slowly accumulates a body of reasonably established fact (Mr. Brownlow actually knows quite well who is silly and who is bluffing) and creates a genuine sense of the enthusiastic, inventive, experimental, treacherous milieu in which these people worked. European films are treated very briefly, and financial details, probably known only to the recording angel anyway, are hardly treated at all.

The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B by J. P. Donleavy. Delacorte, \$6.95. Mr. Donleavy's idiosyncratic style, his wickedly funny dialogue, and his scenes of preposterous domestic slapstick very nearly obscure the fact that his plot is vaporish Edwardian sentimentality about a poor little rich boy who suffers from being

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irresistible to women. Why worry about the framework when the trimmings are so amusing?

Treasury of Atrocious Puns by Bennett Cerf. Harper & Row, \$3.95. "Treasury" is the wrong word.

Sahara by John Julius Norwich. Weybright and Talley, \$15.00. Lord Norwich is not a veteran traveler in the Sahara, a fact which leads him to unpredictable observations, a pleasantly diffident manner, and an immense interest, effectively transferred to the reader, in everything that turned up. The color photographs are beautiful and beautifully reproduced.

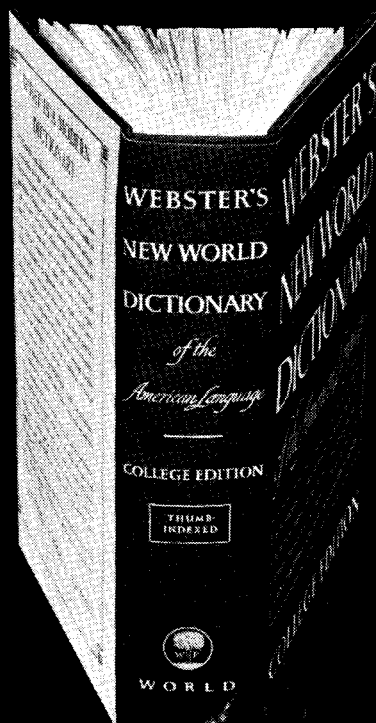
The Thanksgiving Visitor by Truman Capote. Random House, \$4.95, boxed. An elegantly written short tale of juvenile malice, repentance, and reform, redolent of roasting turkey and family celebration. It is vastly more sophisticated than *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, but exudes something of the same elevating holiday spirit.

Australian Birds by Robin Hill. Frank & Wagnalls, \$30.00. There are more birds in Australia than you can shake a worm at, some ordinary, some queer as a kangaroo. Mr. Hill's descriptions of them are informative even for the non-ornithologist; his drawings of them are precise and legible; his use of color cannot really be judged, since he appears to have been short-changed in this respect by the printing process.

Birds of the Eastern Forest by James Fenwick Lansdowne and John A. Livingston. Houghton Mifflin, \$20.00. Portraits of fifty-six birds that inhabit the area between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Lansdowne is a superb painter of birds, and Mr. Livingston is an ornithologist with a fine command of language. Between them, they're the greatest thing since Audubon.

Currier & Ives edited by John Lowell Pratt. Hammond, \$14.95. By hanging this volume of reproductions on the phrase "chronicles of America," Mr. Pratt has committed himself to an inordinate number of dreary battle scenes and starchy portraits. The scheme has also lured most of the contributors (H. J. Swinney and Red Smith are the pleasant ex-

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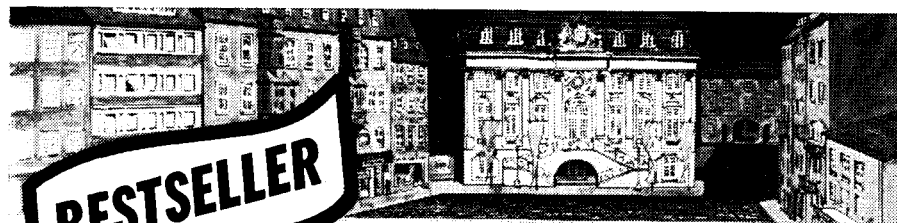


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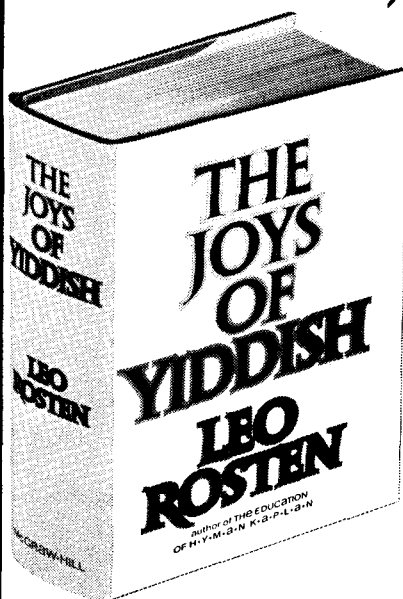
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ceptions) into writing overfamiliar national history when attention to the methods and staff of Currier & Ives would have been more news to more readers.

The Literary Life edited by Robert Phelps and Peter Deane. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$12.95. A "scrap-book almanac" about writers, with pictures, recording who published what, died, got arrested, sued or divorced, won prizes, lost brawls, coined epigrams, with quotations from colleagues and bystanders, covering the years 1900 to 1950. It ought to be terrible and turns out to be a glorious ragbag of disorderly information, part of the fun being that one cannot look up pets in the index because there is no index.

Ages of Elegance by Gisèle D'Assailly. New York Graphic Society, \$25.00. Things people have put on themselves, from the mammoth hide to the miniskirt. The illustrations are the point in this book — lavish and used with great wit and freedom. The text is on the ramshackle side, chatty and anecdotal, seldom revealing anything about the actual construction of the astounding garments it purports to discuss.

Buckingham Palace and Its Treasures by John Harris, Geoffrey de Bel-laigue, and Oliver Millar, with photography by Lionel Bell, Kerry Dundas, and Sidney Newbury. Viking, \$25.00. The pictures are beguilingly giddy, but the book is no simple plaything for royalist snobs. It assumes serious interest in furniture, architecture, painting, and objets d'art.

Sense Relaxation by Bernard Gunther. Macmillan, \$2.95. Exercises, elaborately and nudely photographed, are offered for the development of sensory awareness. Peeling an orange, for example: "Look at the inside of the peeling, smell it." It would be more sporting to try peeling an orange without smelling it, but easy self-satisfaction is the object of the enterprise. In its quiet and earnest way, this is one of the funniest books that ever convulsed a reader by mistake.

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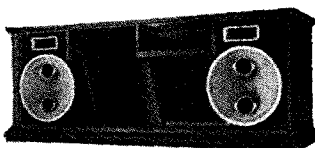
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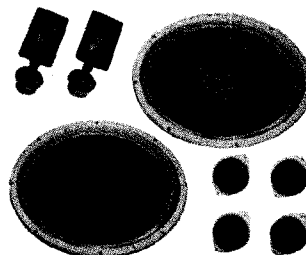


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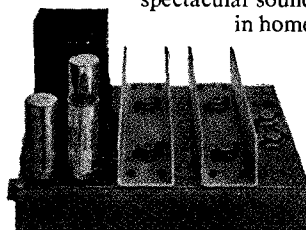


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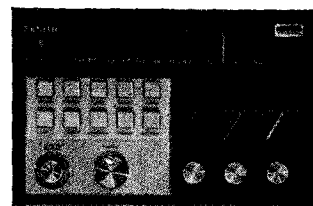
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